

CONVERSATIONS OF NAPOLEON WITH CANOVA, IN 1810.

NAPOLEON was very desirous that Canova should take up his residence in Paris, and made several attempts to induce him to do so. During the time that Canova was at work upon his *Venus* he received a formal invitation to go there, transmitted to him at the desire of Napoleon, who was then in Holland, by the steward of the imperial household. The most flattering prospects were held out to him as the probable consequences of his acquiescence. Canova excused himself politely, alleging, among other reasons, that if he made any material change in his manner of living, he should be lost to himself and to that art to which he devoted his whole existence. He intreated cardinal Fesch and the chevalier Denon to use their influence, that he might be spared from farther importunity. At last he took the resolution of going himself to explain his sentiments to the emperor. His arrival at Paris was solemnly announced. The 11th of October, 1810, he arrived at Fontainebleau, and on the following day he was

presented to Napoleon. The emperor at that time engrossed the attention of all Europe; every thing which related to that extraordinary man excited universal interest. This induced Canova, who had many very familiar conversations with him, to take notes of them, imagining that, perhaps, they would hereafter be of value; he also hoped, as he confessed, that they would remain as proofs of his firmness, and would show that, neither seduced by brilliant offers, nor intimidated by dangers, he had ventured to speak the truth to a powerful monarch.

These notes have been found among Canova's papers, and were published a few days ago in French at Paris, in a little pamphlet. Discussions upon subjects connected with art between two such men as Canova and Napoleon cannot fail to be interesting to our readers; we therefore give them entire.

CONVERSATION I.

On the 12th of October, about noon, marshal Duroc presented me to Napoleon. The emperor was just beginning breakfast. Nobody but the empress was present. "You are a little thinner than when I saw you last, M. Canova," were the first words he addressed to me. I replied, that this was the consequence of my incessant labours. I then thanked him respectfully for the honour he did me, in inviting me to cultivate my art near his person, and in desiring my opinion on whatever was connected with it; at the same time I did not, from the first moment, disguise that it would be impossible for me to fix my residence out of Rome; and I told him my reasons. "This," said he, "is the capital of the world—you must remain here—you shall be well provided for." "My life, Sire, is at your disposal; but if your majesty wishes that it should be devoted to your service, you must permit me to return to Rome, after the completion of the works I am come to execute." At these words he smiled and answered, "You would be in the centre of all that interests you here—here are all the chiefs d'œuvres of the masters of your art; we want only the Farnese Hercules; but we shall have that too." "Your majesty," replied I, "will surely leave Italy something. These ancient specimens of art form a chain or connexion with an infinity of others, which cannot be removed from Rome or Naples." "Italy may replace them by excavations," said he; "I will have some made at Rome. Tell me, has the pope expended much in excavations?" I told him,

that the pope had expended little for that object, because he was at that time poor; but that his heart was generous, and inclined to great enterprises; that by his ardent love for the arts, and by great economy, he had been enabled to form a new museum.

He then asked me if the Borghese family had spent much in excavations. I replied, that they had spent but little, because they usually undertook them in company with others, and afterwards bought their part. I here took occasion to explain to him, that the Roman people had a sacred right to all the monuments of art discovered in their territories; that they were a sort of produce of the soil, and that neither the great families, nor the pope himself, could alienate these remains from the Romans, to whom they belonged as the heritage of their ancestors, bought by so many victories. "I paid fourteen millions of francs for the Borghese statues," said he. "How much does the pope spend a year on the fine arts? A hundred thousand crowns?" "Not so much; he is extremely poor." "Then much good may be done with even less than that?" "Certainly."

He then fell to speaking of the colossal statue of himself, which was my work, he seemed to wish it had been clad. "It was not in the power of God himself," replied I, "to have produced a fine statue, if he had chosen to represent your majesty as you now are, in breeches, boots, in short, dressed *à la Française*. In sculpture, as in all the other arts, there is a certain standard of sublimity. Our conceptions of the sublime are attached to the naked figure, and to a sort of drapery appropriate to the art. I then quoted several examples taken from the poets, and from ancient monuments of art. The emperor seemed convinced; but proceeding to speak of the other equestrian statue of him, which I was about to model, and which he knew was to be draped, he said, "And why is not that to be naked also?" "It is to be habited in the heroic costume," replied I; "the naked figure would be inappropriate to the character in which I am to represent your majesty—that of a general commanding an army." I added, that this was warranted by the authority of the ancients as well as of the moderns; that the equestrian statues of the old kings of France were represented in the same manner, as was also that of Joseph II. at Vienna." "Have you seen the bronze statue of general Desaix?" said he; "it appears to me badly done. The waistband is ridiculous." I was going to

reply; but he resumed, "Do you intend to cast my statue, the one on foot?" "It is already cast, Sire, and very successfully. An engraving of it is also executed, and the engraver wished to have the honour of dedicating it to your majesty. He is a fine young man, and it would accord with your usual munificence to encourage young artists in times so unfortunate for them."

"I will go to Rome," said he. "It is worthy your majesty's attention," said I; "you will find there many objects which will powerfully excite your imagination. The Capitol, Trajan's Forum, the Via Sacra, the Columns, the Triumphal Arches," &c. I then described to him some magnificent remains, particularly the Appian Way from Rome to Brindisi, each side of which, as of the other consular ways, is bordered with tombs. "What is there surprising in that?" said he; "the Romans were masters of the world." "It was not the power of the Italians alone," replied I; "but their genius, their love of what is great, which produced so many magnificent works. Your majesty will reflect how much was done by the Florentines alone, masters of so small a territory, compared with what the Venetians produced. The Florentines built their magnificent cathedral, by adding only a penny in the pound to the duty on the manufacture of woollens: this increase of the tax furnished the sole means of constructing an edifice, the cost of which would exceed the powers of any modern state."

"They paid Ghiberti 40,000 sequins for executing in bronze the gates of St. John, a sum equivalent to several millions of francs now. Your majesty must reflect on the industry and the magnanimity of these people."

This is the substance of our first conversation, after which I received the necessary orders for beginning a statue of the empress.

CONVERSATION II.

On the 15th of October I began my work, and continued it for many sittings, during which I had constant opportunities of talking to the emperor on various subjects. These sittings being at his breakfast time, he was not attending to business. The following are some of the principal subjects of our conversations.

"Was the air of Rome," said he, "as bad and unhealthy in ancient times, as it is now?"

“It appears that it was,” said I; “according to the Roman historians, the ancients preserved the woods and forests they called *sacred*, as barriers against the bad air; besides, the immense population which covered the country diminished the effects of this scourge. I recollect to have read in Tacitus, in the part where he treats of the return of Vitellius from Germany, that his soldiers fell ill from sleeping on the Vatican Mount.” He instantly rang for his librarian to bring him Tacitus. He could not find the passage. I afterwards found it and sent it to him. They proceeded to tell me that the soldiers who go from distant parts of the country to Rome always fall ill the first year, but that afterwards they enjoy very good health. I then described to him the desolation of Rome; I represented to him that the imperial city could never raise her head without the aid of his mighty power; that since the loss of the pope, all the foreign ministers, forty cardinals, and more than four hundred prelates, besides a vast number of canons, and other ecclesiastics, had abandoned the city; that, in consequence of this emigration, the grass was growing in the streets; that my zeal for his glory gave me a right to speak frankly to him, and to entreat him to find some remedy for the total obstruction put to that stream of wealth which formerly flowed into Rome through so many channels. “This wealth had not been considerable of late years,” said he; “and the cultivation of cotton ought to be productive of some revenue.” “Very little,” replied I; “Prince Lucien is the only person who has attempted this sort of cultivation. Rome is, indeed, in a state of total destitution; nothing remains for her but the protection of your majesty.” “We will make her the capital of Italy,” said he, smiling; “and will unite Naples to her: what say you? would this satisfy you?” “The arts,” said I, “might be made a great source of prosperity to Rome; but the arts languish, and, with the exception of your majesty and the imperial family, no one employs her artists. Religion, which contributed so much to foster the arts, is herself become cool and languid.” I proceeded to show, by examples drawn from the histories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, that religion had been the sole nurse of the arts; that immense sums had been dedicated by the Greeks to the construction of the Parthenon, to the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, to that of Minerva, &c.; that conquerors offered their busts, and courtezans their statues, to the gods; that the Romans followed the ex-

ample of the Greeks; that they had impressed a character of religion on all their works, in order to render them more august and venerable: I adduced instances—their tombs, statues, theatres, &c. &c. I recalled to him the *chefs d'œuvres* of modern art, executed for the service of religion; the church of St. Mark at Venice, the cathedrals of Pisa and of Orvieto, the Campo Santo of Pisa, and innumerable other wonders of architecture, filled with the finest marbles and pictures. I concluded by observing that all religions were favourable to the arts, and our Roman Catholic religion above all others. Protestants content themselves with a simple chapel and a cross, and consequently give no employment to the arts. The emperor, turning to Maria Louisa, said, “It is true, religion always furnishes occupation for the arts; the Protestants have produced nothing fine.”

CONVERSATION III.

Another day the conversation fell upon a more delicate subject—upon the government of the sovereign pontiff—upon the succession of popes, and the manner in which they had used their power. On this occasion I ventured to say rather strong things to him. I was much surprised that Napoleon listened to me with patience; and it seemed to me that he was not originally of a tyrannical temper, but that he was spoiled by flatterers who concealed the truth from him.

The conversation having fallen on my benefactor, Pius VII. I thought it my duty to say, “Why does not your majesty attempt some sort of reconciliation with the pope?” “Because priests always want to govern,” replied he: “they will meddle in every thing, and be masters of every thing, like Gregory VII.” “It appears to me that there is no danger of that, since your majesty is in possession of the supreme power.” “The popes,” added he, “have always prevented the regeneration of the Italian nation, even before they were absolute masters of Rome. They effected this by means of the factions of the houses of Colonna and Orsini.” “Certainly,” replied I, “if the popes had possessed the courage of your majesty, they might have availed themselves of many very favourable opportunities of becoming masters of all Italy.” “For that,” cried he, placing his hand on his sword, “this, this is the necessary thing.” “It is true,” I replied; “we have seen that if Alexander VI. had lived, duke Valentino, with the help of his sword, would probably have succeeded

in subduing it: the attempts of Julius II. and of Leo X. were not wholly unsuccessful; but the popes were most frequently chosen at too advanced an age; and if one of them was enterprising, another was pacific and tranquil." "The sword is the only thing," replied he. "Not the sword alone," said I, "but the crosier also. Machiavel could not decide whether the arms of Romulus or the religion of Numa contributed most to the aggrandizement of Rome; so true is it that these two means ought to co-operate. If the pontiffs have not distinguished themselves by arms, they have, nevertheless, achieved so many other brilliant things, that they will always excite universal admiration."

"The Romans were a great people," said he. "Certainly they were a great people up to the second Punic war," replied I. "Cæsar—Cæsar was the great man. Not Cæsar only," continued he, "but some other emperors, such as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius. The Romans never ceased to be great until Constantine. The popes were wrong to foment discord in Italy, and to be always the first to call in the French and the Germans. They could not be warriors, and they therefore played a losing game." "Since we are in such a state," I resumed, "your majesty will not permit that our evils should be increased. I can nevertheless assure you, that if you do not come to the assistance of Rome, that city will become what it was at the time when the popes transferred their seat to Avignon. Before that time it was supplied with an immense quantity of water and of fountains; but the aqueducts fell into ruins, and the water of the Tiber was sold in the streets. The city was a desert." At these words he appeared a little moved. Then he added with vivacity, "Resistance is opposed to me. Why is this? I am master of France, of Italy, and of three parts of Germany. I am the successor of Charlemagne. If the present pope was like his predecessor of those days, every thing could be arranged. Have not the Venetians also broken with him?" "Not in the same manner as your majesty," replied I. "You, sire, are so great, that you could afford to grant the pontiff a place where he might be seen to be independent, and where he might freely exercise his ministry."

"What," said he, "do I not let him do as he likes, when he commands only in matters relating to religion?" "Yes, but your ministers do not act so. As soon as the pope publishes a decree which does not please the French government,

it is instantly torn." "How?" cried he. "Do I not permit the bishops to govern the church according to their opinions? Is there no religion here? Who rebuilt the altars? Who protected the clergy?" "If the subjects of your majesty," said I, "are religious, they will be the more affectionate and obedient to your person." "That's what I wish," replied he; "but the pope is quite German." In saying this he looked at the empress. She then said, "I can assure you that when I was in Germany, it was said that the pope was quite French." "He has not chosen," added Napoleon, "to expel from his states either the Russians or the English; this is the subject of our quarrel."

I was emboldened to say, that I had read the papers, and the justifications printed by the pope, with the official documents; and that he appeared to me to have strong reasons. At that instant marshal Duroc entered, but Napoleon interrupting me went on to say, "He even pretended to excommunicate me; does he not know, that if he goes on thus, we may, perhaps, become like the English and the Russians?" "I humbly beg your majesty's pardon, but the zeal by which I am animated inspires me with confidence to speak freely. You must acknowledge, sire, that such a schism could not be for your interest. May heaven grant you many years; but if hereafter any misfortune were to happen to you, it is to be feared, that some ambitious man might suddenly arise, who, espousing the party of the pope for his own interest, might occasion great troubles in the state. In a short time, Sire, you will be a father, you must think of establishing affairs on a solid basis. I entreat of you to accommodate affairs with the pope in any manner you can." "You wish, then, to see us reconciled—I wish it too; but consider what the Romans were before they had popes." "Let your majesty consider also, how religious the Romans were during the time of their greatness. Cæsar, whom you admire so much, ascended the steps of the capitol on his knees, to go to the temple of Jupiter. They never engaged in battle unless the auspices were propitious; and, if a battle was fought, and even gained, without these auspices, the general was punished. It is known what Marcellus did for the affairs of religion; and how a consul was condemned to death, for having taken off the tiles of the temple of Jupiter, in Magna Græcia; in God's name, I implore your majesty to protect religion and its head; and to preserve the beautiful temples of Italy and of Rome; it is much better

to be adored than to be feared." "That's what I wish," said he, and he broke off the conversation.

CONVERSATION IV.

Another day we happened to speak of Venice; of its artists, and of their works. Napoleon said, that he had found good geographical maps in Italy. He asked me the names of the architects of Venice. I mentioned the principal; at the same time giving to each the praises he deserved. I then spoke of Soli, the architect, who was directing the new operations at Venice, and who had prevented the intended destruction of some beautiful works. I mentioned Palladio, and the engravings with which he had illustrated Cæsar's Commentaries; I reminded him likewise of the superb edifices he had built, and which are to be seen scattered throughout the Venetian state. I recommended Venice to his protection with so much warmth, that the emotion I felt brought tears into my eyes,* and I added, "I assure your majesty the Venetians are good people." "It is true—I believe they are good." "But they are not happy, Sire; their commerce is destroyed; their taxes are heavy; in some of the departments the people have no means of subsistence; as, for instance, in Passereano, in favour of which a celebrated paper has been circulated, which perhaps has not reached your majesty." "No," said he. I took courage, and added, "I have a copy of it, which your majesty may see if you desire it." I opened my portfolio and presented it to him.

Napoleon, looking at this paper, said, "It is short," and, interrupting his breakfast, he added, "I will speak to Aldini about it." He laid it by him, and took it away when he left the room. When we resumed the conversation concerning Venice, I enlarged a little on the form and spirit of its government; and I remarked to him, that Machiavel appeared to think it impossible that Venice could ever fall. That great politician, going, in the quality of minister from Florence to the court of the emperor of Germany, wrote to Vet-tore Vettorito, *My dear friend, it appears to me, that the Venetians have at last determined upon the right course, since they have had St. Mark painted with a sword in his hand,† indeed the book alone is not sufficient.*

* Canova was a Venetian,

† The lion was the emblem of Venice, and as this animal was also one of the four which, according to the Apocalypse, were the symbols of the

I added, that the Venetians, from the fear lest any Cæsar should arise among them, had never suffered any general of their nation to remain on terra firma;* and that if they had had one (imposing limits to the duration of his functions) they would have performed much more brilliant exploits. "Certainly," replied the emperor, "the continuance of a military authority is a very dangerous thing; I told the directory myself, that if they would always have war, some man would arise who would seize the reins of government.

CONVERSATION V.

At another time we talked of the Florentines, and it was on this occasion that he asked me, where I had placed the monument of Alfieri? "In the church of Santa-Croce," replied I, "in which are also to be seen those of Michael Angelo and of Machiavel."

"Who paid for it?"—"The countess of Albany."—"Who paid for the monument of Machiavel?"—"A society, I believe."—"And who for that of Gallileo?"—"His descendants, if I mistake not. The church of Santa Croce," continued I, "is in a very bad condition; the water penetrates through the roof, and repairs are wanted throughout; it will be to your majesty's honour to preserve these fine monuments; if the government takes the endowments, it is but just that it should leave funds for the maintenance of the buildings. The same may be said of the cathedral of Florence; it begins to decay for want of funds, appropriated to keeping it in repair. *Apropos* of churches filled with interesting objects, I am charged with a petition praying of your majesty not to permit the monuments of art they contain to be sold to the Jews." "How! sold?" cried he. "Whatever is good shall be transported hither." "I entreat your majesty to leave to Florence all her antiquities; they are a necessary accompaniment to the paintings in fresco, which cannot be removed. It is desirable that the president of the academy of Florence should be empowered to take the necessary measures for the preservation of the beautiful works of architec-

evangelists, he held in his paw the gospel of St. Mark; but it appears from this letter of Machiavel, that the Venetians had exchanged the gospel for the sword.

* The Venetians called all the countries subject to their domination on the mainland of Italy, Terra-firma; such as Padua, Verona, Brescia, &c. &c. in order to distinguish them from Venice, surrounded by the sea, and from their other islands.

ture, and of the frescos." "Well, it shall be so," said he. "It would be extremely honourable to your majesty; the more so, as I have heard you are of Florentine extraction. At these words, the empress turned round, and said, "How! are you not a Corsican?" "Yes," replied he, "but of Florentine origin." I added, "that the president of the academy of Florence, who so zealously interested himself in the preservation of the antiquities of the city, was the senator Alexandri, descended from one of the most illustrious houses of Florence, one of the daughters of which was formerly married to an ancestor of the Bonaparte family.* "You are, consequently, sire, an Italian, of which we are very proud." "I am so, certainly," replied he. I thus lost no time in recommending to him the academy of Florence.

CONVERSATION VI.

Another day, I spoke to him for a long time in favour of the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was without a school, without revenues, and without resources. I represented to him that it was necessary to establish it upon the same footing as that of Milan. I renewed this conversation at another time, and said, "Let your majesty suppose for a moment, that you have a musician or a singer the less, and that you give an endowment to the academy of St. Luke." I said this, because I knew that he gave Crescentini about 1500*l.* a year. I found him very favourably inclined; in consequence of which, I wrote a letter to M. Menneval, the emperor's private secretary, to inform him that his majesty was much disposed to encourage the arts at Rome, and that he had promised an order, of which I was very desirous of being the bearer. On the 8th of November, M. Menneval transmitted to me, through the minister Marescalchi, a letter which contained his majesty's instructions in favour of the Roman academy.

In the course of our conversation on the subject of the academy and the Roman artists, the emperor said, "Italy is poor in painters; we have better in France." I replied, that I had

* It is true, that in very remote times, the family of Bonaparte was known in Florence; but it appears that, in consequence of the lapse of time and of the revolutions by which that state was constantly agitated, one branch passed to San Miniato, a small town between Florence and Pisa, and that this branch has existed there in recent times; other branches afterwards fixed themselves at Sarzana, in Genovesatto, and at Ajaccio in the island of Corsica.

not seen the works of the French painters for several years, and I could not therefore make the comparison, but that we had some very distinguished men—that Cammuccini and Landi at Rome, Benvenuti at Florence, Appiani and Bossi at Milan, were very excellent artists. He said that the French were rather deficient in colouring, but that in drawing they surpassed ours. I took care to observe that ours also drew well; that, putting aside Cammuccini, whose extraordinary merit is well known, Bossi had produced some divine figures, and that Appiani has painted the saloon of his majesty's palace at Milan in fresco in a manner which I thought it impossible to excel. "Yes, as to painting in fresco, you are right, but not in oil," replied he. I defended our painters, and said that he must observe that the French artists received greater encouragement; that they were more numerous; that, if he would count them, he would find that they exceeded in number all the artists of the rest of Europe.

He interrogated me concerning the saloon and other architectural works, which were going on at Paris; and I paid the compliments they so well deserved to the eminent French architects, and to their works. "Have you seen the bronze column?" "Yes, sire, I think it very beautiful." "I don't like those eagles at the corners. The same ornament, however, is to be found on the Trajan column, of which this is a copy."

"Will the arch, which is now constructing in the Bois de Boulogne, be beautiful?" "Very beautiful. Many of your majesty's works are truly worthy of the ancient Romans, particularly your magnificent roads." "Next year," said he, "the road of La Cornice will be finished, by which you may go from Paris to Genoa without crossing the snows. I shall cut another from Parma to the gulf of Spezzia, where I mean to make a great port." "These are grand projects," replied I, "worthy of your majesty's comprehensive genius; but it is also desirable to provide for the preservation of the exquisite remains of antiquity."

CONVERSATION VII.

On the evening of the 4th of November, I went to the apartment of the empress with her bust in plaster. She put herself in the same attitude in which it is taken, to enable the ladies who were with her to judge more accurately of the resemblance. They all agreed that it was very like.

Napoleon was not there. The empress therefore said, that she wished to show it him the next morning at breakfast time; she added, "Is it really true, M. Canova, that you will not remain here?" "I wish to return to Rome immediately," replied I, "in order that your majesty, on your arrival there, which I hope will take place soon, may find the model of your statue of the size of life completed." The empress here asked me many questions as to the manner of moulding the model, and of executing it in marble. Some one mentioned my statue of the princess Leopoldine Lichtenstein, when the empress said to me, "There, indeed, we see ideal beauty."

CONVERSATION VIII.

Some days afterwards, the emperor saw the bust; he begged the empress to place herself in the attitude; he made her smile, and was pleased with my work. I told him that I thought a rather gay physiognomy was best suited to the character of Concord, in which I intended to represent the empress, since it was to her we were indebted for peace. The empress had a cold, and I took the liberty of telling her, that she seemed to me to take too little care of her health; that she rode out in an open carriage, which was dangerous, particularly in her situation. "You see how she acts," said Napoleon; "every body is astonished at it; but women, (striking his forehead with his fore-finger,)—women will have every thing done according to their fancy. Would you believe it, she wants now to go with me to Cherbourg, which is so many leagues off. I am always telling her to take care of herself. Are you married too?" "No, sire," replied I; "I have been several times on the eve of marriage, but many accidents have contributed to keep me free, and the fear of not finding a woman who could love me, as I should have loved her, deterred me from changing my condition. Another motive was, that I wished to be free, and to devote myself entirely to my art." "Ah women, women!" said Napoleon, and continuing to eat. As I frequently expressed to him my earnest wish to return to Rome, as soon as I had modelled the bust of the empress, and distinctly told him that I had nothing to ask for myself, it appeared to me, that my refusals displeased him, and at that moment recurring to the subject of my departure, he dismissed me, saying, "Go, since you desire it."

as a protection to her who had formerly been the sovereign of half of Europe."

At Orleans an agent seized cart-loads of treasure, (exceeding 20 millions of francs!! or above £830,000 sterling), which had been carried off as the private property of Bonaparte; and M. le Duc is loud in his complaints against this wrong. Among other stories, we are informed:

"The agent of the provisional government claimed the crown jewels, which were returned upon a regular schedule, and with the most scrupulous exactness. None were wanting, except the diamond called 'the Regent,' which was generally kept separate, in consequence of its high value, and of the facility there existed for carrying it off. No one was aware that the empress kept in a work-bag the mounting of one of the emperor's swords, in which it was set. An account was brought to her of what was going forward; she immediately took out the mounting, and gave it up. The jewels which were her own property were in the same place with the rest; she did not ask a single question with the view of ascertaining if they had not also been carried off. M. Dudon was not yet satisfied; he took possession of the scanty supply of plate which had been removed for the use of the empress and her son; he did not leave her a single cover, and went to such lengths, that it was found necessary to borrow the plate and china belonging to the bishop, at whose house she resided for the two days during which she still remained in Orleans."

"The period of the residence of the empress at Orleans was one of uniform suffering for that unhappy princess; each moment brought fresh causes of alarm with it. The emperor had written to her to dismiss the ministers, the members of the government who had accompanied her, as well as the great officers of the crown. She gave publicity to this order, and each one testified his eager desire to repair to her presence, and to lay at her feet the last mark of their respect; by assuring her of their deep regret at her misfortune. She received in succession all those who presented themselves; she begged of each to retain some recollection of her, and expressed a wish for their happiness; her face was bathed in tears, which would have melted a heart of stone; she held out her hand for them to kiss, and afterwards dismissed them. On the day following this mournful ceremony, the empress found herself almost deserted and alone in the town of Orleans; every one had taken the road back to Paris. I had also taken my departure, when an accident, which I shall presently relate, compelled me to return to Orleans, where I staid two days longer. The episcopal palace, at which the empress was residing, had assumed an altered aspect; hardly any other persons were to be seen except the two or three ladies who had remained in attendance upon her and the King of Rome. The moments which the empress passed in this manner must have been bitter beyond description; her situation was such that she could no longer enjoy any repose. The Duchess de Montebello, her lady of honour, was the only person living with her on terms of close intimacy. The other ladies who accompanied her were not admitted to the same degree of confidence. Madame de Montesquiou enjoyed no greater share of it than was necessarily bestowed upon the individual who had wholly devoted herself to the care of watching over the tender years of the King of Rome. The arch-chancellor had not come so far as Orleans. On leaving Blois he had taken the road back to Paris; his advanced age, added to his infirmities, rendered any change of place extremely painful to him; so that, in these trying moments, the empress had no other person than her lady of honour to advise with. Having been presented to the confidence of Maria Louisa by the emperor himself, that lady had justified the choice of the sovereign by the most unremitting attentions. Maria Louisa entertained for her a friendship as sincere as if she had been one of her sisters, and took great delight in conversing with her respecting that sister. The lady of honour was, as well as the sovereign, wholly devoted to the emperor; like her, however, she was also greatly affected at the storm that had burst over their heads. They collected every report; communicated to each other their feelings of alarm; and thus increased the state of anxiety to which they were both a prey, though under circumstances of a very different nature. The general topic of conversation for some days past had been the pretended design formed by the emperor of making an attempt upon his life. I do not believe that any one ever took upon himself to advise his terminating his career in such a manner: those alone who were longing to be released from all ties of gratitude towards him have expressed any surprise at his having had the courage to undergo such accumulated misfortunes. For my part, I am of opinion that he had put an end to his life, such an act would have been censured and ridiculed. This course is only befitting a man who cannot escape the infamy that attaches to him; but a great mind should always be proof against the shafts of misfortune. The report of the emperor's death had at first been circulated at Blois, and afterwards in a more circumstantial manner at Orleans. It was even asserted that letters had been received from Fontainebleau, announcing that all would be over the next day. These reports had certainly reached the ears of the empress; for she fell into a state of nervous affection, which deprived her of sleep. Madame de Montebello was equally restless. The various reports in circulation had produced such an effect upon her, that she fancied every one to be a messenger of death."

"She did me the honour to address to me at Orleans the following words: 'I am indeed much to be pitied. Some advise me to precede others to remain. I write to the emperor, and he does not comply to my request. He tells me to write to my father. Alas! what can my father tell me, after the injuries which he allows to be inflicted upon me! I am deserted, and must now trust entirely to Divine Providence. It had once suggested to me the wisest course, when inspired me with the idea of becoming a canoness. I should have done much better in yielding to that inspiration, than in coming to this country. To repair to the emperor! impossible, without my son, who looks up to me as his natural protector. On the other hand, if the emperor is apprehensive of an attempt being made upon his life, a very improbable circumstance, and is compelled to fly, the embarrassment I should be to him might occasion his falling into the hands of his enemies, who, there is no doubt, have sworn his ruin. I know not what to decide upon. I only live to shed tears.' In fact they were running in abundance down her face whilst she concluded these words."

But, notwithstanding all this, there appears to have been still a somewhat of female reservation, not so entirely indicative of devotedness as M. le Duc would have us believe, for he very significantly adds—"Madame de Montebello, who was possessed of a very large fortune, was not at all disposed to bury herself alive in the island of Elba. Her inclination led her back to Paris, where she could live in a state of independence. She was sufficiently acquainted with the feeling of the empress, to be well satisfied that if she again met the emperor, no power would ever prevent her from repairing his fate; in which case the duchess would be under the necessity of accompanying her. Accordingly she urged with great warmth the propriety of her adopting the course recommended by the emperor, that of addressing herself to the Emperor of Austria; as it sooner should that princess be restored to her family, than her attendant would be relieved from all further obligations. The entreaties of the lady of honour were backed by some trenchant hints. The empress was told that the emperor had never loved her; that he had enjoyed the favours of several mistresses since his marriage; and

DEVOTION OF THE EMPRESS MARIA LOUISE TO NAPOLEON.

From the Duke of Rorigo's Memoirs.

* * * * At the end of much ado and considerable turmoil, we must now look at the allies in possession of Paris, and proceed to the empress at Blois, by whom the unfavourable news was not received for several days. M. Savary tells us she "had fallen a prey to the deepest anxiety. During the week of her stay at Blois, her face was constantly bathed in tears. She had formed a very different idea of Frenchmen from that which their present conduct justified. The malice of those who compelled her to descend from the throne, has imputed to her want of energy a part of the misfortunes which befel us; and yet no blame can properly attach to her. If instead of being less than twenty-two years of age, the empress had reached that period of existence at which experience brings a firmness of character along with it, and allows a woman to surround herself with men entitled to her confidence, and to listen to their counsels, the events would probably have taken a different turn; but she was not so situated. The emperor had appointed the persons who surrounded her; and she set the example of submission to his will. In private, as well as in public, she never relaxed from that rigid observance of the laws of propriety which were imposed upon her youth, and which forbade all kinds of private conversation with any one, excepting those who had been named as her counsellors. I had many times the honour of seeing her during those painful moments; and had an opportunity of satisfying myself of her unvaried attachment to the emperor. 'Those who were of opinion that I should remain in Paris,' said the empress one day to me, 'were quite right: the soldiers of my father would not, perhaps, have driven me out of it. What am I to think of his allowing such indignities to be offered to me?' She was in this state of anxiety when she learned the fatal determination brought on by the intrigues of the capital. She received this intelligence from Colonel Galbois. That gallant officer having been despatched from Fontainebleau on the 6th of April, had great difficulty in avoiding the troops of the allies which intercepted the road to Blois. The account of his mission was given by himself: we will quote his own words. 'I reached Blois at an early hour of the following morning the 7th of April: the empress immediately admitted me to an audience. She was greatly surprised at the emperor's abdication. She could not believe it possible that the allies should contemplate to dethrone the Emperor Napoleon. 'My father,' she said, 'would not allow it. He repeated to me, over and over again, when he placed me on the French throne, that he would always maintain me in that station; and my father is always rigidly true to his word.' The empress desired to be left alone, in order that she might meditate on the emperor's letter. I afterwards saw the King of Spain and the King of Westphalia. Joseph was in deep affliction; and Jerome loud in his complaints against Napoleon. Maria Louisa sent for me. Her majesty was in a state of great excitement, and announced to me her intention of proceeding to join the emperor. I observed to her that this was impossible. Her majesty then said to me with warmth: 'Why so, colonel? You are about to join him yourself: my proper place is near the emperor, at a moment when he must be so truly unhappy. I insist upon going to him; and I shall deem myself well off any where, provided I be in his company.' I represented to the empress that I had found great difficulty in coming as far as Blois, and should have to encounter much greater ones in going back to the emperor. Nothing, in fact, could be more perilous than such a journey. The empress yielded with the utmost reluctance. At last, she determined upon writing a letter. I succeeded in overtaking the emperor. He read Maria Louisa's letter with the utmost eagerness, and appeared greatly affected at the kind interest which she took in his fate. The empress spoke of the possibility of collecting an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. The emperor read that passage of the letter in a loud voice, and addressed to me these remarkable words: 'Doubtless I might still hold out another campaign, and offer a successful resistance; but I should be kindling a civil war in France, and I will not do so.....besides which, I have signed my abdication, and I will not recall what I have done.' The emperor, according to Colonel Galbois' report, was not insensible to the firmness displayed by the empress; but he did not share in her sanguine expectations. He wrote her word to proceed to Orleans; and it will hardly be believed, that the officer, who was the bearer of this despatch, was ordered to be accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia, who, on the banks of the Loire, was to serve

he had only wedded her through motives of policy ; but that, after the turn which matters had taken, she would be exposed to unceasing reproaches. The empress gave way to these representations.— She wrote to her father, and it was no doubt owing to his invitation that she repaired from Orleans to Rambouillet.”

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Foreign Articles.

According to our last accounts the following, and several other, French fortresses had not yet submitted—*Longwy*, (which had been twice bombarded) *Landau*, *Salins*, *Strasburg*, *Charlemont*, *Neubrisac*, *Brest* and *Antwerp*.

40,000 people of the Lower Pyrenees offered their services to the prefect to drive out their "deliverers," the Spaniards. The south of France is greatly disturbed. Tranquility is restored in *Corsica*. The white flag flies there.

The French funds fell from 63 to 56, on the late change of ministers.

The Turks, it is said, have assembled an army of 200,000 men, but whether to act against the *Servians* and others in insurrection, or against *Austria* or *Russia*, seems doubtful. The latter powers appear to be preparing for them.

The *Portuguese* and *Spanish* courts are reported to have some misunderstanding.

French sovereignty! Orders were received that no French vessel should clear out without a passport from lord Wellington, (the actual ruler of France,) and permits are given to any part of the world, except the coast of Africa.

English trade to South America. On the 29th of June, there were, according to letters received in London, 27 English ships in the River Plata.

French memoirs. Carnot, says a Paris paper, has published a second memoir. It is printed at Rouen, and consists of a sheet and a half. I do not yet know of any person, who has read it, except the duke of Otranto, though several persons of consequence announce its existence. Its object is to point out the means of delivering France from the foreign armies.

There has also been issued from the press another memoir, much more extensive, and which consists

of a strong appeal from the protestants on the occasion of the horrors which have been committed in the south. These horrors are detailed in it. "Ministers of Louis XVIII, will you be more cruel than the ministers of Louis XIV!" is one of the apostrophes of of this memoir.

British morality. It appears determined by the British authorities, that a note or other bill, drawn in a foreign country, and, not having the *British* stamp on the paper, is irrecoverable in a *British* court of law! This is, at least, what we suppose to be the meaning of some late things we have seen.

Labeledoyere. We have already given an account of the gallant manner in which this distinguished man met his "murderers"—[He was certainly as much "murdered" as the famous duke d'Enghein was]. He advanced boldly and firmly—told those appointed to kill him to "*make ready—present—fire.*" To the honor of France be it said, that they were a party of the *royalists* who had rallied round Louis, at Ghent, who shot him. None else could be found for the odious service—and even they were encircled by a body of foreign bayonets, in the hands of *Prussians*.

Protection. It is stated in the Paris papers that "the prince regent of *England* has honored the pope with a regiment of Irish Roman Catholics for his guard." While his arms are defending the "Holy Father" we think he ought to silence his priests who are clamoring to heaven for his destruction—as *their wages requires they should do.*

Bullion.—London, September 21. Yesterday the price of gold was dull at 88s. and dollars heavy at 5s. 6d.

The spoilers. A traveller who has lately arrived in England from the continent, affirms that he met 40,000 *Prussians* without arms, and without regimental clothing, who were pushing with all haste to France to supply themselves with both. He also understood that there was another column of a like number marching to the same destination for the same purposes.

The sum of 1,165 dollars has been subscribed for the relatives of the seven Saxon grenadiers, shot for mutiny by order of prince Blucher. Two hundred dollars of this money was sent by a person of the highest rank.—*Hamburgh Correspondent, Sept. 8.*

The Prussian troops at Nantz, 5,000, had marched to join other forces directed against Brest and Antwerp, which had not submitted. They had hoisted the white flag, but refused to surrender to the allies or British. In the former port were 40, and at the latter 30 sail of ships of the line, besides frigates. These will perhaps be destroyed, or added to the British navy.

The 6th edition of the Causes and Character of the late war with Great Britain, which was originally published at Washington, has made its appearance in London.

The emperor of Austria is about to assume the title of "*Protector of the liberties of Italy.*"

It is now said that 202,000 of the allies are to remain in France, until the last farthing of the tribute is paid, &c. The treaty, if any there is, has not yet been published.

Departure of the allied sovereigns. The emperor of Russia quitted Paris on the 28th Sept. taking the route of Brussels—The emperor of Austria departed soon afterwards, and the king of Prussia was expected to leave the city about the 10th of October.

We have a report that war was expected between Russia and Sweden.

The congregation of missionaries at Rome, has published a census of the Christian prisoners, among

the Infidels; by which it appears there are 49,000 in the regencies of Tunis and Algiers. His holiness intends appealing to the *European powers* for their ransom. [He had better appeal to the *Americans.*]

King Louis has softened the dismissal of the old ministry by conferring distinctions upon all, *Fouche* excepted, whose name is not mentioned.

Ney.—There seems to be some great difficulty attending the trial of marshal Ney. The government is, probably, afraid to meet the case fairly. He is still confined, but enjoys extraordinary privileges.

The military orders of St. Louis and of military merit, have been given by the king of France to 34 general officers in the Russian service, for their mildness and forbearance when in France.

A London paper, of Sept. 23, mentions a report, that lord Melville was to be appointed governor of India, vice the earl of Moira. The latter is complained of for his present Indian war, and the expensiveness of his establishments. It is said he had 100 elephants and 1000 camels.

Spain.—An insurrection, of which we had the most pleasing hopes, was raised in Spain, near Corunna, the latter end of September, headed by one of the old patriots, general *Parlier*. He issued a spirited proclamation to the people of Galicia, and many joined him to shake off the tyrant Ferdinand and his vile priests. We have a report that he has been defeated and taken prisoner, but are not willing to believe it. There is much dissatisfaction in Spain, and well there may—for it is understood that in the old castles and prisons there are confined no less than 50,000 of those who were most active in the revolution; of those who labored the most to put the ungrateful fool on the throne. The soldiery are said to be generally discontented. Vigor to the man that strikes for freedom, civil and religious. We shall hear of this.

"Legitimacy."—The "Holy Father" has piously shut up all the private schools and places of instruction which grew up from the nature of things while the "estates of the church" had some portion of freedom under the tyrant Bonaparte.

Ireland is in a most distracted state. The grievances of the people, by the pressure of the *tythes* added to their other burthens, seems insupportable. A desultory, but dreadful war, prevails in several counties; and new associations, somewhat after the manner of the former "United Irishmen," appear to be forming in various parts. Martial law is proclaimed, and many troops are sending from England to Ireland—some fighting has taken place between the people and the regular troops. *Limerick* is the chief seat of the insurrection, but it is progressing in other counties. The mail coaches are attacked, houses burnt, cattle killed, and men murdered—that priests, who never officiate for the people, may live in luxury and debauchery. The following may elucidate the nature of the thing so much complained of.—"The protestant rector of the parish of the Royal Oak, county of Carlow, levies under the imposition of the tythe system, not less than £3000 annually, and within the extensive populous district, there is not one protestant. It can be no great matter for our astonishment to learn, that discontent thrives in a community, so oppressed to maintain a man, who exacts such a heavy revenue from their industry, in the name of God, to spend it in another country, without the shadow of utility or appearance of it to the sufferers."

The seamen, in many English ports, assemble in large bodies to urge employment and an increase of wages.

Rome, Aug. 10. Our secretary of state is much engaged: nothing transpires respecting the nature of the business going forward; except it be some new arrangements for the government of the papal legations which have recently reverted to our possession. At the residence of the ex-consul of Naples, or rather the ex-agent of Murat, several books of free-masonry and secret societies were found, which were ordered to be burnt by the public executioner. Louis Bonaparte makes several visits to the cardinal secretary of state, for the purpose, it is supposed, of obtaining permission for his mother and rest of the family to reside in the Roman states.

Paris, Sept. 26. We are assured that some of the most oppressive articles for France enacted in the ultimatum of the allied powers, are modified or suppressed.

The discipline is very severe amongst the English troops. They write from Amiens that a Hanoverian soldier was shot for having robbed and ill used his hostess.

Sept. 27. It was believed that there will not be a treaty of peace, properly so called, but only a declaration of all the powers on the measures necessary to draw closer the cords of peace and friendship which unite them.

Savary and L'Allemand have arrived at Malta, where, it is said, they will be retained as prisoners of war.

Paris, Sept. 29.—We are assured that the treaty of peace so strongly desired, and so impatiently expected, was signed this morning. Yesterday evening there still remained some difficulties to smooth away; they originated, it is said, in England. The Emperor Alexander passed a part of the night in discussing them—in removing them; and he has had the glory of terminating the great work which is to contribute to the happiness of the world. That monarch this morning quitted the capital, where he has left behind him the noblest and most honorable recollections.—*Gazette de France*.

London, Sept. 28.—The Morning Chronicle asserts that the emperor Alexander, in displaying an army of 172,000 infantry and 26,000 cavalry declares, he will support France against any unjust demands. The most intimate harmony subsists between the cabinets of St. Petersburg and Tuilleries.

London, Sept. 26.—The Prussian commandant at Paris, baron Muffling, has published, that until the murderer of Kean, an Englishman, was discovered, he should levy a daily contribution of 2000 francs on the citizens of the Boulevards of Coblenz.

[Kean was an army contractor. He had an amour; and afterwards dismissed his mistress, who threatened to be revenged. His body was found pierced with a sword.]

October 2.—Price of Stocks.—Reduced, shut—Cons. money 57 11-34—for acc. 57 13-48;—4 pr. Cent. shut—5 p. Cent. 85 11-84—Bonds 6s. 7s. dis.; Omn. 7 53-84 pre.—do. pay. 7 37-18 pr.

BONAPARTE.

[From the London Courier.]

Interesting documents relative to the manner in which Bonaparte is to be treated.

Letter from earl Bathurst, secretary of state, to the lords of the admiralty.

“Downing-street, July 30, 1815.

“MY LORD—I wish your lordships to have the goodness to communicate to rear-admiral sir Geo. Cockburn, a copy of the following memorial, which is to serve him by way of instruction, to direct his conduct while general Bonaparte remains under his care. The prince regent, in confiding to English officers a mission of so much importance, feels that it is unnecessary to express to them his ear-

nest desire that no personal restraint may be employed than what shall be found necessary faithfully to preform the duties, of which the admiral, as well as the governor of St. Helena, must never lose sight, namely, the perfectly secure detention of the person of general Bonaparte. Every thing which, without opposing the grand object, can be granted as an indulgence, will, his royal highness is convinced, be allowed the general. The prince regent depends farther on the well known zeal and resolute character of sir Geo. Cockburn, that he will not suffer himself to be misled imprudently to deviate from the performance of his duty.

“BATHURST.”

MEMORIAL.

When general Bonaparte leaves the Bellerophon to go on board the Northumberland, it will be the properest moment for admiral Cockburn to have the effects examined which general Bonaparte may have brought with him.

His money, his diamonds, and his saleable effects (consequently bills of exchange also) of whatever kind they may be, must be delivered up. The admiral will declare to the general that the British government by no means intends to confiscate his property, but merely to take upon itself the administration of his effects to hinder him using them as a means to promote his flight.

The examination shall be made in the presence of a person named by Bonaparte; the inventory of the effects to be retained shall be signed by this person as well as by the rear admiral, or by the person whom he shall appoint to draw up the inventory.

The interest or the principal (according as his property is more or less considerable) shall be applied to his support, and in this respect the principal arrangements to be left to him.

For this reason he can, from time to time, signify his wishes to the admiral till the arrival of the new governor of St. Helena, and afterwards to the latter; and if an objection is to be made to his proposal, the admiral or the governor can give the necessary orders, and the disbursement will be paid by bills on his majesty's treasury.

In case of death he can dispose of his property by a last will, and be assured that the contents of his testament shall be faithfully executed.

As an attempt might be made to make a part of his property pass for the property of the persons of his suite, it must be signified that the property of his attendants is subject to the same regulations.

The disposal of the troops left to guard him must be left to the governor.

The latter, however, has received a notice, in the case which will be hereafter mentioned, to act according to the desire of the admiral.

The general must constantly be attended by a officer appointed by the admiral, or if the case occurs, by the governor. If the general is allowed to go out of the bounds where the sentinels are placed, an orderly man at least must accompany the officer.

When ships arrive, and as long as they are in sight, the general remains confined to the limits where the sentinels are placed. During this time all communication with the inhabitants is forbidden. His companions in St. Helena are subject during this time to the same rules and must remain with him. At other times it is left to the judgment of the admiral or governor to make the necessary regulations concerning them. It must be signified to the general, that if he makes any attempt to fly, he will then be put under close confinement, and it must be

notified to his attendants, that if it should be found that they are plotting to prepare the general's flight, they shall be separated from him, and put under close confinement.

All letters addressed to the general or to persons in his suite, must be delivered to the admiral or governor, who will read them before he suffers them to be delivered to those to whom they are addressed. Letters written by the general or his suite, are subject to the same rule.

No letter that does not come to St. Helena through the secretary of state, must be communicated to the general or his attendants, if it is written by a person not living in the island. All their letters addressed to persons not living in the island, must go under the cover of the secretary of state.

It will be clearly expressed to the gentlemen that the governor and admiral have precise orders to inform his majesty's government of all the wishes and representations which the general may desire to address to it; in this respect they need not use any precaution. But the paper on which such request or representation is written must be communicated to them open, that they may both read it, and when they send it accompany it with such observations as they may judge necessary.

Till the arrival of the new governor, the admiral must be considered as entirely responsible for the person of general Bonaparte, and his majesty has no doubt of the inclination of the present governor to concur with the admiral for this purpose. The admiral has full power to retain the general on board his ship or to convey him on board again, when, in his opinion, secure detention of his person cannot be otherwise effected. When the admiral arrives at St. Helena, the governor will upon his representation, adopt measures for sending immediately to England, the Cape of Good Hope, or the East Indies, such officers, or other persons, in the military corps of St. Helena, as the admiral, either because they are foreigners, or on account of their character or distinction, shall think it advisable to dismiss from the military service in St. Helena.

If there are strangers in the island whose residence in the country shall seem to be with a view of becoming instrumental to the flight of general Bonaparte, he must take measures to remove them. The whole coast of the island, and all ships and boats that visit it are placed under the surveillance of the admiral. He fixes the places which the boats may visit, and the government will send a sufficient guard to the points where the admiral shall consider this precaution as necessary.

The admiral will adopt the most vigorous measures to watch over the arrival and departure of every ship, and to prevent all communication with the coast, except such as he shall allow.

Orders will be issued to prevent, after a certain necessary interval, any foreign or mercantile vessel to go in future to St. Helena.

If the general should be seized with serious illness the admiral and the governor will each name a physician who enjoys their confidence, in order to attend the general in common with his own physician; they will give them strict orders to give in every day a report on the state of his health. In case of his death, the admiral will give orders to convey his body to England,

Given at the war office, July 23, 1815.

Opening of the sessions of the two chambers.

ROYAL SITTING, OF OCT. 7, 1815.—The members of the chamber of peers and the deputies of the departments, in the habits of their new costume, oc-

cupied at an early hour the places assigned them. At 11 o'clock the king of Prussia, dressed as a plain individual, without any decoration and with very few attendants, entered the tribune, which he had himself selected in the upper galleries, and most retired part of the hall.

A tribune had been prepared in front of the throne for the duchess of Angoulême; but as her royal highness could not assist at the ceremony, the seats were withdrawn.

The prince royal of Bavaria, and the principal generals of the allies occupied the tribune reserved for the diplomatic corps.

At a quarter past noon salutes of artillery announced the departure of the procession, which arrived in about an hour. The king was received at the head of the grand stair case by M. Cothard; eldest president, the secretaries and assistants, and by a deputation from each chamber.

Having rested a short time in an adjoining saloon, his majesty entered the hall, preceded by the heralds at arms, the ministers of his household, and the marshals of France—The ministers of the portfolio and of state having previously taken their places. The prince Talleyrand, grand chamberlain, continued near the king, who had on his right his royal highness the count D'Artois, the duke de Berry, and the prince of Conde, and on his left the duke d'Angoulême and the duke of Orleans—M. Darnbray, the chancellor, placed himself on a seat to the left of the throne.

The members of the two chambers and the spectators rose with repeated shouts of "live the king! live the Bourbons!" All continued standing while the speech was delivered by the king, covered and seated—his majesty expressing himself in the following terms:—

GENTLEMEN—When, last year, for the first time, I convoked these Chambers, I felicitated myself in having, by an honorable treaty, restored peace to France.

She began to taste of the fruits, which all the sources of prosperity, again opened, had produced.

A criminal enterprize, seconded by the most inconceivable defection, arrested its course.

The evils which that ephemeral usurpation has occasioned to our country, have deeply afflicted me—but I must here declare, that could they have affected none but myself, I would have blessed the dispensation of Providence.

[His Majesty was here interrupted by acclamations of "Live the King," and a general movement of the assembly.]

The proofs of affection, which my people have given me in the most critical moments, have solaced all my personal sufferings; but those of my subjects oppress my heart.

And to terminate this state of uncertainty, more grievous than war itself, I have deemed it proper to conclude with the powers, who having overthrown the Usurper, now occupy a large portion of our territory, a convention which regulates our present and future relations with them.

This Convention will be communicated to you, without restriction, as soon as it shall have passed its last form.

You know, gentlemen, all France will know the deep sensations which I have felt; (here his Majesty manifested an emotion which was communicated to the assembly) but the safety of my kingdom required this great determination, and having taken it, I feel the duties which it imposes.

I have this year decreed, that a considerable por-

tion of my civil list shall be yielded to the treasury of the state—and my family, informed of the decision, have offered me a proportionate gift.— (Grateful emotions.)

I have directed similar diminutions of the pay and expenses of all my servants, without exception.

I shall at all times be prepared to share in the sacrifices, which imperious circumstances may impose on my people.

The statements will be placed before you, and you will know the importance of the economy, which I have ordered in all the departments of my ministers, and in every branch of the administration.

Happy, if those measures could meet the charges of the state. In every result I calculate on the devotion of the nation and the zeal of the two chambers.

But, Gentlemen, other cares, more agreeable, and not less important, convene you to-day. It is to give greater weight to your deliberations, and to increase my own information, that I have created new peers, and that the number of deputies from the departments has been augmented.

I trust I have been successful in my selections—and the zeal of the deputies, in those difficult conjunctures, is an additional proof that they are animated with a sincere attachment to my person, and an ardent love of country.

It is, then, with grateful joy and complete confidence that I behold you assembled around me; assured that you will never lose sight of the fundamental bases of the happiness of the state, frank and loyal union of the chambers with the king, and respect for the constitutional charter.

That charter, which I have carefully meditated before I gave it, to which reflection daily increases my attachment, which I have sworn to maintain, and to which you, commencing with my family, are about to swear obedience, is, without doubt, like all other human institutions, susceptible of improvement; but we should never forget, that, connected with the advantage of amelioration, is the danger of innovation.

Many other important objects present themselves to our labor.

To cause religion to re-flourish—to purify the morals, to establish liberty on respect for the laws; and to render them more and more analagous to these great views; to give stability to credit; to re-compose the army; to heal the wounds which have lacerated the bosom of our country; finally, to assure internal tranquility, and thence to produce respect for France from abroad—these are the great objects to which all our efforts should be directed.

I cannot flatter myself that so much can be accomplished in one session; but if, at the close of the present legislature, it shall appear that we have approached these great ends, we shall have cause of satisfaction with our own endeavors.

I shall spare nothing to attain this result; and to reach it, I calculate, gentlemen, on your most active co-operation."

Renewed plaudits and shouts of "live the king! live the Bourbons!" testified to his majesty the unanimous sentiment of the two chambers, in which the spectators were permitted to mingle the lively expression of their vows.

The king invited the peers to be seated, and the same request was transmitted to the deputies by the chancellor. The princes took the oath in these terms, and repeating successively the formula:

"I swear to be faithful to the king, to obey the

constitutional charter and the laws of the kingdom."

It was impossible, without interest, to hear the respectable prince of Conde pronounce this oath, with the effusion of a profound sensibility.

The new peers and all the deputies took the same oath, with this addition for the upper chamber—"and to conduct myself as becomes a good and loyal peer of France;" and for the lower chamber, "as becomes a good and loyal deputy."

This ceremony was interrupted for a moment by a remarkable incident. We believe we heard one of the peers, M. de la Bourdonnaye Blossac add to the prescribed obligation, *except what concerns the catholic religion.*

One of the deputies of Tarn, M. Domignon, said, "before taking the oath, I ask of my lord the king, permission."

A movement of surprise manifested itself in the assembly. The duke de Richelieu having received the order of the king, said

According to the immemorial usage of the monarchy, no one, in a similar ceremony, can speak without the express permission of the king. The king directs that the ceremony proceed.

M. Domignon only said "I swear."* The chancellor, after the oaths were taken, said

By order of the king, the session is declared to be opened. The peers and the deputies are invited to repair on Monday next to their respective chambers to commence their sittings.

The assembly separated to the cries of "live the king!" and his majesty was re-conducted with the usual ceremony.

Talleyrand, though dismissed from the ministry, appears still to be really at the head of affairs in France.

At Gibraltar, Oct. 7, Spanish accounts had been received, which stated that in three of the most populous provinces in Spain, the revolutionists had collected a force of 25 or 30,000 men, and that gen. Mina was to return from France to take the command. At Malaga it was reported that Austria had declared war against Spain.—*Columbian.*

By a gentleman just arrived in the mail stage, who left the ship Fair Trader below, we learn that the insurrection in Spain had been suppressed, and the leader, Portier, who was betrayed by his followers, had been shot.—*Phila. Reg.*

HISTORY OF NAPOLEON AND THE GRAND ARMY IN 1812,

BY GENERAL COMPTE PHILIPPE DE SEGUR.*

IT was mentioned in the letter from Paris in our last number, that two very remarkable works have just issued from the French press. The first is entitled, *L'Histoire de Napoleon, et de la Grande Armée pendant l'Année 1812, par M. le Général Comte de Segur*. The second has for title, *Le Manuscrit de 1813, par M. Le Baron Fain, l'un des Secrétares de Napoleon*. These two interesting historical productions bear evident marks of a judicious imitation of Sir Walter Scott. This celebrated romance writer has caused a revolution in French literature. Without being conscious of it probably, or aspiring to the honour, he is the chief of what is called in France, *le parti romantique*. All the women adore him, and there is no literary name which so frequently falls from their lips as his. Moreover, the strong

* The writer of this article was himself an officer of the Grand Army, and had peculiar means of observation.

attachment felt or feigned by Sir Walter Scott, for all that smacks of ancient institutions, and his consequent want of enthusiasm for those innovations and improvements, which tend to meliorate the present social state of mankind, have rendered him a distinguished favourite with the Ultra-party, to which party belong, at least, three-fourths of the female readers of his romances. The History of the Dukes of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, and the two works mentioned at the commencement of the article, will find their way into every chateau in France, as they are calculated to excite strong emotions without exacting from the reader any great effort of historical acumen.

But the difference of merit in these three compositions is immense. M. de Barante is an adroit rhetorician, who has taken care not to give umbrage to the powers that be, by unpalatable deductions. This author was an under-secretary of state, and writes only to fill up his enforced leisure, until some favourable chance shall throw another *portefeuille* in his way. While reading him, the conviction is irresistibly impressed upon the mind, that we are communing with a man who has all the patriotism of one of Buonaparte's prefects, joined to the frankness and candour of a diplomatist. M. Fain writes history as he would prepare a report for the royal and imperial eyes of his late master. M. de Segur is a writer *sui generis*, and displays the independence of character and depth of thought, which are indispensable in the nineteenth century to secure an elevated rank in the republic of letters. To make a book, which shall be correctly written, is now, from the spread of education, an effort within the reach of seventenths of those belonging to the richer classes of society. Hundreds there are, who like M. Villemain,* the king of modern rhetoricians, can string together a set of fine phrases; the difficulty is to append thoughts to them.

The history of the Campaign of Moscow in 1812, by the Count de Segur, is a work that soars far above the vulgar class of similar attempts. It is a true, nay, a sublime picture of that grand experiment upon the heart of man—the retreat from Moscow. Having myself been a partaker in that deplorable catastrophe, I can bear witness to the unerring truth of M. de Segur's narrative. Though some of the details ap-

* The author of a History of Cromwell, and various minor pieces. He is a Member of the French Academy, and a celebrated lecturer on the Belles Lettres in Paris.

peared to me under a different point of view, yet this circumstance can in no wise detract from the veracity of M. de Segur, neither would it lead me to doubt the pains which the author must have taken to collect accurate information upon the various subjects connected with the ever memorable march from Moscow to Koningsberg. M. de Segur evidently adores the great man in Napoleon, at the same time that he perceives and contemns the various moral maladies that despotism and the enforced absence of all truth from the atmosphere by which he was surrounded, engendered in his elevated mind. M. de Chambray, an officer in the royal guards, published about a year ago an account of the Campaign of Moscow. This officer, a man of intellect and acquirements, would have willingly told the truth, had not his hopes of promotion under the Bourbons checked his pen. And thus obliged to affect ultraism by not daring to do justice to Napoleon, the veracity of his narrative undergoes various eclipses. It would not be an uninteresting exercise, particularly to military men, to compare the accounts of this officer playing the Ultra with those of M. de Segur. In the work of the former there is scarcely any thing but mere military details, these being the only ones where his pen had liberty to be veracious. M. de Segur had not space for all these details, his work being rather a philosophical and political, than a military, history of the event, and merits, as well as a history of the revolution by Mignet, to be translated into every civilized language. It is certainly more interesting in the perusal than Redgauntlet, and Napoleon is another guess sort of personage, compared with the poor Pretender, Charles Edward. Having said so much, and with perfect sincerity, of the author's merits, we shall now advert to his defects. M. de Segur has too closely imitated the History of the Anarchy of Poland by Rhulière. Before 1815, this work was decidedly superior to any historical production that had appeared in France for fifty years. The minds of Frenchmen, emasculated by the puerile refinements and morbid taste of the court of Louis XV., only gave birth to those pale and feeble productions, which communicate so affected and effeminate a physiognomy to French literature from the year 1756 to 1789. The stunted and pigmy intellects of that period were unable to grapple with great historical questions. Voltaire alone, by the force of his wit, arose above the mist which covered the literature of his country. The father of general

Segur, the Count de Segur, formerly grand master of the ceremonies to Napoleon, may be taken as the representative of the literati of the reign of Louis XV. He has compiled an endless Universal History, in thirty volumes, octavo, written in the style which was in vogue before the revolution, and equally colourless and inanimate as that of Abbé Millot, and other intellectual heroes of the same epoch. The Count de Segur, grand master of the ceremonies, exhibits several of the little vanities and affectations of that period; for instance, he has prefixed to his enormous compilations of thirty volumes, a *fac simile* of his own hand-writing. Rulhière, in his History of the Anarchy of Poland, sought to imitate the style of Seneca, the work was not published for several years after his death, for the manuscript belonged to government, from whom Rulhière received during twenty years a pension of eight thousand francs for writing it. It would never probably have seen the light, but for the rupture between Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia. Napoleon then caused it to be made public, for the purpose of dishonouring the Russians in the eyes of the world, and showing to the civilized portion of Europe what barbarians those were by whom they were threatened to be over-run. M. Danou, one of the three or four writers of first rate talent, who have abstained hitherto from selling themselves either to Napoleon or the Bourbons, was the editor of Rulhière's history, but unfortunately the Jesuits, who are to be met with every where, and on all occasions, had previously exercised their censorship upon the original manuscript, and the strongest passages were either altogether effaced or considerably mutilated by these arch-hypocrites. *Par parenthese*, whenever you hear of a *fripponerie* of this kind in France, you may set it down, without much fear of being mistaken, to the account of the knavish children of Loyola. I have spoken at some length of Rulhière's work, for two reasons; first, it forms the proper and almost necessary introduction to the history of general Segur; and secondly, as it is the model which M. de Segur seems to have had most constantly in view, and which he has, unfortunately for his own literary reputation and the reader's pleasure, too closely imitated. I also cannot help objecting to the obscure metaphysical speculations upon the character of Napoleon, in which M. de Segur but too often loses himself, as also to his endeavours to find proofs of the immortality of the soul in the fortuitous events of the Russian

campaign; and lastly, I must deplore that affected brevity of style, which often forces upon the reader the conviction of it being the result of considerable labour. In the very first sentence of the work the author has committed a grammatical error, in a vain endeavour to compress, like Tacitus: "*Depuis 1807, l'intervalle entre le Rhin et le Niemen était franchi et ces deux fleuves devenus rivaux.*" But these are blemishes more than compensated by the various and novel information contained in the work, and which, besides, has many passages written with great force both of style and expression. The only really ridiculous pages are those of an affected and mock pathetic dedication to the veterans of the grand army, whom, after the example of Cæsar, in his Commentaries, M. de Segur calls his "companions." This sacrifice of good taste was probably necessary to secure a favourable report of the work in the *Constitutionnel* and other liberal journals, who find it their interest to flatter the partizans of Bonapartism, and without whose aid no literary production can have any success in France.

This dedication, however, is curious, as affording a specimen of the manner in which the French military were accustomed to talk of themselves. Of this species of vain boasting there is a very spirited and faithful description in the first volume. The soldiers themselves, though influenced by this ranting, were not unconscious of its absurdity, and gave it the name of *blogue*. To be understood by the French soldiery, and even by a great majority of the officers, it was necessary to adopt this species of *blarney*. Marshal Augereau was a perfect master in this detestable style of declamation; which is directly the contrary of that simple and natural language made use of by English officers in their despatches or addresses to their soldiers. The secret of this *blogue* is for the orator to talk in unmeasured terms of praise of himself and his soldiers. The truth is, that this kind of wordy *dramming* is necessary to the French soldier, who would remain altogether unmoved by the plain-matter-of-fact address of an English general. A philosopher like Catinat would be powerless at the head of a modern French regiment, to lead which on to the cannon's mouth, it requires a ranting player such as that madman, the brave, and foppish Murat. M. de Segur very clearly explains how the jealousy which Napoleon was weak enough to feel towards marshal Davoust (the only one of his generals who foresaw the precise

species of obstacle that proved ruinous to the Russian expedition) led him to suffer himself to be influenced by the gasconading Murat, whose *brilliant* manœuvres caused the loss of fifty thousand horses before the army reached Moscow. Amongst the other unskilful advisers by whom Napoleon was surrounded, M. de Segur has ventured to designate only prince Berthier, and two or three others now deceased. Those who survive, not being in the sunshine of court favour, M. de Segur has generously abstained from further adding to their gloom by his reproaches. The author does full justice to the firm, frank, and *ungasconading* character (this last quality a very rare one in France) of Messrs. Caulincourt, Daru, and Ney. general Segur, as son to the grand-master of the ceremonies, was enabled to acquire the fullest information upon what took place in the interior of the court; consequently his account of Napoleon's diplomacy, both preparatory to, and during the campaign, is singularly interesting and entirely new. One of the drivillers (whom in the pride of his despotism Napoleon had about him in number) dissuaded him from sending Talleyrand, the most skilful intriguer in Europe, on a mission to Constantinople and Stockholm, in order to secure the co-operation of the Sublime Porte and Bernadotte, then prince royal of Sweden. I know not if Talleyrand would have succeeded in these missions; but this I know, that if Napoleon had been then the same *unspoiled* great man he was in 1796, if the habitude of despotism had not made him prefer talentless sycophants to men of energy and tact, he would have left no effort untried to secure the support of Bernadotte, and particularly that of the Sublime Porte, without whose co-operation the right wing of his army was devoted to destruction. The presence of Talleyrand at Constantinople was then a most indispensable preliminary, and the emperor was wofully punished for not sending him there, by the disasters at the Berezina. All that portion of M. de Segur's work, relative to diplomatic details, and the intercourse of Napoleon's court, is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

In his description of these interesting matters, the author throws much novel light upon the character of Napoleon. He declares his profound admiration for the great and extraordinary qualities of the hero, but in a very different style from the indiscriminating and childish adoration of *Las Cases*, that perfect incarnation of the *beau idéal* of a chamberlain. We learn from this work some singular and interesting details

of several severe attacks of indisposition, which the policy of Napoleon concealed from the army, but which often reduced him to a state of almost utter feebleness, in those very critical moments when he had most need of all his physical and mental energy; as, for instance, on the day of the battle of the Moskowa. The author in another passage shows that despotism which by the vulgar is considered so useful, nay, indispensable, in commanding an army, often counteracts its own objects. Napoleon's jealousy of Davoust (Prince d'Eckmuhl) so convinced the other generals that the emperor was very unwilling to see any of them evince talent superior to his own, that they considered it prudent to play the part of mere automats, and abstain from acting upon their own judgment, even where the imperious exigency of the case required it. How different was the system pursued in 1796, during the immortal campaign of Italy, when every one fired with republican enthusiasm, obeyed with zeal, but when the orders of the commander-in-chief arrived not, *dared to invent*. The debasing effects produced by Napoleon's despotic wilfulness, cannot fail to strike the most inattentive reader in the account of the battle of the Moskowa (7th Sept. 1812). The battle might have been gained five times over if Napoleon had been on the field, or if his generals, at the same time so brave and so timid, had ventured to take upon themselves the risk of following up their success. Napoleon was a league distant from the field of battle, suffering under an excess of fever. Under these circumstances, if the Russians had been commanded by a Blucher, who would have recommenced the battle on the 8th, the French army would, in all likelihood, have met with the same fate as they since experienced at Waterloo; and, as they were ninety-three leagues from Poland, not a single soldier would probably have escaped the just vengeance of the Russians. For the only entire *corps d'armée* the emperor had then with him was his guard, about 20,000 strong, and mostly composed of young recruits, who were evidently unable to withstand the shock of the Russians. If the disastrous probability above mentioned had taken place, it would have been solely attributable to the timidity with which the emperor had inspired his generals. It was the absence of this timidity that enabled the fool-hardy Murat to play so brilliant a *role* in that campaign.

The character of Napoleon as a great captain was eclipsed, on the field of the Moskowa, by the superior conduct of two

of his marshals—Ney, whom Louis XVIII. since put to death in breach of the capitulation of Paris, and, as the French say, with the connivance of the duke of Wellington, aided by the base subserviency of the chamber of peers. The other was Davoust (Prince d'Eckmuhl), who, when in Egypt, gave but few signs of talent, but between 1800 and 1812 showed himself a man of genius, in war and *espionage*. It was Davoust who gained the battle of Jena in 1806, and who, at the Moskowa, pointed out to the emperor, at the same time offering to execute it in person, and in two hours time, a manœuvre which would have saved the lives of 10,000 Frenchmen. Napoleon on this occasion conducted himself like a drunken captain of grenadiers, in ordering his soldiers to attack barbarians such as the Russians in front, instead of turning them. One word will suffice to show the murderous effects of such a system of attack; forty-three generals were either killed or wounded at the affair of the Moskowa. M. de Segur is too much of a Bonapartist to record this truth; however, every reader of his book, gifted with a spirit of deduction, and who examines minutely the military details of the campaign, will draw this inference from the facts, which M. de Segur narrates with impartiality, but the consequences of which he sometimes omits to bring forward.

Ney was a truly great captain: after the victory of the Moskowa, if such a frightful battle merit the name, the first word he said to Napoleon, the 7th September, at nine o'clock at night, was, *Sire, you must retreat*. The expression of this honest advice was highly honourable to the speaker, particularly when it is considered that it was addressed to Napoleon, when he was all irritation from disease and from the consciousness that the frightful loss he had just sustained was attributable, in a great measure, to his own want of generalship. Still all was not lost; for if Napoleon had, four days after the battle of the Moskowa, marched upon Smolensko, the distance to which, eighty-three leagues, he might have got over in twenty days, he would have found himself on the banks of the Borysthenes on the 6th of October, until which time the sun shone brilliantly, and the degree of cold was only sufficient to brace and not incommode. By such a movement he might have made Poland his own, and the next year have made a summer march of it to Moscow, between which and him there would have been but ninety-three leagues and two or three battles.

Prince Eugene Beauharnois and king Murat, presided at the frightful butchery of the Moskowa, like men who seemed to think there was no such thing as death.—Murat braved it like a ranting actor, and with a constitutional gaiety, which, though a little *de mauvais ton*, was all powerful in its effect upon his soldiers. The extravagant costume of this theatrical king, the plume of feathers two feet high, dancing above his casque, and his headlong valour, made him the admiration and rallying point of the troops. The bravery of prince Eugene, who always preserved much of the marquis of the *ancien regime*, was cold, simple, and *de bon ton*. It was remarked that his refinement of feeling was greatly shocked when, during some moments of the day being on foot, he was obliged to march ankle deep through the pools of blood that thickly intersected the plain. Seeing his finest regiments mowed down like grass, he sent to the emperor for aid, informing him that the troops could hold out no longer. “I cannot remedy that,” replied Napoleon, who was endeavouring to assuage his fever thirst with copious draughts of tea. Napoleon had considerably increased his malady by passing the night of the 6th until four in the morning upon horseback, reconnoitring the enemy’s position within gun-shot of their lines. Indeed, it may be said, that upon this memorable occasion, Napoleon was a general only during that night. His principal fear, as well as that of the army, was, that the Russians would escape a second time.

My intention is to terminate this article by extracts from the work of M. de Segur. Many of these inspire so deep an interest, that it would be in vain to expect that any one, after reading them, could lend his attention to any further reflections of mine. I shall, therefore, before giving these passages, here insert a few of those recollections and observations awakened in my mind by the perusal of M. de Segur’s work. Though unwilling to speak of myself, I must, as a title to the reader’s confidence, commence by stating that I served in a regiment which took part in the action of Moskowa.

All the military defects engendered by despotism in the great mind of Napoleon, were tripled as to their fatal effect upon the army by the incredible incapacity of the major-general Berthier, prince de Neufchatel. The physical force of this poor man was nearly exhausted; and, as to his mind, it was not many degrees removed from dotage. A march of eight or ten leagues on horseback left him unfit for

further exertion. A great portion of the disasters which signalized this campaign would probably have been avoided, had this superannuated prince de Neufchatel fallen sick at Dresden, and been replaced by marshal Soult, duke of Dalmatia; the same man, be it said *en passant*, who at present (Dec. 1824) is seen each morning going to mass with a huge prayer-book bound in red morocco carried before him. Under Napoleon he was a great general, but under the Bourbons he has dwindled into a hypocritical worshipper of the power of the Jesuits.

But to return. So desirable a change as that of Soult for Berthier was not possible at that time, for Napoleon had become a hater of all transcendent merit; servile plodding mediocrity was the quality which found most favour in his eyes, and unfortunately this disposition of the master was a secret for no one. He was seen, at Dorogubué, I believe, half-way between Moscow and Smolensko, to redden with suppressed rage at being forced to name Gouvion St. Cyr marshal of the empire, one of the greatest military characters modern France has to boast of. At Watipek, where he commanded, and where he was ably seconded by count Amadée de Pastoret, count Guovion St. Cyr gave battle twelve times to the Russians, who sought to break the French line of communication and cut them off from Poland and France. These engagements cost the Russians more men than general St. Cyr had under his command. Marshal St. Cyr has been minister of war since the restoration, and in that capacity conducted himself with scrupulous honour. In 1822, he published the *Memoirs of his Campaign in Catalonia*, a work equally remarkable for good sense and simplicity of style. He has finished writing a similar work upon the campaign of Moscow, which will not a little shock the Bonapartists; for the writer not only asserts, but proves, that during the fatal year 1812, Napoleon not only evinced incapacity as a general, but gave signs of *etourderie*, which seemed the result of a head turned by pride. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr has, for what reason I know not, omitted to make any mention of the frequent indispositions of the emperor. Napoleon was extremely nervous; and sickness prostrated his bodily and mental faculties to such a degree, that he became almost an inert mass. On these occasions he sometimes slept for twelve hours consecutively, and on awaking endeavoured to excite his faculties by drinking large quantities of tea, in

which a small portion of brandy was mixed. But afterwards, as misfortunes thickened around him, this tea became strong brandy-punch, so strong, that a single glass of it was sufficient to set the excellent and simple Duroc to sleep. On some occasions the emperor has been known to drink as much as two bottles full of this beverage. When marshal St. Cyr denominates Napoleon a *médiocre* general, he must forget the Italian campaigns in 1796, and those in the neighbourhood of Paris, in 1813. It is true, the bodily powers of this great man failed him at Brienne, and at Montmirail. On this last day, to rouse his sinking powers, he drank three bottles full of brandy-punch. Of this the army suspected nothing, for those about his person would have considered it foul treachery to have made known the circumstance.

The only individuals who, at the Kremlin, while Moscow was burning, had the courage to speak the truth to the emperor, were the count Daru, then secretary of state, and the grand marshal Duroc. The harsh and abrupt observations of Daru irritated and checked Napoleon for the moment; while the mild reasoning and long-tryed friendship of Duroc bade fairer to produce an effect upon his mind; but the base flatteries of several individuals still living, but whom I shall not name, aided by the blind wilfulness attendant on despotic power, engaged the emperor not to quit Moscow until four days after the conflagration. He entered that extraordinary city on the 14th of September. At that time the army was perishing for want of food; so little precautions had count Dumas, then intendant-general, taken to provide for its support. The city continued to burn during the 14th, 15th, and 16th; when the conflagration had ceased, there were found in the cellars a large store of good dried fish, and so much excellent wine, that the best claret was sold at three francs a bottle. The soldiers of the guard had the privilege of pillaging, and they carried on the trade in wine, and also in fur pelisses, which those who were prudent took care to provide themselves with. The army, thus refreshed, could and ought to have left the city on the 19th of September, but they did not do so till the 19th of October. For this fatal delay of thirty days, they paid dearly on the banks of the Berezhina, and in the environs of Wilna. It would have been better to have marched upon St. Petersburg than have remained at Moscow. The Russian army could scarcely have come up with the French before they were half-way to Petersburg.

If the French had once got there, it is not improbable but the inhabitants of that city, much more selfish, and less patriotic than those of Moscow, would have opened their gates like those of Vienna and Berlin. To march upon St. Petersburg would certainly have been a folly; to leave the army at Moscow during the winter under the command of Davoust, while Napoleon repaired to Paris, would also have been one; but still either of these two would have been less hazardous than setting out the 19th of October for Smolensko.

It was at this moment that the imbecility and incapacity of the prince de Neufchatel were evinced in a most fatal manner—he frightened the whole army by directing their attention to the 600 dreary leagues that separated them from France. From the 12th of October, straggling bands of thirty and forty deserters, with their baggage and *arms* tied upon the backs of a small race of horses, called by the soldiers *conjats*, set out from Moscow for Smolensko, by Borodino and Doragubué. Berthier, instead of having the firmness to order the first of these deserters who abandoned their eagles and set out for home *en voyageurs*, to be shot, authorised in some measure this infamous desertion; and Napoleon, who had acquired the habit of maltreating those who revealed the truth to him, either was ignorant of the circumstance, or, if he knew it, had not the energy to put a stop to it. These are the principal causes of the unheard-of desertions that accompanied that retreat. They are chiefly to be attributed to the prince de Neufchatel, and the fops in red pantaloons who were his *aides de camp*. During this fatal march, the Russians committed the most extraordinary errors in tactics; posterity will in vain endeavour to comprehend the excess of stupidity which hindered these barbarians from destroying the bridges and causeways in the swamps of the Berezina. Had they done so, the whole French army must have met with a fate similar to that of general Pastoveu's division. I was with that army, and yet I do not hesitate to say, that it would have been fortunate for France had admiral Tschitchakoff and general Tschaplitz possessed the ordinary military skill of an English or French colonel. In which case, Buonaparte's ruin would have been inevitable. So conscious was he himself of his dangerous position, that he entertained the idea of committing suicide; which, if he had then attempted, it would not have been vainly, as at Fontainbleau, in April, 1814, when he took a preparation of stramonium, in-

vented by Cabanis, and tried with success by Condorcet. In the event of Napoleon's death, the army would have been made prisoners, the great majority of whom would have perished with cold and hunger; but never would the barbarians have ventured to cross the Rhine, then the limits of France. The king of Rome, under the direction of Cambaceres, and a well-chosen regency, would have enabled the senate to recover its influence; in which case the French would not now have to deplore the excess of debasement into which they have fallen—led as they are at present by the Jesuits, and obliged to follow the car of the Holy Alliance.

Before justifying, by extracts, the praises given to M. de Segur in the beginning of this article, I cannot omit again animadverting on his style, which in too many instances is affected, elaborate, and full of pretension. It is under this point of view, particularly, that I think this work will be eclipsed by the Memoirs of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, which are written with the simplicity peculiar to a great mind. I should recommend to M. de Segur to suppress, in the second edition, all the vague metaphysical discussions upon materialism, and the immortality of the soul; also to clear up a great number of passages that have become obscure, from the great pains taken to make them resemble those of Tacitus and Rulhière; and, lastly, to correct that affected *tournure* of phrase which is peculiar to modern French writers, instances of which are to be found in but too many pages of this otherwise remarkable production. The extracts which follow relate to three different epochs:—1. The passage of the Niemen, and entrance upon the Russian territory.—2. The battle of the Moskowa.—3. The horrors of the retreat in the environs of the Berezina.

In page 116, of the first volume, we find that the system of plunder in which the army indulged was not confined to the soldiers, but that general officers, and even princes, took part in it. M. de Segur says:

However, the emperor wished there should be some order in this disorder. Amidst the accusing cries of the subjects of the two monarchs, our allies, his anger selected the names of certain individuals. We read in his letters upon this occasion: "I have reprimanded the generals * * * and * * *, I have suppressed the brigade of * * *, I have caused it to be notified to * * * (the present king of Wurtemberg,) that he would draw upon himself the most disagreeable consequences if he did not put an end to such a system."

Some days after, meeting this prince at the head of his troops, Napoleon, still full of indignation, cried out to him, "You disgrace yourself by setting an example of plunder. Be silent, or return to your father; I have no need of your services."

In page 117, is the following passage on Berthier and Davoust.

At Marienbourg the emperor rejoined Davoust. Be it natural or acquired pride, this marshal was unwilling to acknowledge any one for his chief but he who commanded all Europe. Besides, he was of a despotic, obstinate, and unbending character, and almost as little inclined to yield to circumstances as to his fellow men. In 1809, Berthier was his superior in command during some days, and Davoust gained a battle, and saved the army by disobeying his orders. Hence arose a terrible hatred between them, which, during the peace, went on increasing, but without bursting forth, as they were separated—Berthier being at Paris, Davoust at Hamburg; but this war brought them together. Berthier had become enfeebled. Since 1805, war appeared odious to him. His chief talent was in his active habits and business, and excellent memory; he was always ready to receive and transmit, at all hours of the day and night, the most multiplied despatches and orders. On some of these occasions, he took upon himself to transmit orders upon his own authority. These orders were ill received by Davoust, and their next meeting, which took place at Marienbourg, in the presence of the emperor, ended in a violent altercation; Davoust expressed himself in the harshest terms, his anger carried him even so far as to accuse Berthier of incapacity or treason. They mutually menaced each other; and when Berthier quitted the apartment, Napoleon, influenced by the naturally mistrustful character of the marshal, exclaimed, "It sometimes happens to me to doubt of the fidelity of my oldest companions in arms, but then my head becomes crazed with grief, and I hasten to repel such cruel suspicions." While Davoust was enjoying perhaps the dangerous pleasure of having humbled an enemy, the emperor set out for Dantzic, and Berthier, burning with a desire of vengeance, followed him. From that moment the zeal, the renown of Davoust, his preparations for that new expedition, all, in fine, that should have tended to raise his reputation, turned to his disadvantage. The emperor had written to him: "that they were going to make war in a desolate country, where the enemy would have destroyed every thing, and that it was necessary that every one should be prepared to supply his own wants." Davoust replied to him by enumerating his preparations. "He had 70,000 men in a state of the completest organization; they carried provisions for twenty-five days with them. To each company were attached a certain number of swimmers, masons, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, armourers; in a word, workmen of every kind. They carried every thing necessary with them; his army was, in fact, a colony: they were even provided with hand-mills. He had foreseen all their wants: and all the means of supplying them were ready." Such precautions merited commendation; they were, however, ill received, and maliciously interpreted. Insidious observations were made in the emperor's hearing: "This marshal," it was said, "wishes to foresee, to order, to execute every thing. Is the emperor then to be only a spectator of the expedition? Is all the glory to fall to Davoust?" "In fact," exclaimed the emperor, "it appears that it is he who commands the army."

At page 125, we have the following spirited description of the French army.

As to the French, he found them filled with ardour. Amongst the soldiers, this arose from habit, curiosity, the pleasure of appearing as masters in a foreign country, the vanity of the youngest particularly, who had need to acquire some renown, that they might afterwards boast of it with that charlatanism so much liked by soldiers; these narratives, big with their great deeds, were moreover indispensable to occupy their leisure moments. Besides all this, there was also the hope of plunder; for the ever-craving ambition of Napoleon had often discontented his soldiers, as their depredations had tarnished his glory. A compromise then became necessary. Since 1805, there seemed to have been a tacit convention that they should not object to his ambition, nor he to their plundering. However, this pillaging, or rather marauding, was in general confined to provisions, which, in default of the regular distributions, were exacted from the inhabitants, but often with too little regard to moderation. The more reprehensible species of pillage was that committed by the stragglers, of whom there were necessarily a great number during the forced marches; but these disorders were never tolerated. In order to put a stop to them, Napoleon left brigades of gendarmes and moving columns to follow the route of the army; and when these stragglers rejoined their regiments, their havresacks were examined by their officers, or even, as at Austerlitz, by their comrades, who, in case of delinquency, did strict justice upon them. The last levies, it is true, were too young and too feeble; but the army had still a great number of vigorous men enured to action, accustomed to the most critical situations, and whom nothing could astonish. These were easily recognised by their martial looks and conversation: all their reminiscences and anticipations were of war, which was the only subject of which they spoke. Their officers were worthy of them, or became so: for, to maintain the ascendancy of their rank over such men, it was necessary to be able to show your wounds, and talk of the brave actions you had performed. Such was then the life of these men; every thing was action—even their words. Sometimes they boasted too much, but even this engaged them to act, for they remained not long without being put to the proof, and then it was necessary to appear as brave as they had represented themselves; this is more particularly the character of the Poles; they represent themselves more brave than they *have* been, but not more so than they are capable of being. They are a nation of heroes! boasting of themselves beyond the bounds of truth, but afterwards making it a point of honour to make true what had at first been neither true nor likely to be so. As to the old generals, some of them were no longer the rigid and plain-mannered warriors of the republic; honours, fatigues, age, and the emperor most of all, had changed many of them. Napoleon compelled them to live in a luxurious manner by his example and his orders; it being, according to him, one of the means of swaying the multitude. Another motive probably with him was, that it hindered them from amassing large fortunes, and becoming, in some measure, independent of him; for being the source which supplied them with wealth, it was his policy to keep them in such a state as should necessitate a continual recurrence to him for a fresh supply. He thus enclosed his generals in a circle from which it was difficult to escape; forcing them to pass incessantly from want to prodigality, and from prodigality to a state of want, which he alone could satisfy. If he granted them lands, they were those of a conquered country, subject to all the chances of war, and which war alone could pre-

serve to them. But to retain them in independence, renown, which had become a habit with some, a passion with others, and a necessary acquirement for all, sufficed; and Napoleon, absolute master of his age, and commanding even history, was the dispenser of that renown. Although he made them pay a high price for it, they dared not retract; they would have been ashamed to have acknowledged their weakness in presence of his force, and stop short in a career which he, who had already attained such a height of renown, still pursued with unabated vigour. Moreover, the eclat of so great an expedition had its charms; the success appeared certain; it promised to be no more than a military march to Petersburg and Moscow. It was but one effort more and all their labours would probably be at an end. It was a lost occasion which they would have repented to have passed by: they would be annoyed by hearing the glorious event of the campaign recounted by others.

The passage of the Niemen is thus described:

The 23d June, before daylight, the imperial column reached the Niemen, but without seeing it. The borders of the great Prussian forest of Pilwisky, and the hills which rise immediately from the river, concealed it from the view of the grand army about to cross it. Napoleon, who had come thus far in a carriage, here mounted his horse at two o'clock in the morning. He reconnoitred the Russian river without disguising himself, as it has been falsely asserted. As he approached the bank, his horse stumbled and threw him. A voice exclaimed, "This is a bad omen, a Roman would be deterred by it!" It is not known if it was the emperor, or one of his suite, who pronounced these words. After reconnoitring, he ordered that the next evening, at night fall, three bridges should be thrown across the river, near the village of Porriemen; he then retired to his quarters, where he passed the whole of that day, alternately in his tent and in a Polish house, stretched, seemingly bereft of force, in an immoveable attitude, in the midst of a heavy oppressive heat, and seeking, but in vain, for repose. As soon as night returned, he again approached the river; a few pioneers in a little skiff first crossed it. Astonished at meeting with no obstacle, they quitted the boat and set foot upon the Russian soil. There they found peace; it was only on the opposite side that the appearance of war existed; all was tranquillity upon this foreign soil, which had been painted to them in such menacing colours. However, a subaltern officer of Cossacks, commanding a patrol, soon approached them. He was alone, and seemed to consider it a time of profound peace, and to be ignorant that Europe was in arms before him. He asked the strangers who they were; "Frenchmen," replied they; "What do you want," demanded the officer, "and why do you come into Russia?" A pioneer bluntly replied to him: "To make war upon you! to take Wilna! to deliver Poland!" The Cossac retired and disappeared amidst the forest; upon which three of the soldiers, carried away by their ardour, discharged their muskets. Thus the feeble report of three muskets, and to which there was no answer, told us that a new campaign had opened, and that a great invasion had commenced. This first signal of war, be it prudence, or presentiment, threw the emperor into a state of violent irritation. Three hundred voltigeurs then passed the river to protect the construction of the bridges. Some time after, all the French columns issued from the vallies and the forest. They advanced silently towards the river, under favour of a profound darkness. To be conscious of their presence, it was necessary to touch them; it was forbidden to light any fires, or even

strike the smallest spark; the soldiers slept with their arms in their hands, as if in presence of the enemy. The green barley, wet with a heavy dew, served the men for beds and the horses for food. At three hundred paces from the river, on the most elevated ground, was seen the emperor's tent. Around it all the hills to their very tops were covered, and the vallies filled with men and horses. As soon as the sun shone upon these moving masses and their sparkling arms, the signal was given, and immediately this multitude began moving in three columns towards the three bridges. The ardour was so great, that two divisions of the advanced guard, contending for the honour of passing the first, were near coming to blows; it was not without some difficulty that order was restored. Napoleon hastened to set his foot upon the Russian soil; he made, without hesitation, this first step towards his ruin—he first kept near the bridge encouraging the soldiers by his looks, who saluted him with their accustomed cries. They appeared more animated than himself; whether it were that he felt so enormous an aggression weigh upon his heart, or that his enfeebled body was unable to support the excessive heat, or that he was already astounded at finding nothing to conquer; at length a fit of impatience seized him. He suddenly dashed forward, and plunged into the forest that borders the river. He put his horse to his utmost speed, and appeared as if, in his eagerness, he wished all alone to come up with the enemy. He rode forward, thus unattended, the distance of a league, and then returned towards the bridges; after which he descended the bank of the river, with his guard, towards Kowno. We thought, at one time, we could hear the roaring of cannon; we listened while marching, to learn on what side the battle had begun. But on that and the following days, with the exception of some troops of Cossacks, the only enemies we met with were the elements. For scarcely had the emperor crossed the river, when an indistinct sound was heard in the air; soon after the sky became obscured, the wind arose and brought to our ears the sinister mutterings of thunder. This menacing sky, this soil without a shelter, saddened us. Some even who had been before enthusiastic, became alarmed, looking upon the circumstance as a bad omen. They thought that these thunder-riven clouds gathered around our heads, and descended towards the soil to forbid us entering upon it. It is true that this thunder-storm was as gigantic as the enterprise in which we were engaged. For several hours the black and heavy clouds continued to increase, their sombre masses covering the whole army; from the right to the left over a line of fifty leagues the troops were menaced by incessant lightning, and deluged with torrents of rain; the heat of the atmosphere was suddenly replaced by a piercing cold. Ten thousand horses perished in the march, and particularly during the *bivouacs*. This same day a particular misfortune was added to this general disaster. Beyond Kowno, Napoleon, finding the march of Oudinot interrupted by the river Vilia, the bridge over which the Cossacks had destroyed, became irritated, and affecting to despise it, as he did every thing which interrupted his designs, he ordered a squadron of the Poles of his guard to cross the river. These chosen men dashed into it without hesitation; at first they went forward in good order, and even after getting beyond their depth they still continued, their horses swimming, till they reached the middle of the river; there the strength of the current divided them, their horses took fright, and were swept away by the violence of the waters; their riders struggled for a long time, but in vain, their strength failed them, but just before the waters covered over them they suspended their dying efforts, and turning their heads towards Napoleon, they shouted *Vive l'Empereur*. Three in particular were seen, whose lips alone were above the water when they uttered

this cry, and immediately sunk. The army was seized with horror and admiration.

Battle of the Moskowa.

It was half past five in the morning when Napoleon arrived near the redoubt that had been taken on the 5th of September. There he awaited the first appearance of day, and the first musket shots from Poniatowski's detachment. The sun arose, and the emperor pointing it out to his officers, exclaimed, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz," but it was unfavourable to us. It rose on the side of the Russians, enabling them to see us distinctly, while it dazzled our eyes. It was then discovered that during the darkness our batteries had been stationed out of reach of the enemy. It was necessary to advance them; this we did without receiving any obstruction from the enemy. They seemed unwilling to be the first to break this terrible silence. The attention of the emperor was directed towards the right, when suddenly on the left the battle began; he soon was informed that one of prince Eugene's regiments, the 106th, had carried the village of Borodino, and the bridge, which they should have broken down, but that, hurried away by their success, in despite of the cries of their general, they pushed on to attack the heights of Goreki, from whence the Russians swept them by a fire in front and flank. Further information soon arrived that the general commanding this brigade had been killed, and the 106th would have been entirely destroyed, had not the 92d regiment, of its own accord, rushed forward to their aid, and sheltered and brought back the survivors. It was Napoleon himself who had given orders to his left wing to begin the attack furiously. Probably he thought that he would have been but half obeyed, and that he wished only to draw the attention of the enemy to that side. But he so multiplied his orders, and overstrained his excitements, that the attack which he had planned as an oblique one was directed against the front of the enemy. During this action, the emperor, judging that Poniatowski was already engaged upon the old road to Moscow, had given the signal of attack before him. Suddenly, from that tranquil plain, and those silent hills, were seen shooting up volumes of fire and smoke, followed by a thousand explosions, and the whistling of balls that tore the air in every direction. In the midst of this astounding noise, Davoust, with the divisions Campans, Desaix, and thirty pieces of cannon in front, advanced rapidly upon the first hostile redoubt. The fusillade of the Russians began, to which the French artillery alone replied. The infantry advanced without firing, wishing to arrive close to the enemy before pouring in a volley; but Campans, at the head of this column, and his bravest soldiers, fell wounded; the remainder, disconcerted, halted under this shower of balls in order to reply to it, when Rapp rushed forward to replace Campans; he hurried the soldiers forward, and brought their bayonets to the charge in double quick time against the enemy's redoubt. Already he himself the first had touched it when he was struck by a shot: this was his twenty-second wound. A third general succeeded to him and also fell; Davoust himself was wounded. They bore Rapp to Napoleon, who said to him, "Eh! what Rapp, always! But what are they doing above there?" The *aid de camp* replied, that the guard would be necessary to conclude the affair. "No," said Napoleon; "I shall take good care not to let them go, I do not wish to see them destroyed. I shall gain the battle without that necessity." Ney then with his three divisions reduced to ten thousand men, threw himself into the plain, and hastened to succour Davoust; the enemy divided their fire; Ney pushed

on. The 57th regiment of Cambrans, seeing itself supported, recovered its ardour, and making another desperate effort, attained the enemy's entrenchments, escaladed them, came up with the Russians, whom they drove before them at the point of the bayonet, killing those who still stood their ground. The remainder fled, and the 57th established themselves in the position they had conquered. At the same time Ney attacked the two other redoubts with such impetuosity that he wrested them from the enemy. It was now noon; the left of the Russian line thus forced, and the plain clear, the emperor ordered Murat to lead the cavalry thither and finish the affair. In an instant this prince was seen upon the heights, and in the midst of the enemy who had reappeared there, for the second Russian line and some reinforcements led by Bagawont and sent by Tuchkof, had come to support the first. All were hurrying forward to retake their redoubts. The French, who were still in the disorder of victory, were astounded and retired. The Westphalians, whom Napoleon had despatched to aid Poniatowski, were traversing the wood which separated the prince from the rest of the army, when they perceived through the dust and smoke our troops retrograding. From the direction of their march they took them for the enemy, and fired upon them; this mistake, in which they persisted, increased the disorder. The enemy's cavalry followed up vigorously their good fortune; they surrounded Murat, who forgot himself while endeavouring to rally his troops; already they had stretched forth their hands to seize him, when he escaped from them by throwing himself into the redoubt; but there he only found a few frightened soldiers who had given themselves up for lost, and were running round the parapet seeking for an issue by which to make their escape. The presence and exhortations of the king at first reassured some of them. He himself snatched up a weapon, and while using it with one hand, with the other he raised and shook in the air his white plume, by which he brought together his troops, and re-inspired them by the influence of his example with their former valour. At the same time, Ney had got his divisions into order. His fire checked the enemy's cuirassiers, threw confusion into their ranks, and they at length gave way; Murat was then relieved, and the heights reconquered.

We must here omit several farther details, too long and too unintelligible for our *non*-military readers, and come to the description given of Napoleon during this terrible day.

Napoleon was seen during this entire day either slowly pacing up and down or seated in front, and a little to the left of the redoubt which had been taken on the fifth, on the borders of a ravine, far from the battle, which he could scarcely perceive since it had moved beyond the heights; he seemed to feel no alarm when it reappeared and approached him, and expressed no impatience either against his own troops or the enemy. He showed only by signs a kind of sad resignation, when from time to time he was informed of the death of his best generals. He rose frequently, walked a few paces, and then sat down again. Those around him looked upon him with astonishment. Hitherto during the shock of battle he was accustomed to evince a calm activity, but on this occasion it was a lethargic calm, a feeble mildness, devoid of activity: some took it for that prostration of spirit, the usual result of violent sensations; others imagined that it arose from his mind having become blunted (*blasé*) to every thing, even to the rapture of the fight." The most zealous attributed his immobility to the necessity, which required that the commander in chief of an extensive line

of military operations should not too often change his position, in order that the reports from his generals might easily reach him. Others, in fine, ascribed it to the more probable motives of the debilitated state of his health, and his violent and severe indisposition. The generals of artillery, who were astonished at the inaction in which they had been left, promptly took advantage of the permission they had just received to fight. They were soon seen upon the summits of the hills, whence eighty pieces of cannon were discharged at once. The Russian cavalry first advanced, but were soon broken and forced to take shelter behind their infantry. The infantry then came forward in thick masses, in which our balls made wide and deep fissures; and yet they continued to advance, when the French batteries redoubling their fire mowed them down with grape shot. Whole platoons fell at once, and the soldiers were seen endeavouring to keep together under this terrible fire; every moment blanks were made by death, but still they moved close to each other over the dead bodies of their comrades. At length they halted, not daring to advance farther, and yet not wishing to retire, whether it be that they were struck, and, as if petrified with horror in the midst of this immense destruction, or that at the moment Bagration fell wounded; or that their first disposition failing, their generals were incapable of changing it, not possessing, like Napoleon, the difficult art of manœuvring rapidly, and without confusion, such numerous bodies of troops. In fine, these inert masses allowed themselves for the space of two hours, to be mowed down without giving any signs of motion, but that occasioned by their fall. The massacre, upon this occasion, was frightful, and the enlightened valour of our artillerymen wondered at the immobile, blind, and resigned courage of their enemies.

It was towards four o'clock that this last victory was gained; there had been several during the day: each division got the better of the enemy opposed to them, without being able to follow up their success, and decide the battle; for, not being supported in time by the reserve, they were obliged to stop short from exhaustion. But, at length, all the principal obstacles were surmounted. The noise of the artillery diminished, and was heard at a greater distance from the emperor's position, whither officers were hastening from all parts of the field. Poniatowski and Sebastiana, after a desperate struggle, had also been victorious; the enemy had halted and retrenched themselves in a new position. It was late in the day, the ammunition exhausted, and the battle over. It was only then that the emperor mounted his horse with difficulty, and rode slowly towards the heights of Semenowska. He found there a field of battle, but incompletely gained, for the cannon balls, and even the bullets of the enemy, still disputed it with us. In the midst of these spirit-stirring sounds of war, and the still flaming ardour of Ney and Murat, Napoleon remained the same; his spirits sunk, his voice languishing, and addressing his victorious generals only to recommend prudence to them: after which he returned at a slow pace to his tent behind the battery, which had been carried two days before, and in front of which he had remained since morning, an almost motionless spectator of all the vicissitudes of that terrible day.

On entering his tent, he appeared not only enfeebled in body, but prostrated in mind. The field of battle he had visited told him in more convincing terms than his generals, that this victory so long pursued, so dearly purchased, was incomplete: Was it him, who was accustomed to follow up his success to the last possible results, that Fortune now found frigid and inactive when she offered him her last favours? For the loss was immense and without proportionate result. Every one around the emperor had to deplore the death of a friend, or a relation, for the havoc had been great

among the officers of high rank. Forty-three generals had been killed or wounded. What mourning in Paris! what triumph for his enemies! what a dangerous subject of meditation for Germany. In his army, even in his tent, victory appeared silent, sombre, isolated, neglected even by his flatterers! Those whom he sent for, Dumas, Daru, &c. listened to him, but replied not: but their attitude, their downcast looks, their silence, was sufficiently intelligible. At ten o'clock, Murat, whom twelve hours fighting had not tired, came to ask for the cavalry of the guard. "The enemy," he said, "were passing hastily and in disorder the Moskowa; and he wished to surprise and destroy them." The emperor repressed this sally of immoderate ardour, and then dictated the bulletin of the day. He was pleased to inform Europe that neither himself nor his guard had been exposed. Some attributed this to an excess of self-love. Others, better informed, judged differently, for they had never seen him exhibit gratuitous vanity; they thought that distant as he was from France, and at the head of an army of foreigners who could be kept together only by victory, he felt how indispensable it was to preserve untouched a chosen and devoted body of troops. Those who had not lost sight of Napoleon during the whole of that day, were convinced that this conqueror of so many nations was vanquished by a burning fever. They then called to mind what he himself had written down fifteen years before in Italy. "Health is indispensable to a soldier, its place can be supplied by no other quality;" and also an expression, unfortunately but too prophetic, which the emperor made use of on the field of Austerlitz, when he said, "Oudinot is worn out; a man can make war but for a certain time; I myself shall be capable for six years more, after which I should stop."

The remaining extracts relate to the disasters in the neighbourhood of the Berezini.

A remarkable conversation which took place on the night of the 23d of November, will serve to show how critical his position was, and in what manner it affected him. It was late in the night, and Napoleon had retired to bed. Daru and Duroc, who remained in his chamber, were communicating to each other, in a low voice, thinking the emperor asleep, their sinister conjectures: but he was listening to them, and when he heard the expression, "prisoner of state," he exclaimed, "What, you think they would dare!" Daru, after recovering his surprise, answered, "that if forced to surrender they should make up their minds to the worst that could happen; that he had not much confidence in the generosity of an enemy; and that those who had the power, generally invented a morality for themselves, and disdained the previous law." "But France," interrupted the emperor, "what will she say?" "Oh, as for France," continued Daru, "we may indulge in conjectures more or less agreeable, but none of us will be allowed to know what passes there." He then added, "that for his principal officers, as well as for himself, the most fortunate circumstance that could happen would be the escape of the emperor, either through the air or otherwise, since by land it was impossible, for that, by his presence in France, he might more efficaciously serve them, than by remaining amongst them." "I am as you may then," replied Napoleon, smiling. "Yes, Sire." "And you do not wish to be a prisoner of state?" To which Daru replied in the same tone, "I should think myself well off to be so." After this the emperor remained for some time absorbed in silence, and then with a grave air, said, "Have all the reports of my ministers been burnt?" "Sire, hitherto you would not permit their destruction." "Well, go and destroy them,

for it must be confessed we are in a deplorable position!" he then turned himself to sleep. On approaching Borizoff, we heard a loud shouting, some ran forward, thinking it was the attack which had commenced. It arose from the army of Victor, (Duke of Belluno,) which had come up to await the passage of Napoleon. This *corps d'armée*, entire and in good spirits, when the emperor appeared, received him with their usual acclamations, the sound of which he had almost forgotten. This division was ignorant of the disasters that had befallen us: they had been carefully concealed not only from the soldiers, but their chiefs. So that when, instead of the grand conquering column of Moscow, they perceived behind Napoleon only a flight of spectres covered with tattered uniforms, women's pelisses, pieces of old carpets, and dirty cloaks, scorched and holed by the fire, and whose feet, instead of shoes, were enveloped in rags of every hue, they started back with consternation. With feelings of affright they saw defile before them these miserable emaciated soldiers, their faces of an earthy hue, and scarcely distinguishable amidst a hideous grisly beard, without arms, without shame, marching confusedly, their heads dropping on their chests, their eyes fixed upon the earth, and moving along in silence like a convoy of captives. What was still more astonishing was, the immense number of colonels and generals isolated from their regiments and divisions, and only occupied with providing for themselves, or looking after the remainder of their baggage; many of them mingled indiscriminately with the private soldiers, who paid no attention to them, to whom they had no longer any orders to give, and from whom they had nothing to expect, for all the bonds of discipline were broken, all distinction of rank effaced by the common misery. The soldiers of Victor and Oudinot could scarcely credit their senses. Their officers, moved to pity, with tears in their eyes, stopped those whom they recognised in the crowd. They shared with them their provisions and clothes, and then asked them where were their *corps d'armée*. And when those, pointing out a slender platoon of officers and non-commissioned, grouped about a chief, instead of the thousands of men the inquirers expected to see: these last, still incredulous, repeated the same question. The view of such a dire disaster exercised from the very first day a fatal influence upon the 2d and 9th corps. Insubordination, the most contagious of disorders, infected their ranks. And yet the disarmed, and even the dying, though they were fully aware that they had to cross a river and cut their way through a fresh enemy, did not despair of succeeding.

After the passage of the Berezina, Napoleon marched at the head of the slender remnant of his army towards Zerubin, whither prince Eugene had preceded him. It was remarked that he still commanded his marshals, now soldierless, to occupy certain positions upon the route, as if they had still armies under their orders. One of them made this observation to him with some bitterness, and began a detail of his losses; but Napoleon, determined to listen to no more reports, lest they might degenerate into complaints, interrupted him bluntly by saying, "Why do you wish to deprive me of my calmness?" And upon the other still continuing, he silenced him by repeating in a reproachful tone, "I ask you, Sir, why do you wish to deprive me of my calmness?" An expression which shows the demeanour that, in his misfortune, he imposed upon himself and wished to exact from others. At each bivouac during the dreadful march, numbers sunk under their suffering to rise no more. Upon these occasions were mingled together men of various professions, rank, and ages, ministers, generals, &c. Amongst these, one individual was particularly remarkable. He was a nobleman of the *ancien regime*; and every morning this general officer of sixty years of age, was seen seated upon the trunk of a tree covered with snow, occupying

himself with the most imperturbable gaiety, as soon as the day appeared, with the details of his toilet: even during the most violent tempest he never omitted having his head frizzled and powdered with the most minute care, as if he mocked his sufferings and the rage of the elements that assailed him.

The following is the appalling picture exhibited by the remains of the army after Napoleon had left it:

The winter, in its utmost rigor, now overtook us, and by filling up the measure of each individual's sufferings, put an end to that mutual support which had hitherto sustained us. Henceforward the scene presented only a multitude of isolated and individual struggles. The best conducted no longer respected themselves. All fraternity of arms was forgotten, all the bonds of society were torn asunder, excess of misery had brutalized them. A devouring hunger had reduced these unfortunate wretches to the mere brutal instinct of self-preservation, to which they were ready to sacrifice every other consideration—the rude and barbarous climate seemed to have communicated its fury to them. Like the worst of savages, the strong fell upon the weak and despoiled them: they eagerly surrounded the dying, and often even waited not for their last sigh before they stripped them. When a horse fell, they rushed upon it, tore it in pieces, and snatched the morsels from each other's mouths like a troop of famished wolves. However, a considerable number still preserved enough of moral feeling not to seek their safety in the ruin of others, but this was the last effort of their virtue. If an officer, or comrade, fell alongside them, or under the wheels of the cannon, it was in vain that he implored them by a common country, religion, and cause, to succour him. He obtained not even a look: all the frozen inflexibility of the climate had passed into their hearts; its rigidity had contracted their sentiments as well as their features. All, except a few chiefs, were absorbed by their own sufferings; and terror left no place for pity. Thus that egotism, which is often produced by excessive prosperity, results also from extreme adversity, but in which latter case, it is more excusable; the former being voluntary, the latter forced; one a crime of the heart, the other an impulse of instinct, and altogether physical; and, indeed, upon the occasion here alluded to, there was much of excuse, for to stop for a moment was to risk your own life. In this scene of universal destruction, to hold out your hand to your comrade or your sinking chief, was an admirable effort of generosity. The slightest act of humanity was an instance of sublime devotion.

The following is the closing scene of many of these once invincible warriors:

When unable, from total exhaustion, to proceed, they halted for a moment, Winter, with his icy hands, seized upon them for his prey. It was then that, in vain, these unfortunate beings, feeling themselves benumbed, endeavoured to rouse themselves. Voiceless, insensible, and plunged in stupor, they moved forward a few paces like automats; but the blood, already freezing in their veins, flowed languidly through their hearts, and mounting to their heads, made them stagger like drunken men. From their eyes, become red and inflamed from the continual view of the dazzling snow, the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouacs, there burst forth real tears of blood, accompanied by profound sighs; they looked at the sky, at us, and upon the earth, with a fixed and haggard stare of consternation:

this was their last farewell or rather reproach to that barbarous nature that tortured them. Thus dropping upon their knees, and afterwards upon their hands, their heads moving for an instant or two from right to left, while from their gasping lips escaped the most agonising moans; at length, they fell prostrate upon the snow, staining it with a gush of livid blood, and all their miseries terminated. Their comrades passed over them without even stepping aside, dreading to lengthen their march by a single pace; they even turned not their heads to look at them, for the slightest motion of the head to the left or the right was attended with torture, the hair of their heads and beards being frozen into a solid mass.

Scenes of still greater horror took place in those immense log-houses or sheds, which were found at certain intervals along the road. Into these, soldiers and officers rushed precipitately, and where huddled together, like so many cattle. The living, not having strength enough to remove those who had died close to the fire, sat down upon their bodies till their own turn came to expire, when they also served as death-beds to other victims. Sometimes the fire communicated itself to the wood of which these sheds were composed, and then all those within the walls, already half dead with cold, expired in the flames. At Joupranoui, the soldiers set fire to whole houses in order to warm themselves for a few moments. The glare of these conflagrations attracted crowds of wretches whom the intensity of the cold and of suffering had rendered delirious: these rushed forward like madmen, gnashing their teeth, and with demoniac laughter precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible convulsions. Their famished companions looked on without affright, and it is but too true that some of them drew the half roasted bodies from the flames, and ventured to carry to their lips this revolting food.

Bentley's Miscellany.

MALMAISON.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD EMPEROR.

IN the autumn of the year 1848 I left Paris, to seek in the tranquillity of St. Germain-en-Laye repose for my spirits, after the terrible events to which I had been an unwilling witness had passed away. I had seen the sack of the Tuileries—the throne carried upside down through the streets—and had listened night after night to the rattle of musketry, and the roar of cannon employed in that worst of scourges—civil war—and I was too glad to change the scene.

The autumn weather was lovely; they were gathering the vintage from the site of the old gardens of Henry IV., close on the Seine, and from the bank between the river and the celebrated terrace. The whole place is full of the memories of past dynasties, of the said Henry the Bearnais, of the Stuart exile kings, of the grand monarch, of the great Napoleon. About three miles from St. Germain, commanding a view of the sweet vine-clad banks of the Seine, rising up to the aqueduct of Marli, stands Malmaison, on a gentle eminence.

I look back with feelings of mingled melancholy and satisfaction to the chance which led me, when I was at St. Germain, to make the acquaintance of General Montholon, the faithful friend and follower, and companion in exile at St. Helena, of the great Emperor. I was introduced by mutual friends to the general and his lady, at a moment when the events in which he was concerned were fixing the attention of all Europe. I was often with them, and thus became cognizant of many matters of importance and excitement, which few of my country people had then an opportunity of knowing. The Bonaparte fortunes began again to rise in the scale of destiny, and the successful canvassing of the faithful friend of the late Emperor gave great hopes that his nephew would attain the minor dignity of President of the French Republic. The evenings I spent at the Montholon villa were full of absorbing interest, being usually alone with the countess when the general returned from

Paris. I heard the passing events of the day discussed without reserve. His mornings were devoted to receiving—in the capital—the addresses and deputations which poured in from every quarter to Louis Napoleon. So much did I hear of “the prince,” that my curiosity began to be much excited about him, never before having entertained an idea of his being anything above mediocrity, either in character or talent, if even he came up to that.

Whatever might have been the faults of General Montholon, he eminently possessed the refined and polished manners of the French nobleman of the old school. Constant intercourse with the great world, as companion to the Emperor, had sharpened a naturally acute intellect, and endued it with a singular power of penetrating the motives and capabilities of his fellow-men. I could not explain to myself how such a man could have been so far deluded by Louis Napoleon as to embark with him in his mad decent upon Boulogne. Still less could I account for the apparent certainty he seemed to entertain of the ultimate success which would attend the prince's competition for the presidency, against the tried and approved Cavaignac. One night, as we were discoursing unreservedly on the “signs of the times,” I summoned courage to ask, point blank, what kind of person Louis Napoleon really was, boldly adding, that the rash adventures in which he had been engaged rather led me to the conclusion of his being an ambitious, but a very weak man. That he was ambitious the general did not deny, but with regard to his being weak, he kept repeating, in answer to my remark, “Point du tout—point du tout, je vous assure c'est un homme de moyens.” He then went on to explain how he had cultivated and developed his talents to a high degree during his long imprisonment at Ham, of which he and madame had both been the sharers.* I could not refrain, however, from expressing once more my doubts as to the soundness of his judgment, whatever his

* In consequence of this imprisonment the general lost a fortune, which, at the death of his mother, he would have inherited. Being dead in law, because of his imprisonment, the fortune passed away to the next heir.

talents might be. The general mused for a moment, and then said decidedly, "Je ne dis pas qu'il soit un homme comme son oncle, mais cependant c'est un homme de moyens, un homme d'une grande fermeté de volonté, et d'un courage qui ne connaît pas la peur." How often since have these words come back to my mind!

My evident scepticism made Madame Montholon smile, and when wishing me good-night, she said, in allusion to the discussion, "Well, then, you must come and judge for yourself. As soon as the prince reaches Paris he will, probably, come out here to pay me a visit; you must join our dinner-party, and meet him *en petit comité*, when people are always seen in the truest light." Accordingly, a few days after Louis Napoleon arrived in France, I received the following note from Madame Montholon, written hurriedly, just as she was setting off to Paris:

"MY DEAR MISS R,—Entre nous, I am going to propose to the prince to return with us to-day. As you wish to see him, perhaps you will take your chance of his doing so, and dine with him and ourselves. The worst that can happen to you will be to dine alone with us.

"Yours truly,
"S. C. DE M."

I was doomed to disappointment in this natural piece of curiosity. That morning, in the Chamber of the National Assembly, a disturbance occurred of a nature that obliged Louis Napoleon to remain all day in Paris; and thus I lost the only chance of coming in close contact with a man about whom I had heard so much, and whom I longed to meet, in order to venture an opinion as to the part he was likely to play on the great theatre of European events. I never saw him until he was emperor; returning from the camp of Honvault into Boulogne, he and our late Prince Consort were riding side by side, engaged in easy and smiling discourse.

In the course of conversation at dinner, on the day in question, Malmaison happened to be mentioned, and on my expressing regret that I had never seen the interesting residence of Josephine, which, having been purchased by Queen Christina, could only be visited by permission of the Spanish ambassador; General Montholon, with his usual consider-

ation and politeness, offered to escort me thither, being one of the privileged few who had admission at pleasure. Accordingly we went next day. On approaching the former abode of the repudiated empress, I confess I was considerably disappointed, both by its style and magnitude; but all this was quickly forgotten; my attention was soon enchained by objects of intense interest, connected with the present and the past.

An infirm and dejected-looking manservant, not over and above well dressed, came eagerly forward to open the gate for us, exclaiming as he did so, "Mon général! oh, mon général! mais que je suis heureux de vous voir." The old nobleman greeted the *visiteur* quite as cordially as he was received by him, though in a manner less demonstrative. They conversed a little together about changes that had taken place, and then the general, turning towards us, said with a faint smile, "Le pauvre diable was one of the dramatis personæ in the last great scene enacted here, which you are about to see represented on canvas, where he and I figure in the youth, and any good looks we possessed, thirty-three years ago." After loitering awhile in the grounds before the house, we entered it, and, preceded by our ancient escort, were ushered into the first reception-room, where, on the wall just facing the door, was placed the painting above mentioned, containing a group of eight or ten persons, likenesses from life, ranged round the figures of Napoleon and Queen Hortense, whom he was in the act of embracing, before bidding her and France an eternal farewell.

Under no other circumstances have I ever been so forcibly struck by those changes which impress the reflecting mind with the transitoriness of all worldly things, as on this occasion. On the canvas before us appeared General Montholon and our guide in the zenith of life—though represented in a moment of agitation amounting to despair, yet those manly countenances were untouched by the corroding influences of prolonged sorrow. Beside me stood the living individuals, withered and broken down, not only by the pressure of accumulated years, but by the consuming effects of care and disappoint-

ment. I thought that little else in the mansion had a chance of calling forth emotions of similar interest, but in this I was mistaken. On leaving the picture-room, we proceeded to survey the other apartments; there was not one of them which did not conjure up to the mind of his faithful follower some vivid reminiscences of what had taken place on the last eventful visit of the dethroned emperor. He hurried from chamber to chamber. "Here was the state apartment in which the emperor had sought repose on the night previous to his departure. Here was the room which he himself had occupied, and here Bertrand had slept." Then he bewildered himself as to the various chambers which had been occupied by the rest of the small band of fugitives, and walked backwards and forwards from one to another, endeavoring to recall things more distinctly to his mind. This awakened the remembrance of much that had been said by different persons during those agonized hours which preceded the fatal one that banished them so many years from France. As the train of painful recollections rose thick and fast in this retrospect of bygone times—like the forms of the dead which come in the agitated slumbers of fever, flitting dimly before the mental vision—the old nobleman's countenance and manner became more clouded and perturbed, and I felt glad when we at last left the house and entered the pleasure-grounds behind it. He walked quickly, until we reached an alley near the entrance. "It was here," he said, mournfully, "that the emperor paced up and down for a few minutes previous to his departure." "Ay!" exclaimed he, excitedly, as if stung by some remembrance, "it was just on this spot that he stopped to say something to me aside, when about to get into the carriage which was to take him away for ever." After this he became silent, and we walked on farther into the wood; but soon he stopped suddenly. "Let us go home," he said, "for all is changed here—quite changed; boundaries close one in on all sides, and everything has become contracted and circumscribed." This remark was strictly true as regarded the pleasure-grounds, which had been reduced to a much smaller

compass, and in truth contained little to admire, either as to space or beauty.

After we returned to St. Germain, I remained to dine with my kind friends. Among many scenes of varied excitement which I have passed through during my life, I have never spent a day so filled with themes of absorbing interest. Persons, entirely apart from my country and sphere, associated with a man whose name had once filled Europe with terror, seemed to rise before me, living and true—the present receded—and the great emperor and his train came up from the gulf of the past and filled the mind with an intense apprehension of their presence and reality. Not much was said during dinner while the servants were present, but when we returned to the drawing-room the floodgates of memory re-opened, and the tide of recollections continued to flow on, until the hour arrived when I had to take my departure. The excitement experienced by the old general in his visit of the morning caused a revulsion in his feeble frame, which created a feeling of extreme chilliness, and although in reality it was a mild autumn evening, he shivered with cold, and had a fire lighted—one piece of wood after another he kept throwing into the grate, until the flame became quite a great blaze, and then placing himself in front, on a music-stool, with his back turned to the fire, he continued holding forth to madame and to me about various singular occurrences and conversations that had taken place at St. Helena, more freely than he would probably have done with other people and under other circumstances. He dwelt much on the indescribable spell that bound all those who approached the emperor, whose name he never mentioned without a degree of emotion, amounting almost to tenderness. He endeavored distinctly to portray his personal appearance, vividly describing the marble stillness of his countenance in a state of repose—the wonderfully piercing expression of his eye, when excited to attention by any person or thing—his sternness of demeanor towards those whom he either disliked or suspected. All this he ably contrasted with his perfect suavity among his friends, the lighting up of his features when awakened

into gaiety, and the singular fascination of his smile in addressing those to whom he was attached. "His power was irresistible!" exclaimed he, with animation; "where he bestowed his love it was impossible not to return it with intensity and devotion. Ney was a proof of the empire he gained over the affections of others, and I, whom he honored by calling me his son—I"—the old man's voice trembled in the singular conclusion of the sentence—"I loved him, as if he had been a woman."

Nearly fifteen years have passed away since that interesting day, and many extraordinary changes have taken place which at the time were not anticipated, while others, more natural and more likely to happen, have strangely failed of being accomplished. General Montholon has followed his beloved master to the grave, and Louis Napoleon sits on the throne of France, which it is even possible he might not have attained without the skilful management and unwearying exertions of his uncle's old friend, whose devotion to the Bonaparte family proved his strongest principle of action, and but too truly showed itself as the mainspring of a long life.

How completely this is recognized by the French nation may be easily imagined, for in naming the subject of the old general's faithfulness among themselves, they term it in words, perhaps more expressive than elegant, "*la fidélité du chien.*"

daries, for Austria the maintenance of her great position in Europe, after the cession of Venetia to Italy, and in exchange for territorial compensation. The Conference has failed. Will France be led to draw the sword? The French Government thinks not. Whatever may be the result of the war which may break out, no question affecting us will be resolved without the assent of France. France, therefore, will continue to observe an attentive neutrality, confident in her right, and calm in her strength." (Cheers.)

M. ROUHER said—I think, after this declaration, the Corps Législatif will understand the inadvisability of a debate upon the affairs of Germany and Italy. (Shouts of "Yes, yes".)

M. M. THIERS, Favre, Alfred, and Leroux endeavoured to prevent the closing of the debate; but the subject was declared to be closed by 202 against 34 votes, and the Chamber passed to the vote on the amended budget, which was adopted by 232 against 18 votes.

The sitting then terminated.

RECALL OF THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, June 12, evening.—The Austrian Ambassador at this Court has received orders from his Government by telegraph to leave Berlin. He will take his departure at eleven to-morrow evening.

DARMSTADT, June 12.—In yesterday's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, the Minister for Foreign Affairs stated that the Federal Diet would shortly recognise the Duke of Augustenburg, and provisionally admit his representative.

VIENNA, June 11.—The *Neue Freie Presse* of this evening publishes intelligence from Cracow, stating that the management of the Warsaw and Cracow Railway have received orders to have everything in readiness for the conveyance of 100,000 Russian troops.

The same journal says negotiations have taken place between Austria and the Middle States in reference to the convention of a German Parliament. Austria has declared herself ready to abandon her proposal for a delegation Assembly in favour of a Parliament, elected by the direct votes of the German people, and to accept as a national executive a directory of three—the presidency to be assumed by fixed rotation.

ALTONA, June 12.—All the Austrian troops have evacuated Holstein, and have marched towards Harburg.

The Duke of Augustenburg left yesterday evening, and General von Gablenz early this morning.

KIEL, June 12.—Baron von Schiel Plessner, the new Governor of Slesvig-Holstein, has arrived here.

BERNE, June 12.—The Austrian Government has requested the Federal Council to take most energetic measures for the defence of the passes on the Italian side of the Alps.

ALTONA, June 12.—General Von Gablenz has issued a proclamation, dated from this town, to-day, addressed to the Holsteiners, which says forcible measures have followed the occupation of Holstein in violation of the Gastein Convention. The assembly of the Estates has been prevented by force of arms. The Holstein Government Commissioner has been arrested. In his proclamation of the 10th inst., the Governor of Slesvig declared that he would also assume the governing power in Holstein. He has announced the dismissal of the Holstein Government, and has substituted another civil administration in its place. "The Prussian troops are marching on Altona. The forces at my command are not sufficient to offer resistance to a hostile attack from the German Power, which has hitherto been our ally. Am I to protect the right with my small forces? Following the Emperor's orders, I yield to superior numbers, and leave the country. When I undertook the government, you met me with confidence. Return that confidence, and accept my heartfelt thanks. Troublous days will come upon you, and for the present force will rule. Yield to it with that good sense which you have so often shown, and remain faithful to the good cause. Leave your fate in God's hands; endure it, trusting in a happy issue."

ALTONA, June 12, noon.—The Prussians entered the city and its vicinity this morning.

COMO, June 12.—Garibaldi has arrived, and was enthusiastically received.

VIENNA, June 12.—It has been officially announced that the Imperial Government has determined to break off diplomatic relations with Prussia, in consequence of the violation of the Vienna Treaty and the Gastein Convention, arising from the entry of the Prussians into Holstein, and their assumption of the entire administrative power in both Duchies. Orders have been already despatched to Count Karolyi to leave Berlin immediately.

A M E R I C A : FENIAN INVASION OF CANADA— CAPTURE OF FORT ERIE. (Per City of Boston, via Crookhaven.)

NEW YORK, June 2, noon.—The Fenians crossed the Niagara River on Thursday night, and captured Fort Erie and a small village near Buffalo.

Troops marched against them. It is reported that an engagement occurred this morning between the Fenians and the Volunteers. The result is unknown. Federal troops are moving towards the frontier, to preserve neutrality.

SPAIN.
MADRID, June 11, evening.—The *Epoca* says that the Bank of Spain has come to an arrangement with Messrs Rothschild for the payment of the interest of the external debt for the past half-year. Government has lodged with the Bank a certain amount in hypothecated notes.

THE THREATENED ABDICATION OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

The *Presse* of Vienna publishes news from Paris stating that the Emperor of Mexico had requested financial assistance from France, declaring his intention to abdicate unless such assistance were afforded. The French Government, it is added, has resolved to refuse this demand, and instructed Marshal Bazaine to institute a fresh plebiscite in case the Emperor Maximilian should carry out his intention of abdicating.

H U N G A R Y .

PESTH, June 11.—In to-day's sitting of the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet, M. Deak proposed that the address to the Emperor proposing that measures should be taken for alleviating the distress in Hungary be rejected, as His Majesty has already taken measures with that object. M. Kallag made a speech protesting against the misappropriation of the funds destined to the relief of the poor.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

BUCHAREST, June 12.—The Government has promulgated a decree ordering the organisation of a Volunteer Legion, to be sustained by the State, and subjected during its term of service to the regulations in force for the army. By the formation of this legion, the strength of the Roumain army will be raised to 150,000 men.

The Chamber of Deputies yesterday discussed a bill for the issue of paper money, or the eventual imposition of a war tax. The issue of paper money is very strongly opposed by the mercantile community; and the public excitement and indignation against the measure are already very great.

I T A L Y .

FLORENCE, June 12.—In yesterday evening's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of War brought forward a bill calling out for military service the class of 1846.

The Keeper of the Seals, replying to Signor D'Ondes Reggio, who proposed to increase the pensions of the monks of the suppressed convents, said that the bill for the suppression of the religious bodies had not a financial but a moral object; and that the sale of the convent property was not sufficient for the maintenance of public worship and the payment of the pensions.

Signor Raci, the reporter of the bill, stated that the number of mendicant monks was 30,000.

The proposal of D'Ondes Reggio was subsequently rejected.

FLORENCE, June 12.—The Chamber of Deputies adopted yesterday the *Credit Foncier* Bill, already agreed to by the Senate.

The debate on the bill for the suppression of religious corporations was continued to-day.

WEST INDIES AND PACIFIC.

SOUTHAMPTON, June 11.—The *Tasmania*, Captain Sawyer, with the West India and Pacific mails, arrived here this evening. She brought 205 passengers, specie to the value of \$767,670, and a miscellaneous cargo. The *Tasmania* left St Thomas on the 29th ult., and brings dates from Greytown to May 16; Jamaica, May 24; Demerara, May 23; Tobago, May 23; Trinidad and Grenada, May 24; St Vincent, May 25; Barbadoes and St Lucia, May 26; Martinique, Guada-

loupe, Dominique, and Antigua, May 27; and St Kitts, May 28.

The *Tasmania* brings details of the Spanish bombardment of Callao, which confirms those already received via New York.

During the bombardment, an accident took place inside one of the *Araya*, one circular turret-battery on shore. A percussion shell, on being hoisted from below, was let fall in the turret, and exploded, igniting some charges just taken from the magazine. Every soul inside was destroyed, including San Galvez, the Minister of War.

The Spanish squadron sailed from Callao on the 10th May. Admiral Nunez having previously communicated the following note to Her Britannic Majesty's Charge d'Affaires at Lima:—

"Having chastised Peru, for unjust provocation given by her Government, by the bombardment of Callao, and the attack on her fortifications, of whose many and heavy guns only three were replying to the fire of this squadron when it retired to its anchorage, the undersigned has the honour to announce to John Barton, Esq., that from this date the blockade of Callao is raised, and the squadron leaves the waters of Peru; at the same time assuring him that, if the Government of Peru should molest or permit injuries to be done to Spanish subjects resident in Peru, the naval forces of Her Catholic Majesty will return to these waters to revenge the same.

"The undersigned improves this opportunity to reiterate to Mr Barton the assurance of his consideration and esteem.

(Signed) "CASTRO MENDEZ NUÑEZ."

After the departure of the Spanish fleet, the Peruvian Government issued a decree of great severity against Spanish residents in Peru.

Guatemala had refused the alliance against Spain.

The news from the West Indies is unimportant.

The greatest order prevails at Jamaica.

I N D I A .

DOHBA, June 5, 3.5 P.M.—7 lb. shirtings, 7 rupees 2 annas. Cotton in limited demand; Dhollera, 300 rupees. Exchange on London, 2s. 1d.

CALCUTTA, June 4.—Grey shirtings, 9 rupees. Mule twist, 8 annas. Exchange on London, 2s. 1½d.

MAIL NEWS.

GIBRALTAR, June 11.—The *Nyanza*, with the Calcutta, China, and Australian mails, left to-day for Southampton.

[The following was received just before going to press:—]

THE CONTINENTAL CRISIS.

BERLIN, June 12.—The Prussian Government addressed a despatch on the 10th inst. to the German Governments, embodying the principal features of the Prussian proposal for a reform of the Federal constitution. In addition to the points already known, this despatch contains articles of which the following are the most important propositions:—The Austrian provinces, and likewise those belonging to the Netherlands, are no longer to form part of the territory of the Bund. The consent of the German Sovereigns, and of at least two-thirds of the population to be necessary before war can be declared by Germany. The naval forces of Germany in the North Sea and Baltic to be placed under control of Prussia. Kiel and Tande to be declared Federal war ports. The Federal land forces to be divided, and the northern army to be placed under the command of the Kings of Prussia and Bavaria, as Federal Commanders-in-Chief, both in times of war and peace. The relations of German Austria to the Confederation to be adjusted by a German Parliament.

It is believed that the Government has despatched, or is about to despatch, to the Governors of the different Prussian provinces, a circular ordering that during the war the liberty of the press and the right of public meeting be subject to certain restrictions.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, June 12.—The Austrian and Prussian garrisons have evacuated this town.

VIENNA, June 12, evening.—General von Gablenz had originally received orders to maintain his position at Altona, but under all circumstances to avoid firing the first shot. The General declared, in reply, that the Prussian troops being six times in number superior to his own, the order was impracticable, and that either the Austrian brigade must be sacrificed or withdrawn. It was then that General Gablenz was instructed to retire.

STUTTGART, June 12.—A royal decree has been published to-day, calling in for active service, within two days, all soldiers on furlough, that class of the landwehr who had completed their military service, and all conscripts of the present year who have not yet been drilled.

HANOVER, June 12.—Prussia has declared to all the Governments of Northern Germany that, if the motion brought forward in the Federal Diet by the Austrian representative yesterday for the mobilisation of the Federal army be adopted on Thursday next, Prussia will consider the Germanic Confederation to be dissolved, and will then allow herself to be guided only by considerations of military expediency.

HANOVER, June 12.—The Duke of Augustenburg arrived here this afternoon, and after an hour's stay, left for Cassel.

MUNICH, June 12.—Count Reichenberg, Major-General in the Bavarian army, has been appointed Governor of the Federal fortress of Mentz.

F R A N C E .

PARIS, June 12, 11.25 P.M.—Business in Rentes has been done this evening on the Boulevards at a fall of 30c. The letter of the Emperor Napoleon, read this evening in the Corps Législatif, has created a great sensation.

B E L G I U M .

BRUSSELS, June 12.—The elections in Belgium have terminated, and have resulted favourably to the Government. The Ministerial majority in the Senate, which was previously eight, is now twelve; and in the House of Representatives it was before the election twelve, and is now eighteen.

I T A L Y .

FLORENCE, June 12, evening.—To-day, in the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Lunaldi questioned the Government respecting the dangerous effects of the forced currency, and the abuses in exacting a high premium in the exchange of specie for notes.

Signor SEALLOA replied that the Government was actually endeavouring to put an end to the Continental crisis. Recourse had been had to a forced currency, only under the most extreme necessity. The Government had now other financial measures under consideration.

General ANGLISTRI brought forward a bill for calling in the mortgages of the class of 1846.

A M E R I C A .

COMMERCIAL.

NEW YORK, June 2, noon.—Money is easy. Gold, 141. Exchange on London, 154; Paris, 31, 61c. Stocks are steady. New York Central, 99; Illinois, 117½; Erie, 52; United States 5.20 Bonds, 102½. Cotton is quiet, 34. Flour is quiet. Wheat is steady. Corn is dull. Provisions are steady. Coffee is dull. Sugar is steady. Molasses are quiet. Petroleum is quiet; crude, 27; refined, 42½. Receipts of cotton at New York, four days, 8000; exports, two days, 3000 bales.

NEW ORLEANS, June 1.—Cotton is dull; low middling, 35c, to 36c. Week's receipts, 4500 bales. Sales, three days, 3000. Stock, 140,000.

REUTER'S TELEGRAMS

THE CONTINENTAL CRISIS.

MANIFESTO OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

PARIS, June 12.—In the Corps Législatif to-day, M. Rouher read a letter from the Emperor Napoleon to M. Drouyn d'Lhuys, in which His Majesty, after detailing the efforts made, in common with England and Russia, to prevent an armed conflict, says:—"Had the Conference assembled, my Government would have declared that France repudiated all idea of territorial aggrandisement, so long as the European equilibrium remained undisturbed. France could only think of an extension of her frontiers in the event of the map of Europe being altered to the profit of a Great Power, and of the bordering provinces expressing, by a formal and free vote, their desire for annexation. In the absence of these circumstances, the French Government prefers, to any territorial acquisition, a good understanding with its neighbours, resulting from its respect for their independence. (Cheers.) We should have desired for the Germanic Confederation a position more worthy of its importance, for Prussia better geographical bound-

MEMOIR ON THE AFFAIRS OF SPAIN.

The American Review of History and Politics, and General Repository of Literature and State Paper... Apr 1812; 3, 2;
ProQuest
pg. 295

MEMOIR ON THE AFFAIRS OF SPAIN.

The affairs of Spain attract, at this moment, the attention of all Europe. They excite an interest, the more lively, the more it is attempted to envelop them in mystery. Besides, it was generally expected, that Spain would occasion no greater difficulties than Portugal; that the French government would only have to order its troops to take possession, in order to acquire an absolute sway over this fine country. The situation

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of Spain, at the time, gave to these conjectures, a great degree of probability. Her finances were exhausted by the constant drain, arising from the demands of the French government, and by the considerable expenses, required for the support of her army and navy. By far the greatest proportion of her regular forces was removed, and dispersed, either in the north of Germany, or in Portugal. The administration of the public concerns, exclusively in the hands of the Prince of Peace, had become odious, and contemptible in the eyes of the nation, and relaxed all the ties which attached it to the crown. Under circumstances so deplorable, it was natural to imagine, that Napoleon, freed by the treaty of Tilsit from all apprehension of interference on the part of Russia, would encounter few, or no obstacles in his project to master Spain.

Such was certainly the opinion of Mr. Beauharnais, ambassador of France at Madrid. But he was grossly mistaken, when he took the universal hatred of the Spaniards against the Prince of Peace, for a disposition favourable to a change of dynasty; an idea which, nevertheless, prompted the French government to relinquish the original plan of reducing Spain by gradual encroachments, in order to strike at once the decisive blow.

The event, however, did not entirely correspond with the calculations of Mr. Beauharnais. The occurrences at Arranjuez, on the 6—18 March, electrifying, as it were, the Spanish nation, rekindled their predilection for their legitimate sovereign, and their aversion to foreign dominion. The grand duke of Berg became convinced of it, from the moment he entered Madrid, and the disgrace of M. de Beauharnais was one of the first consequences of the disappointment.

The French journals vied with each other, in representing the insurrections, which broke out in several Spanish provinces, immediately after the transportation of the royal family to France, as assemblages of a factious mob, inimical to order, which the approach of French troops would promptly disperse.

Having traversed the greatest part of Spain in the months of May and June last, I made it my particular business to observe the true state of things. All that I myself saw, or was able to collect from persons, highly respectable, and worthy of confidence, I shall faithfully state in this narrative.

As soon as I entered Spain, I had occasion to perceive that public opinion, roused by the recent occurrences, was by no means favourable to the French. Nay more,—the animosity of the Spaniards against their perfidious allies (for it is thus they in-

titled them) went so far, that every stranger was exposed to insult, merely on the suspicion of his being a Frenchman. I experienced this myself, on the day of my arrival at Badajos. Being taken for one, I had the grossest abuse lavished on me as I passed through the streets, and should not have escaped serious injuries, which were threatened, but for the declaration of the soldier, who escorted me, that I was not a subject of Napoleon.

The same disposition of mind was equally manifest at Madrid. During a stay, which I made there, of two weeks, I had many opportunities of satisfying myself, that the effervescence was at its height, and that the inhabitants, far from being dismayed, by the unfortunate termination of the affair of the second of May, and the butcheries which succeeded,* felt them, on the contrary, as an additional grievance, and a new stimulus to hate. Rage half stifled, was legible in every face; exclamations of vengeance were ready to burst from every lip.

The French, who had imagined, that, by an act of severity they might impress the inhabitants with terror, and prevent further commotions, were soon convinced of their error. The batteries of heavy ordnance, and mortars, which they were seen to erect, with no small activity, in the Prado, bespoke their fears; whilst, on the other hand, the numerous patroles, constantly marching through every part of the capital, gave it the appearance of a besieged town.

The massacre of the second of May—with what other name can the occurrences of that day be designated—was the signal, at which several provinces, such as Andalusia, the kingdoms of Valencia, Mercia, Arragon, &c. broke out into open revolt. This news had scarcely reached Madrid, when the Waloon guards, and other troops of the line, with which it was garrisoned, were seen to desert in large bodies, to join the insurgents. Desertion was so common, that a regiment of cavalry, of which I do not recollect the name, found itself reduced to four men, at the time of my departure from Madrid. The spirit of insurrection pervaded Spain with such rapidity, that the French army, in less than a fortnight, found two

* The day after, the French officers stationed themselves in every part of the public walk, known under the name of Prado. They stopped without distinction every body that passed, women as well as men, searched them, and caused all those to be shot instantaneously upon whom they found any thing in the shape of arms, even a penknife. I have this fact from two French officers, who had a share in the massacre. From them also I learned that a certain colonel *Frederic* of the Imperial guard, boasted of having himself singly, caused more than 150 persons to be shot!

thirds of the nation marshalled as it were against it. It may not be useless to mention here, what occurred at Seville, when the inhabitants declared themselves in favour of the national cause. They went, in a body, to the cathedral, headed by all the clergy of the town. The holy sacrament was then brought out, and the people swore on the host, to defend themselves to the last extremity, to abandon, to burn the town, should they be overpowered, rather than submit to the law of the conqueror.

The French government were then taught by their own experience, that the same means do not produce in every country the same results; that measures, styled *energetic*, may prove successful with a people corrupted, and debased, but that they are of no avail with those, who have preserved a sense of dignity.

Never did a modern nation display its own more brilliantly, than did Spain at the period of which I am speaking; and this too, under circumstances, such as must have made the cause appear desperate, even in the eyes of the most determined. Betrayed by a minister, whose very name has become a term of opprobrium, and whom she had seen abuse the unlimited confidence, with which he had been invested by her sovereign, and deliver to the enemy, the frontiers, the armies, and the fleets; abandoned by her rulers, who concealed from her, to the last moment, the perilous situation of the kingdom; attacked, unawares, in her very vitals, by a formidable army, doubly strong from renown;—under such circumstances, when it was least expected, the Spanish nation resumed her ancient virtue, and at this appalling crisis exhibited to astonished Europe, an instance of courage, of loyalty, nay, what is more, of fidelity to her sovereigns, which these but little merited, and of which it would be in vain, to seek another example, in the history of the world. It would seem as if the Spanish nation had been anxious, by this heroic effort, the more fully to make amends for her long and inglorious lethargy.

I cannot forbear, while on this subject, combating an erroneous opinion, which the French government endeavours to disseminate by every possible means, and which finds many abettors in the north of Europe. It is insisted, that the recent events in Spain, are entirely owing to religious fanaticism.—Religious opinions cannot be denied to have had a share in them; but, if we examine attentively the course, which the insurrections took in the provinces, the prevailing sentiment, which directed the first movements, and the uniformity, which is every where perceived in the object; we shall be convinced

that other causes, equally powerful, must have contributed to this general combination. These causes, I am inclined to think, arose in a great measure, out of the little progress, which the modern principles, spread by the French revolution, had made in this country. Nor ought this to excite surprise. From temper averse to innovation, the Spaniard resisted the seductions of the new doctrine the more readily, as it was preached by a people, against whom, he at all times cherished a strong hereditary antipathy. This doctrine, besides, did not meet, in Spain, with the same favourable predispositions, as in other countries, where a taste for literature was more generally diffused. In consequence, therefore, of their fortunate ignorance, the Spaniards, notwithstanding their proximity to the revolutionary focus, preserved their ancient moral character. They preserved their respect for legitimate authority; their attachment to the person of the sovereign, as well as to their early political, and religious ideas. Thus it happened, that in Spain, the government and the nation remained united, when almost every where else, the ruling authorities found themselves dissociated from the governed, by reason of the revolution, which the doctrine in question had operated in the minds of the latter; a revolution which accelerated the downfall of so many states. A sufficient proof of the correctness of this observation, is to be found in the patience, with which the long administration of the Prince of Peace was endured—an administration on which public opinion, at an early period, had pronounced judgment of reprobation.

To the joint agency of several causes, therefore, and not to the fanaticism of the priests alone, must we attribute the extraordinary spectacle, which the Spanish nation offered to the world, by rising *en masse* to repel a foreign yoke.

Of all the events which signalize the annals of a revolution, of which no mind, as yet, can explore the end, certainly those which have recently occurred in Spain, furnish the most consoling picture to the lovers of order and of justice. Besides the many thrones, which, since the fatal epoch of this revolution, have fallen to the ground, overturned by the people themselves, or in their name, we have seen some crushed, as it were, by the sceptre itself, as in Prussia, and in several other states of the Germanic empire. What, however, we had not yet seen, was a whole nation, rising in order to support the tottering throne of her legitimate sovereigns, and to renew to them the oath of fidelity, at the very moment of their destruction. This noble example was reserved for Spain; for a country, which the authors of the age have so cruelly calumniated.

That we may be the better able to appreciate justly the credit due to the Spanish nation for this conduct, it will be necessary to state the forces, she had to contend with, when this general insurrection took place.

According to the most accurate estimates, formed in the country itself, the number of French troops in Spain, amounted in the beginning of the month of June, 1808, from seventy-five to eighty thousand men, without including the armies in Portugal, composing a body of twenty, to twenty-five thousand men. These forces must have been deemed sufficient, by the Emperor Napoleon, for the execution of his projects. Master of all the frontier towns, of which his troops took possession, in virtue of passports, signed and delivered by the Prince of Peace, in his character of generalissimo of the kingdom; master of Portugal, on which he seized by the same means, which brought so many other countries under his yoke, Napoleon had a right to expect, that he would be able to reduce Spain before she should have had time, to organize any defence whatever; for, all her regular troops, dispersed throughout her various provinces, scarcely amounted to thirty thousand men. If there be those, who,—judging of measures by the issue—still think that even in this state of things, it was imprudent to undertake the conquest, of such a country as Spain, with eighty, or a hundred thousand men, I would observe to them, that, at the period in question, the object was not so much conquest, as the completion of a scheme of surprise: That, to this end the Prince of Peace had already made the most important advances, in delivering Spain bound hand and foot to the enemy; and that Napoleon, with the example of so many other nations before him, who had, with more means of resistance than Spain, submitted, notwithstanding, with docility to his dominion—could hardly form a better idea of the character, and the fortitude of the Spaniards!

The same apology cannot be made for the object of this enterprise; for, viewed in any light, it must always appear equally absurd and odious. Since the treaty of Basle, in 1795, France disposed of Spain at her pleasure. Bent on the destruction of the victim, she preyed on its resources with an avidity, which could leave no doubt, as to the approaching catastrophe, of the total inanition of the kingdom. If, therefore, Napoleon wished to secure Spain for ever, by establishing his own dynasty on her throne, why not rather continue to pursue the same system of spoliation, which, by weakening her more and more, could not fail to bring her at length to the point desired. Spain would then have fallen from weakness, and Na-

pooleon would have saved blood and treasure, which might have been employed for similar purposes elsewhere. He chose, however, to push matters at once to an extremity, and by this conduct exposed himself to the chance of a war, the results of which could be, in no event, advantageous to him. If successful, he gained nothing, because he could only have resumed his former position with regard to Spain, that is, he could only have disposed of her at pleasure. Unsuccessful—and we may be permitted to indulge this hope—the monstrous edifice of his power would be shaken to its very foundations, and other nations, groaning under his yoke, be taught the secret of triumphant resistance. If we consider, moreover, that, even success was attended with the risk of losing America, it seems difficult to conceive the motives, which can have induced him to engage in an attempt, odious in the eyes of all the world, and impolitic in the opinion of the least scrupulous of his counsellors.

The *Moniteur* has fixed the period, of the complete subjugation of Spain, within the present year. In order to be able to judge what degree of confidence is due to this prophecy, somewhat bold methinks, I shall direct the attention of the reader to the means of defence, which Spain can oppose to her aggressors.

The calculations, most to be relied on, make the population of Spain amount from ten to eleven millions. If, therefore, a rising *en masse* takes place, which can no longer be doubted, it will create an effective force of eleven hundred thousand men, supposing one out of every ten persons to be fit for service. This calculation may be the more readily admitted with regard to Spain, as, in that country, the two sexes may be said to have disputed with emulous zeal, the glory of arming and contending for the common defence. Witness the instance of the women of Saragossa, of whom a great number perished in the successive, but uniformly fruitless assaults, which the French made upon that town. Independently of a decided advantage in point of numbers, the Spaniards have another of no small importance, that of being better acquainted with the country. Their remarkable sobriety in the consumption of food, the known voracity of their enemies, and finally the difficulties which the latter must experience, to support a numerous army, in Spain, notwithstanding the heavy waggons *à la Malborough*, with which the credulity of the Parisian cockney is beguiled,—are circumstances which must still further increase their chances of success. If to all this be super-added, the moral effects, which a just resentment, and the

persuasion, that no concessions can be of avail with an enemy implacable in his vengeance, must produce on ardent and exasperated minds, then, no doubt, it may be admitted as possible, that the war in Spain, so far from terminating in a few months, as the *Moniteur* predicts, may keep France engaged for a long time, and give some respite to those States, which have not yet been devoured, but of which the fate has been already decreed. If it took the Romans, more expert perhaps in the business of conquest than the great nation of our day,—according to the testimony of their own historians, more than two hundred years to complete the subjugation of Spain, we are justified in thinking that Napoleon will require at least two years, to accomplish the same object.

Where will Spain obtain arms, it may be asked, for her hosts? I answer, that the stock now in Spain is much greater than is generally believed: That the British will furnish a part: That there is no necessity for arming the whole military population at once. Besides—have they not before their eyes the example of their invaders themselves, who, during the first years of the revolutionary war, had scarcely any thing more than their numbers to oppose to the arms, and the tactics of the coalition?

However this may be, and without presuming to prejudice the issue of the contest, which has commenced between the Spanish nation, and the French government—(I do not say between the *two nations*)—I shall content myself with observing, that upon this contest depends the fate of Europe. The more protracted and obstinate the resistance of the Spaniards, the more fatal will be the effects of their defeat to the two continental powers, which still remain independent—Russia, and Austria. The last was already marked out as a victim. To Spain alone, she is indebted for the respite she enjoys. No doubt she will be the first attacked, as soon as Napoleon shall have recruited his battalions, with those same Iberians, whom he is now obliged to combat. Russia will perhaps alone escape, from being finally numbered in this long list of states overthrown, mutilated, plundered, and at length reduced to a servitude equally oppressive and ignominious. But, in that case, she will be indebted for her safety, to those extraordinary means, which are now on trial in Spain, for no less a task will then fall to her share, than to resist the strength of all Europe, directed by a single head.

May these fears be only the dreams of a terrified imagination! But, should they be exaggerated, it is nevertheless impossible for any mind, however cool and unprejudiced, to mis-

take the existence of the project of universal dominion on the part of Napoleon. This project has been already fearfully developed, and quite recently, has been confessed in the Report of the minister, M. Champagny, relative to the affairs of Spain. It is chimerical, no doubt. It would remain so still, even if all Europe—I speak of the Continent—should have been subjugated, and Russia driven back within her ancient limits, as Napoleon has frequently threatened; but torrents of blood must flow, and Europe exhibit a vast theatre of desolation, before the mistake will be acknowledged.

I shall conclude this Memoir, which is dictated by the purest zeal for the well-being of humanity, with a few historical facts, connected with the recent events in Spain. I can pledge my honour, for their authenticity. They will serve to characterize more fully the awful tragedy, which, at this moment, engages the attention of the world.

1. I have frequently heard the prince of Asturias accused, of having forced his father to abdicate. Nothing can be more erroneous than this statement, and never was an abdication more voluntary than that of Charles IV. He declared this himself, in the presence of the whole diplomatic corps, which waited upon him on the occasion. His majesty repeated the same declaration at a private audience, which had been asked by the apostolic nuncio *Gravina*. "Since ten years I have thought of it," said the king; "I abdicate most voluntarily, and I shall heartily enjoy all the good my son may do to my country." The fact is, that the fright occasioned by the occurrences at Aranjuez on the 6th of March, and the natural indolence of the king, were the true and only motives of this abdication.

2. The protest of king Charles, as published in the French journals, is dated only two days subsequent to the abdication. This, also, is an imposition, which it is proper I should point out. It is of public notoriety at Madrid, that king Charles did not sign this protest till seventeen days after his abdication, and against his will. He was obliged to yield to the intrigues of the grand duke of *Berg*, and to the importunities of his queen *Louisa*. He tried in vain to make this woman sensible of the sad consequences, which would attend the step. Consulting her disorderly passions alone, she was alike insensible to the voice of reason, and to the cries of nature. She overcame her husband, and the protest was signed.

3. All the world knows with what affability the Emperor Napoleon received at Bayonne, the unfortunate prince of

Asturias, who mounted the throne of his ancestors, immediately to descend from it into a prison. But, it is less generally known what means were employed, to entice him out of his own country. It would be tedious to unfold here the long tissue of falsehood, hypocrisy, and even murder, resorted to for this purpose.* It will be sufficient to state, that the principal machinery of this infernal plot, consisted in arming the father against the son, by imputing the blackest designs to the latter. I regret to have to add, that Napoleon was zealously aided on this occasion by queen Louisa.

After the prince of Asturias had arrived at Bayonne, a journey undertaken against the advice of his best counsellors, every species of flattery was lavished upon him by Napoleon, to make him easy with regard to his final designs, till all the victims should be collected. Dined with him; supped with him; walked with him; he stated that he was going to acknowledge him as king of Spain; and, as if considering him so already, he, from time to time, gave him the title of "your majesty." But it would be expedient was it said, first to reconcile him with his father. This mummery was continued till the arrival of king Charles, the queen mother, the queen of Etruria, and the other princes of the royal house of Spain. Then the scene changed, and the Napoleon, the kind and generous mediator, became a severe and inexorable judge. After the first audience with king Charles, on the very day of his arrival at Bayonne, Napoleon insultingly accosted the prince of the Asturias, by telling him, that he would never be able to clear himself of the just reproaches of his father. From that

* The infant Don Carlos, one of the brothers of the prince of Asturias, was sent forward by the latter to meet the Emperor Napoleon, who had announced his intention of visiting Madrid. He encountered him at Bayonne, where he was to halt. After remaining for some days in that city, he discovered that the ruin of all his family was in agitation. Seeing that he was a prisoner himself, he determined to save, if possible, the prince of Asturias, to whom he was tenderly attached. The latter had already set out for Madrid, to meet Napoleon, whom he expected to encounter between that capital and Burgos, and had suffered himself to be persuaded to go as far as Vittoria. The infant wrote him a letter, of which a trusty servant was to take charge, in which he apprized him of the fate that awaited him, if he yielded to the instances which he knew were to be employed, to induce him to proceed to Bayonne. Don Carlos, the moment he had finished this letter, very indiscreetly communicated the contents to a nobleman of his suite, whose name I do not now recollect, but who made them known to Fuentes, another Spanish nobleman. This wretch hastened to lay them before the Emperor Napoleon, who rewarded him with a sum of money. Measures were immediately taken to seize the courier. He was overtaken on the bridge of la Bidassoa; and the pursuers after searching in vain about his person, for the letter, murdered him, and threw the body into the river.

moment the prince was confined to his house, which he was not permitted to leave, even to take a walk. He was next called upon to restore the crown to his father, which he did without hesitation, protesting that he had never intended to deprive him of it.

The old king was the first to perceive the abyss into which he had plunged, as he was the first of whom the sacrifice of his rights was demanded, in favour of Napoleon. It threw him into a paroxysm of rage, but he was obliged to yield. The sense of his disgrace, and the confusion of mind produced by an upbraiding conscience, deprived him of all power of resistance. He signed his abdication, and exchanged, one of the finest kingdoms on earth, for a castle in France.

After all the princes of the royal house had likewise renounced their titles, with the exception of the prince of the Asturias,—the infant Don Francisco, the same who has been mentioned above, threw himself at the feet of his brother. He conjured him by the glory of his ancestors, by the manes of Charles V, not to submit to this deed of shame. He represented, that the abdication of the others was of no consequence, but that he, presumptive heir of the crown, and the idol of his subjects, owed to them an example of firmness, at a moment when they were all arming themselves in defence of his rights: That his renunciation would complete the work of iniquity, would cover him with disgrace, in the eyes of all Europe, and extinguish the love of his people. Ferdinand promised his brother not to yield, but his resolution was insufficient to withstand the threat of Napoleon, that he should be treated like the duke d'Enghien, if he did not resign instantaneously. "I must have your head, or your seal." Such was the language of Bonaparte, for the genuineness of which I can vouch. The prince chose dishonour, and signed.

My task is ended. I have had no other aim, than to promulgate the truth.

Paris, September, 1808.

cond in command of the royalists, Capmani, recruited his troops in Mompox, and returned to attack Ocane, but with no better success. This obliged Morillo to abandon that route, and to order that they should advance to the south.

The right wing of the flying army of Morillo, during the siege of Carthagena, obtained the occupation of the north of Nechi, which opens the entrance to the rich province of Antiognia; but on approaching the city of Zaragossa, the inhabitants set fire to their habitations, and retired to Los Remedios: the royalists advanced, and, in the ambushes and difficult passages, were completely routed; almost all remaining upon the field, with the exception of the few that escaped to relate the disaster. The republicans took more than 600 muskets, with all their baggage, mountain artillery and military stores. This news alarmed Morillo, and caused him to raise a new force, composed of the peasantry of the state of Carthagena, amounting to fifteen hundred, who were forced to enlist against their inclination.*

The southern road proving also bad, he changed his route to enter by way of Zimity, which is the middle road. The royalists met with no resistance, for the patriots, the inhabitants of Zimity, fled to the mountains. Fifteen men were left by the royalists there, as a guard, and they proceeded up the Rio Grande de la Magdalena, to march by St. Bartolome, to Los Remedios, to avenge their grievance, but the experienced say, that the difficulties are much greater in this route than any other. As soon as the inhabitants of Zimity knew of the small guard left, without support, they rushed from the mountains, surprised and put them to the sword. In the interim, brigadier Morales, with the forces newly raised in Carthagena, hearing the fate of the guard of Zimity, entered that place and butchered 1500 people, old men, women and children, all that were to be found; on their part, the inhabitants of Los Remedios, retaliated upon the royalists' prisoners in the same manner.

By the same channel, it is made known that to the intimation that Morillo made to the government general of New Grenada, they replied in energetic terms, that "if he was able to enter the city of Carthagena, he will not enter the interior of the kingdom, for they are resolved to defend themselves, by all the advantageous positions of mountains, rivers, and inaccessible places."

SOUTH-AMERICA.—*Kingston, (Jam.) April 4.*—By accounts received in this city from Panama, we learn that admiral Brown, with the insurgent squadron from Buenos Ayres, had doubled Cape Horn, and got into the South sea, where they made several valuable prizes from Spain, on board of one of which the new governor of Guyaquil was a passenger. Brown then proceeded on the 17th of February off Puna, and after forcing the batteries which defend the entrance of the river, left his heavy vessels and went up for the purpose of bombarding Guyaquil, but his vessel got ashore on the 18th, and he was made a prisoner. It was however said he was to be exchanged for the governor.

[We insert the preceding article to say we discredit it. We have always understood that Guyaquil was in the hands of the patriots of New Granada, and believe it is still so. It is a very strong place—almost as strong as Carthagena; and, since the fall of the latter, of immense importance to the republicans, as being their only sea-port. If it had

*Was this a French conscription? a "horrible French conscription?"

[Ed. Reg

CHRONICLE.

MORILLO'S ARMY.

Kingston, (Jamaica) April 2.—By the vessels arrived from the Main, the following particulars of the operations of the expedition, under the command of Morillo, have transpired in spite of the mystery in which the government conceals all its operations.

The city of Carthagena having been occupied, he began to fit out the expedition destined for the interior of Grenada; but, to war and hunger, disease followed; the Carthagenian troops, under his command were attacked by the small pox, and the Europeans with dysentery, of which many died, although they were removed to Turbaco, which retarded much the progress of the expedition. In the mean while accounts were received, that obliged him to hasten his advance. In the month of January, brigadier Porras attacked colonel Santander, a republican chief, in Oesne, but was repulsed with the loss of almost all his troops, and was obliged to retreat to the province of Santo Martha. The se-

been captured by the royalists we think we must have heard of it, being an event of great importance to both parties.

While on this subject it may be well to correct what appears another error. "Admiral Brown" so called, we are told by a gentleman who has a right to know, has with him only two *privateers*, a ship and a brig—and his expedition is stated to be altogether on a private account. [Ed. Rec.]

MONEY MATTERS. The following articles are from the *Boston Centinel*. We shall have "another sort of talk" a little while hence—

Two methodist preachers were lately robbed of their pocket-books, containing very considerable sums in bank notes, while attending the funeral of the venerable bishop Asbury, at Baltimore. As these were probably southern *fog notes*, the charge cannot lay against these preachers of having disobeyed the injunction, "take neither *gold*, nor *silver*, nor *brass* in your purses."

"*All duties, &c. shall be uniform throughout the U. States*," says the constitution. But the secretary of the treasury holds another language. While he demands specie or treasury notes for all duties collected in *New England*, he permits the debtors in the middle and southern states to discharge theirs in paper "*fog*," which is depreciated 10 per cent below treasury notes. It is asserted that the treasury of the United States has nearly two millions of *paper fog* in its vaults, at this moment. Yet all this is patiently endured. [Call another *Hartford* convention about it.]

The Farmers' Bank of Virginia has recently received 150,000 dollars in specie from the *Boston* banks. Money will seek its abode where the property is to command it.

Washington 74.—This elegant vessel arrived off Annapolis 6 or 8 days ago from Boston, bearing com. Chauncey's broad pendant, to carry out Mr. Pinkney and his family and suit to Naples. The *Washington*, like the *Independence*, most happily unites celerity with force. She works easily and sails admirably. It has been confidently said by those whose judgment commands entire respect, that there are no ships in the world to be compared with these or with our new frigates; and they are all fitted out in the most perfect and *seaman-like* manner.

The president of the United States, and his lady—the secretary of the navy, with commodores Rodgers and Porter, and other distinguished personages, dined on board the *Washington* on Tuesday last. She has also been visited by hundreds of people from Baltimore and the parts adjacent; who all speak in the warmest terms of the polite attentions of commodore *Chauncey* and his officers, and highly extol the order, regularity and neatness of the ship and her gallant crew, consisting of about 600 young and active American seamen.

Europe has ships much larger than our 74's—but it is not supposed *possible* that any ship ever built, or to be built, will capture one of them, barring accidents. *The bit of striped bunting is nailed to the mast head* against any thing like an equality of force.

AFFAIR AT PORT MAHON. We have had several rumors about an unfortunate affair which occurred at Port Mahon, Minorca. The following, from an Alexandria paper is the most particular account of it that we have seen:

Captain McKnight, of the schooner Brothers Return, has politely favored us with the following letter, which he received while in Marseilles:

MARSEILLES, March 8, 1816.

By the most respectable authority we have just received the account of the wanton outrage commit-

ted by the troops of the Spanish garrison upon some of the officers and men belonging to the United States' fleet, stationed at Port Mahon, Island of Minorca.

It appears from the regulations of the Spanish garrison on the island, that the patrol had orders to take up all seamen who were found in the streets after the beating of the evening retreat. Some of the men belonging to the fleet, that were going down to their boats, had been arrested, and were met by their officers who solicited the officer of the guard to release them, which he was disposed to do, but his insubordinate men obstinately persisted in retaining them—in the dispute the sailors attempted to extricate themselves by force, when the guard drew back a few paces and wantonly fired a volley upon the defenceless officers and men; who, in their turn, rushed upon their adversaries and after a severe conflict succeeded in disarming part of the guard and putting the rest to flight. Two lieutenants were killed on the spot and many of the American party were wounded. The wanton cruelty of the act, done by men that never signalized themselves but in the persecution of truth, justice and liberty, naturally incensed the brave bosoms of those that possess those qualities in so eminent a degree, and it is owing only to the prompt and prudent measures of the gallant commodore that most of the garrison of the Island of Minorca were not numbered with their canonized saints.

The French lieut. gen. *Henry L'Allemand*, came passenger in the brig *Flora*, from Hamburg, arrived at Philadelphia.

Gen. *Jackson* arrived at New-Orleans on the 23d ult. He was received with great enthusiasm. He reviewed the troops stationed there, and finding them in an unhealthy state, had ordered them to the banks of the Alabama river.

The president has appointed maj. DANIEL HUGHES, late of the United States army, factor for the United States, at fort Hawkins.

Mr. Holman has purchased a lot of ground in *Richmond*, for the erection of a theatre, to be completed as soon as possible.

The governor's Garden, as it is called, which was directed to be sold by an act of the last assembly, was actually sold on Wednesday last, for more than \$50,000. The whole garden is but one acre.

Bellville, the seat of Mr. John Bell, near this city, containing about twenty acres, and, perhaps, the most elegant house in Virginia, was yesterday sold for 59,000 dollars.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

West Indies. The insurrection at Barbadoes, is officially stated to be suppressed, with the loss of only two or three lives, on the part of the inhabitants. Several of the ringleaders had been executed, and "trials and punishments in the most exemplary stile were going on against the offenders."—The extent of the damage done by them is not given.

We have had a report of an insurrection also at *St. Vincents*, saying that the insurgents possessed the whole island, except the fortifications. This is hardly probable—accounts from that island as late as the 24th ult. have been received, which make no mention of it.

Buffalo, May 14. SHIP NEWS.—On Saturday last 3 schooners made their appearance off our harbor, at the distance of 7 or 8 miles; but in consequence of the vast body of ice with which it is yet *blockaded*, they were unable to get in. They came to anchor under Point Abino. We understand they are from Detroit.

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS.*

THE MAN again, of whom more has already been written, we believe, than of any other human being, and of whom more remains to be, that is, *will* be, written, we imagine, than has yet appeared. It is not wonderful. Whatever opinion admirers or defamers may form of his moral character, his career, from the beginning to the close, was the most extraordinary, the most unexpected, the most thoroughly startling, whether considered in its parts or as a whole, that has ever passed before the eyes of the world. Alexander's career was undoubtedly magnificent. It was a great enterprise, conducted with constant splendor and success, not only to the overthrow of ancient empires supported by immense wealth and powerful armies, but into distant countries, "barbaric born," of which only vague reports had come to the ears of civilized nations. From the valley of the Nile to Babylon, Persia and the Indus, his course was one series of memorable triumphs; and to have always conquered is sufficient to give any military chieftain an undying name. Besides his great conquests, moreover, he gave evidences of a mind at once regal and statesmanlike; his views of government were capacious, his plans for the building of cities and the establishment of empire and commerce far-reaching and noble. Had he lived, it is probable that not one half of his reputation would have rested on his achievements in arms. Hannibal was the second great leader of antiquity, and was unquestionably a genius of the highest order. His native genius, indeed, was probably far superior to that of Alexander. The conqueror of Persia conducted his expeditions mainly against half-barbarous nations; the indomitable Carthaginian man to wage war with a civilized people, and the most experienced military power in the world. Alexander, again, invaded large and open countries, from which, if repulsed, it would have been easy to draw his armies aside into neighboring territories possessing small means of resistance; but Hannibal led his swarthy legions to the summits of the Alps and hurled them down into the bosom of a narrow and crowded peninsula, where every second man was a warrior, and from which there was no drawing back except with victory. This achievement of scaling so vast a chain of mountains with an armed host was superior to all others of the kind, including Napoleon's boasted passage, inasmuch as it was the first, the original, leaving the rest to be in a measure but imitations. This terrible descent into Italy, with the victories and the reverses which followed—equally mighty but equally honorable to his military fame, if we except his strange negligence in not marching direct upon Rome after the battle of Cannæ—all consummated by a close of life magnanimous as unfortunate, conspire to make his career among the most remarkable on record. Julius Cæsar, as a character, was superior to both the former. There was no one point in his life quite so imposing or startling, as those which make up the thrilling history of Alexander and Hannibal; but there was an accomplished greatness about him which neither of them possessed. He was of a race prolific in masterly talent, of an age adorned with the highest attainments of the intellect. The resources of arms they had learned in centuries of warfare; the august beauties of law were native with themselves; the splendors of arts and letters they had lavishly adopted. They had subdued the various provinces of Italy, destroyed Carthage, conquered Greece, overrun all the states and kingdoms in the East, which Alexander overran before them, and were now invading the vast nations among the forests of Gaul and Germany. Of that race, and in such an age, Cæsar was undoubtedly the greatest production. The proof of his greatness lay with him, as with all who are great, in his ability to do whatever he planned or aspired to. There is, in fact, no other evidence that a man is great. For it is a very false idea that genius is always greatness. The latter, in its broadest comprehension, must include the former under some shape, but this does not of necessity fill the latter. It argues necessarily the possession of some extraordinary quality or qualities; but these may exist in erratic minds, and their possessors often accomplish memorable things rather as matters of chance than as difficult efforts, marked out at a distance, yet broadly conceived, and overtaken and executed with the fullness of sustained purpose. To have many large qualities, loftily balanced—and those not only of mind but of *character*—to estimate himself never by what he has done, but by what he can do; to regard the objects in view, however vast, as no greater than many others, and as a part only of what is to be accomplished; to recognize them as already effected because resolved upon, remaining unrelated in the time of triumph because it was expected—in a word, to be always master of himself to the measure of achievement, yet never show achievement to be the measure of his capacity—this, in a man, and this alone, is the highest greatness. It was to this order of men Cæsar belonged. This is not saying that he was able to do anything which could be done by any other man—for it is a part of the greatness of which we have spoken, that it sees clearly what does, and what does not, lie in its capacity to accomplish. Whatever Cæsar undertook to do, Cæsar did; and he showed ability to triumph on many fields which he scarcely entered. He was not unwise enough (like Cicero) to attempt the heights of poetry—for which he probably had no faculty; but he displayed evidences of consummate power in such various spheres, that some have thought him to have been only a man of general talent than of genius, when in fact it was the rare exhibition of genius covering many fields at once. That he was a finished writer of prose, is amply testified by his "Commentaries," where the native directness and simplicity of style, joined with mastery ease and strength, have made them a model for all subsequent composition of the kind. It is not difficult, indeed, to conclude from them, that he would have been a master in any species of writing to which he might have turned his attention. In history, we imagine, he would have been especially eminent, possessing much of Tacitus' brevity and terseness, with much of Levy's breadth of brush and vividness of coloring, while in a clear understanding of matters of government, so necessary to the perfection of history, he would have been superior to both. Whether he might have placed his name with Cicero's in philosophy, we cannot judge, though he had unquestionably far more sense and judgment—no small requisites for such works; and it is conceded by all who have studied him and his times, that in oratory he would have equalled if not excelled the great Roman declaimer, had he pressed into that field with the skill and the vigor which he carried into his campaigns and battle-fields, and ambitious schemes of power. But, as with Napoleon, war and empire had more attractions for his strong energies, and it is there we see the chief exhibitions of the man. Beyond question he was among the five or six first military characters of all nations. He planned his campaigns with a far-reaching foresight, and conducted them with infinitely more science than any general before him had exhibited. He fought seven times as many pitched battles as any leader of antiquity, and more than any modern commander except Napoleon; his eagles were never vanquished; and the range of his conquests nearly doubled the extent of the Roman Empire. In civil matters, among the responsibilities and perils of government, there is evidence enough that he showed equal capacities. He was born both to conquer and to rule; and had he been suffered to bear the full weight of empire and a crown, it would have rested as easily and naturally upon him as his iron helmet. And then comes in the fitting manner of his death to make him "a mark for history!" Julius Cæsar was amongst the greatest men whom Rome and the world have ever produced. In modern times the most striking career was that of Cromwell. Rising from low origin, in as stormy a period as ever upturned the elements of a strong-minded people from the bottom, his iron will, his energy, his stern military capacities, his amazing sense and sagacity in all civil affairs and extraordinary gift at piercing the characters and the motives of men, enabled him to ascend rapidly to the command of the army, lead his nasal psalm-singing Roundheads to constant victory, overturn the throne, behead a King, seize the reins of revolution into his hands of steel, assume fearlessly the immense responsibilities of government, and manage the interests of his country, both at home and abroad, with an easy skill and vigor to which there has been no parallel, before or since, in any English ruler. What was more remarkable than all—he *died in his bed*. Other characters, too, of modern ages—Marlborough, Turenne, Condé, Frederick of Prussia, the "Mad Swede," Spinola, and the "Great Captain" of Spain, ran a brilliant course, and exhibited eminent abilities—all of them in war, and one or two in matters of State. Nor is it possible in any such enumeration, to pass by him who carried us safely through the protracted, painful, and most desperate struggle of our Revolution, and afterwards through the more perilous period of civil weakness, discord and universal despondency. Though the armies brought into the contest were at no time very large, so that compared with the terrible battles fought in European wars, our separate engagements were of small account, yet the conduct of Washington throughout, with such inadequate means, and forces so divided over a vast country, with

the extraordinary energy and judgment displayed in many particular situations of hazard and difficulty, declare him to have possessed military capacities of the highest order. Then how large was his wisdom! How great his virtues! The latter part of his life, as a statesman and ruler, was more glorious to him than even his fortitude and his battles;—his rejection of sovereignty more memorable than any other man's successful usurpation. The moral greatness of Washington has never been surpassed. Has it ever had a parallel? But what career among all these of which we have spoken was like Napoleon's? Brilliant they were, impressive, and history can never forget them. Some of them produced effects of the most enduring nature upon the destinies of mankind. But we feel assured, that men will always turn away from them with astonishment—the more startling and profound as they are farther removed in time—to the suddenness and the power, with which a planet of a new order, rising from the bosom of the revolution, blazed up the zenith—traversing the heavens for years, from point to point, with a rapid and burning course, whose direction no one could foretell—brightened and darkened with the most amazing alternations, yet firing everywhere the tempest through which it went—and kindling at last the waste of ocean where it fell with a mighty light, which no solitary place among the seas ever knew before, and from which, for years again, the whole world was unable to withdraw its gaze. For ourselves, we have always felt that the true life of Napoleon remains to be written. His historians have been too much taken up with his genius and achievements in war, and have not enough considered his equally astonishing capacities for all other departments of government. That a young man, scarce thirty years of age, of a mere military education, and spending all his life up to that time in military practice and the active operations of war, should suddenly, and unexpectedly to himself—for he never could have foreseen it—take upon him the burden of an empire, and manage all its vast interests at home and abroad with such consummate ease and ability, as if "to the manner born"—restore its finance, regulate its commerce, reform its laws, create a constitution, project and carry through internal improvements on the grandest scale, and establish the foreign relations of the country on a new and broader basis—that such a man should have done all this, besides conquering on a hundred battle-fields, is the most surprising exhibition, we think, yet to be found in history. For everything alike Napoleon seemed to have the eagle's gaze. There can be no question that no monarch ever surpassed him in political sagacity. His eye was fixed at once upon every part of Christendom and barbaric Asia. There were many keen-sighted diplomatists around him to give him counsel—but he saw farther than any of them—farther in fact than any diplomatist of Europe.—He was rapidly outwitting or coercing them all; and had not England, for that very reason violated her own treaty of Amiens, he would in a few years have consolidated his influence over all that north of Europe which she succeeded in banding against him, and would have made the French Empire the greatest since that of the Cæsars. The history of the life and character of Napoleon is yet to be written. Mr. Headley is in very many respects—we think he might become in nearly all—fitted to be the writer of that history. He has a rapid, clear, and vigorous style, much skill in delineating and dissecting character, a quick philosophy to discern the causes that produced great results, and a power of description on occasions of "pith and moment," in scenes of swift and thrilling action, that we do not remember to have seen surpassed by any writer. He possesses the still greater requisite of thoroughly knowing his subject. He *feels* what Napoleon was, and what the men were he gathered around him. He feels, too, what was the nature of that period in which the great Corsican rose, conquered and reigned. He knows that if no ordinary times could produce such a man, no ordinary man was needed to rule such times; that if the struggles freedom of often end in despotism, it may be the very magnitude of the social evils under which those struggles commenced that made a second despotism necessary. He is aware, in brief, that while all historians should know that no important events are without their adequate causes—usually inevitable if not lying in reason—individual or national prejudice, in the old world especially, has falsified one-half of the history ever written, by refusing to see any connection between them, looking at mighty events in times of revolution entirely by themselves, as some monstrous birth—a kind of moral mushrooms, born, no one knows how, of night and unwholesome dews. One might better be a fatalist than such a historian. Mr. Headley is an American, and writes with what ought to be the true American spirit, sympathizing always with the masses, yet recognizing what so many republican writers zealously overlook, that intellect and attainments must bear the rule. And we cannot forbear remarking here, that American writers have a great mission to perform. It is to read the history of the old nations with other eyes than those which have hitherto read it for us and the world. Our vision, made keen by a new experience, gazing through a new light, informed by new modes of thought and feeling, cannot fail of seeing things in the past ages very differently from the way in which they have usually been seen. We know of no field on which writers of this country could gain so striking a reputation, as by re-writing the annals of Europe, more especially those of Feudal England. Rightly written, they would be a new revelation to the European mind. It is at least necessary that we should not take the word only of English historians respecting the character and conduct of their enemies. Yet this, to our disgrace, is what we have done. Speaking the same language, we naturally see for the most part, and earliest in life, their representations of Continental affairs, so that nearly all our fixed impressions of European history are derived from the most prejudiced sources. It is quite time that a different state of things should exist, and this is one of the chief causes of our gratification at the appearance of the present volume. There was danger, indeed, that the author, in meeting the English, should too exclusively adopt the extremes of French partiality. But we do not think he can be accused of this. All Mr. Headley's writings that we have seen show him to be an impassioned man, but eminently disposed to justice—though it may be said with truth, that an impassioned writer will with difficulty always be entirely just. We can, however, the more safely confide in his account of Napoleon, because, as he himself frankly states he had formed and published a very different opinion of the man; but on making wider and deeper researches, he was compelled to change it in very many important points. What is yet more conclusive, the reader will find in all the most "critical instances," the disputed passages of Napoleon's life, he has fortified his defence only by the admissions of the English themselves. A most remarkable instance relates to the treaty of Amiens. We will quote a few passages upon this point, as it is made one of the principal grounds for assailing Bonaparte for "unbounded ambition," disdainfulness of the peace of mankind. For, as Mr. Headley remarks, "the first great barrier in the way of rendering him justice is the conviction, everywhere entertained, that he alone, or chiefly, is chargeable with those desolating wars that covered the continent with slain armies." The first question is, how did those wars begin? How came Napoleon first to be involved in those tremendous struggles? The original cause of hostility to France—deadly and enduring—was, as Mr. Headley states, the alarming rise of her republic, in the midst of Feudal Europe. "It is impossible for one who has not travelled amid the monarchies of Europe, and witnessed their nervous fear of republican principles, and their fixed determination, at whatever sacrifice of justice, human rights, and human life, to maintain their oppressive forms of government, to appreciate at all the position of France at the time of the revolution. The balance of political power had been their great object of anxiety, and all the watchfulness directed against the encroachments of one state on another; and no one can imagine the utter consternation with which Europe saw a mighty republic suddenly rise in her midst. The balance of power was forgotten in the anxiety for self preservation. The sound of the falling throne of the Bourbons rolled like a sudden earthquake under the iron and century-bound framework of despotism, till everything heaved and rocked on its ancient foundation." This republic the monarchical governments around determined to crush before her strength was consolidated. Austria and Prussia took up arms, avowing their purpose to aid the Bourbon whom France had repudiated. Then Holland, Spain, and *England* came into the alliance—forcing an independent people to arrange their government in a manner against their will. Who, then, is to blame for the terrible train of evils that followed, but the Allied Powers? "Bonaparte was yet a boy," says Mr. Headley, "when this infamous war was stewing the banks of the Rhine with slain armies." Finally, the "poor, proud charity boy of the military school at Brienne," became a lean, pale-faced, slightly-formed young officer of artillery, with a quick, gray eye, and a calm forehead. He was employed, with many others of like grade, in defending France. We have never been able to understand why he was selected for the most important of all the posts at that time—to head the armies of Italy. He had done nothing especial. He was twenty-seven years old, had trained some cannon successfully at Toulon, and put down a revolt of the sections at Paris. Barras, who procured his appointment, must have had some singular presentiment of his greatness. However, he was sent; and the mighty genius of the man was soon apparent. He found the forces in Italy less than forty thousand men, "badly provisioned, worse paid, ragged and murmuring;" yet with this force, such was his energy and skill, and the confidence he inspired, he destroyed four separate armies, each fully as large as his own, achieving one of the most remarkable campaigns on record. Those armies were Austrian, and this

fierce conflict, the foundation of Bonaparte's fame, was against those who had assailed his country. The next year, by direction of his government, he subjugated Lombardy, and forced Austria to sign a treaty of peace. Thus many of the most terrific battles he ever fought—at Lodi, Arcola, Montenotte, Rivoli, Castiglione, which took place at that period—were a part of a defensive war carried on under the orders of his government. Bonaparte returned to Paris, as the preserver of France. Weary of inaction and of the wretched Directory, he proposed the expedition into Egypt. By itself, this enterprise cannot be defended. It was aggressive and unjust; but what had the other powers of Europe to say to it, except that they wanted all the spoils of feeble nations to themselves. Russia, Austria, and Prussia had dismembered and stripped poor Poland, and England was covering the plains of India with her swarthy dead in a series of conquests as iniquitous as any nation has ever perpetrated. Cruel ambition of Napoleon and of France!—Undoubtedly, the violence of one nation does not justify the violence of another; but it were wise as well as modest for England to keep silence. Bonaparte absent, Austria thought it a good time for crippling her old enemy, and recovering a part of her immense losses. Without scruple, she broke her treaty, and recommenced direct hostilities. Napoleon was two thousand miles distant, under the shadow of the Pyramids. "Hearing that the republic was everywhere defeated, and Italy wrested from its grasp, he immediately set sail for France, and escaping the English fleet in a most miraculous manner, protected by "his star," reached France in October. By November he had overthrown the inefficient Directory, and been proclaimed First Consul with all the attributes, but none of the titles, of king. He immediately commenced negotiations with the allied powers, while at the same time he brought his vast energies to bear on the internal state of France. Credit was to be restored, money raised, the army supplied, war in Vendee suppressed, a constitution given to France. By his superhuman exertions and all-pervading genius, he accomplished all this, and by next spring was ready to offer Europe peace or war." It is unquestionable that he desired peace. "He had acquired sufficient glory," says Mr. Headley, "as a military leader, and he now wished to resuscitate France, and become great as a civil ruler." He wrote two letters—one to the king of England, the other to the emperor of Germany—filled with the most frank and manly sentiments. Thus to England:—"Must the war, Sire, which for the last eight years has devastated the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding? How can two of the most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger already and more powerful than their safety or their independence requires, sacrifice to ideas of vain-glory the well-being of commerce, internal prosperity, and the peace of families? How is it they do not feel peace to be the first of necessities as the first of glories?" But the crooked-souled diplomatists of the monarchies around him could not understand the First Consul's frank, straight-forward way of negotiating. Their minds had become so awry among their own oblique labyrinthine paths of policy, they were afraid there was some deep deception under all this candor. "Austria was inclined to listen, and replied courteously"—as well she might. She had been beaten enough to be courteous. Pitt returned insults, and heaped accusations on Bonaparte and the Republic. "The English government must first see some fruits of *repentance and amendment*." And what were the blessed tokens of "repentance" the holiness of England wished to see?—That the Bourbons should be restored! Napoleon, in reply, showed clearly, that the enemies of France commenced aggressions—then asked:—"What would be thought of France, if in her propositions she insisted on the restoration of the dethroned Stuarts, before she would make peace?" Disconcerted, the English Minister acknowledged, that war was to be waged, not to reëstablish the Bourbon throne, but "for the security of all governments." That is, there could be no great republic in the midst of Europe! Bonaparte saw the struggle that lay before him;—and never were the immense energies and amazing genius of the man more signally displayed than in the single half-year succeeding. " * * * Europe chose war. The gigantic mind that had wrought such prodigies in seven months in France, now turned its concentrated strength and wrath on the enemy. Massena had been sent to Genoa to furnish an example of heroism to latest posterity. Moreau, he dispatched to Swabia, to render the Black Forest immortal by his victories of Engen, Moskirch and Biberach, and send the Austrians in consternation to their capital, while he himself, amid the confusion and wonderment of Europe at his complicated movements, precipitated his enthusiastic troops down the Alps, and by one bold and successful stroke wrested Italy from the enemy, and forced the astonished and discomfited sovereigns of Europe to an armistice of six months. Unexhausted by his unparalleled efforts, no sooner was the truce proclaimed than he plunged with the same suddenness, yet profound forethought with which he rushed into battle, into the distracted politics of Europe. By a skillful stroke of policy in offering Malta to Russia, at the moment it was certain to fall into the hands of England, he embroiled these two countries in a quarrel, while by promising Hanover to Russia, he bribed her to reject the coalition with England, and consent to an alliance with himself. At the same time he planned the league of the neutral powers against England—armed Denmark and Sweden, and closed all the ports of the Continent against her, and prepared succors for Egypt. While his deep sagacity was thus baffling the cabinet of England, involving her in a general war with Europe, and pressing to her lips the chalice she had just forced him to drink, he apparently devoted his entire energies to the internal state of France, and the building of public works. He created the Bank of France—built the credit of government on a firm basis—began the Codes, spanned the Alps with roads—sufficient monuments of themselves of his genius—and restored the complete supremacy of the laws throughout the kingdom. All this he accomplished in six months, and at the close of the armistice was ready for war. The glorious campaign of Hohenlinden followed, and Austria, frightened for her throne, negotiated the peace of Luneville, giving the world time to recover its amazement and gaze more steadily on this mighty sphere that had shot so suddenly across the orbits of kings." Europe began to regard the First Consul with some respect, and all parties were weary of so protracted and wasting a war. "The Peace of Amiens was declared and the world was at rest." What now was the ambitious violence of Napoleon that the treaty of Amiens should be ruptured? And *how* was it broken? And what power broke it? "Peace, which Bonaparte needed and wished for, being restored, he applied his vast energies to the development of the resources of France, and to the building of stupendous public works. Commerce was revived—the laws administered with energy—order restored, and the blessings of peace were fast healing up the wounds of war. Men were amazed at the untiring energy, and the amazing plans of Bonaparte. His genius gave a new birth to the nation—developed new elements of strength and imparted an impulse to her growth that threatened to outstrip the greatest of England. His ambition was to obtain colonial possessions, like those of England; and if allowed to direct his vast energies in that direction, there was no doubt France would soon rival the British Empire in its provinces. England was at first fearful of the influence of the French Republic, but now a new cause of alarm seized her. It was evident that France was fast tending towards a monarchy. Bonaparte had been made First Consul for life, with the power to appoint his successor; and it required no seer to predict that his gigantic mind and dictatorial spirit, would not long brook any check from inferior authority. From the very superiority of his intellect, he must merge everything into his majestic plans, and gradually acquire more and more control, till the placing of a crown on his head would be only the symbol of that supreme power which had long before passed into his hands. England, therefore, had no longer to fear the influence of a Republic, and hence fight for the security of government in general. She had, however, another cause of anxiety—the too rapid growth of her ancient rival. She became alarmed at the strides with which France advanced under the guiding of Napoleon, and refused to carry out the terms of the solemn treaty she had herself signed." It had been expressly stipulated that England should give up Egypt and Malta, France evacuate Naples, Tarento and the Roman States. Bonaparte fulfilled his part of the treaty within two months; but ten months had now elapsed, and the English were still in Alexandria and Malta. Still, Napoleon, anxious to preserve peace, made no complaint. At last, it was "suddenly announced that the English government had proclaimed her determination not to fulfill the stipulations she had herself made. The only pretext offered for this violation of a solemn contract, was her suspicions that France had designs on these places!" What could Bonaparte do, unless France should submit to the violation of a solemn treaty—a dishonor which England would be the last to endure? The struggle opened again, and with a fury never before equalled. Massena swept the plains of Italy, and the "sun of Austerlitz" rose over the victorious arms of the French. And for this third sanguinary war, its wide misery and terrific carnage, "who is chargeable?" asks Mr. Headley. "Not Napoleon—not France;"—and he makes good the assertion by appealing to the most bitterly partial of all the English historians. "Mr. Alison, who certainly will not be accused of favoring too much the French view of the matter, nor too eager to load England with crime, is nevertheless compelled to hold the following remarkable language respecting this war: 'In coolly reviewing the circumstances under which the contest was renewed, it is impossible to deny that the British government

* Napoleon and his Marshals. By J. T. Headley. New York: Baker & Scribner.

manifested a feverish anxiety to come to a rupture, and that, so far as the two countries were concerned, they were the aggressors."

Still more to his purpose, Mr. Headley quotes afterwards, a passage from Napier, which entirely relieves the larger portion of Bonaparte's career from the charge of guilty ambition.

"Up to the peace of Tilsit," says Napier, "the wars of France were essentially defensive; for the bloody contest that wasted the Continent so many years, was not a struggle for preëminence between ambitious powers—not a dispute for some accession of territory, nor for the political ascendancy of one or the other nation, but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate—whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments."

"But how much," Mr. Headley asks, "does this 'up to the peace of Tilsit,' embrace?"

"First, All the first wars of the French Republic—the campaigns of 1792, '93, '94, and '95—and the carnage and wo that made up their history. Second, *Eleven of the eighteen years of Bonaparte's career*—the campaigns of 1796, in Italy and Germany—the battle of Montenotte, Miliesimo, Dego, Lodi, Arcola, Castiglione, and Rivoli—the campaigns of 1797, and the bloody battle-fields that marked their progress. It embraces the wars in Italy and Switzerland, while Bonaparte was in Egypt; the campaign of Marengo and its carnage; the havoc around and in Genoa; the slain thousands that strewed the Black Forest and the banks of the Danube where Moreau struggled so heroically; the campaign of Hohenlinden and its losses. And yet this is but a fraction to what remains. This period takes in also the campaign of Austerlitz and its bloody battle, and the havoc the hand of war was making in Italy—the campaign of Jena, and the fierce conflicts that accompanied it; the campaign of Eylau, and the battles of Pultusk, Golymin, Heilsberg, crowned by the dreadful slaughter of Eylau; the campaigns of Friedland and the Tilsit, and the slain armies they left on the plains of Europe."

We think Mr. Headley's defence of Bonaparte on these points is perfectly conclusive. He afterwards adds, in the spirit of a just and moderate historian, that he has not designed in this defence "to prove that Napoleon always acted justly, or from the most worthy motives; or that the Republic never did wrong; but to reveal the principles which lay at the bottom of that protracted war which commenced with the Revolution, and ended only with the overthrow of Napoleon. It was first a war of despotism and monarchy against republicanism, and then a war of suspicion and jealousy and rivalry."

Not less striking and successful is Mr. Headley's exposition of Napoleon's extraordinary genius and character. The entire sketch—of which we are able to quote but a small part—occupies about sixty pages of the volume. We could wish it had been twice as long—but as it is, it forms by far the best essay we have ever seen upon his character and career. It is condensed and graphic, often eloquent—gives a more distinct idea of the man, and clears up many points which prejudiced writers have hitherto succeeded in misrepresenting or obscuring.

Mr. Headley does not think, that Napoleon's boyish actions at Brienne pre-shadowed, as some imagine, his future career—and that in ordinary times "he would have figured in the world's history only as a powerful writer or a brilliant orator." He says, however, that with more talent than his playmates, he had more pride and passion; and adds, "his abrupt laconic style of speaking corresponded well with his impetuous temper, and evinced at an early age the iron-like nature with which he was endowed." His career began with quelling the revolt of the Sections. Barras selected him for this purpose; the scene is eminently characteristic.

"It was with unfeigned surprise that the Abbe Sieyes, Rewbel, Le-tourneur, Roger Ducos, and General Moulins, saw him introduced to them by Barras, as the commander he had chosen for the troops that were to defend the convention. Said General Moulins to him, 'You are aware that it is only by the powerful recommendation of citizen Barras, that we confide to you so important a post?' 'I have not asked for it,' drily replied the young Lieutenant, 'and if I accept it, it will be because, after a close examination, I am confident of success. I am different from other men; I never undertake anything I cannot carry through.' This sally caused the members of the Convention to bite their lips, for the implied sarcasm stung each in his turn. 'But do you know,' said Rewbel, 'that this may be a very serious affair—that the sections—' 'Very well,' fiercely interrupted the young Bonaparte, 'I will make a serious affair of it, and the sections shall become tranquil.' He had seen Louis XVI. put on the red cap, and show himself from the palace of the Tuilleries to the mob, and unable to restrain his indignation at the sight, exclaimed to his companion Bourienne, 'What madness! he should have blown four or five hundred of them into the air, and the rest would have taken to their heels.'"

A scene of the same character is finely described in the sketch of Marshal Augereau—the third in the volume.

"I have often imagined," says Mr. Headley, "the first interview between the young Bonaparte, and the veteran generals of the army of Italy. There were Rampon, Massena and Augereau, crowned with laurels they had won on many a hard-fought field. Here was a young man sent to them as their commander-in-chief, only twenty-seven years of age. Pale, thin, with a stoop in his shoulders, his personal appearance indicated anything but the warrior. And what else had he to recommend him? He had directed some artillery successfully against Toulon, and quelled a mob in Paris, and that was all. He had no rank in civil matters—indeed, had scarcely been heard of—and now, a mere stripling, without experience, never having conducted an army in his life; he appears before the two scarred generals, Massena and Augereau, both nearly forty years of age, as their commander-in-chief. When called to pay their visit to him, on his arrival, they were utterly amazed at the folly of the Directory. The war promised to be a mere farce. Young Bonaparte, whose quick eye detected the impression he had made on them, soon, by the firmness of his manner, and his vigor of thought, modified their feelings. At the Council of War, called to discuss the proper mode of commencing hostilities, Rampon volunteered a great deal of sage advice—recommended circumspection and prudence—and spoke of the experienced generals that were opposed to them. Bonaparte listened, full of impatience, till he was through; and then replied, in his impetuous manner, 'Permit me, gentlemen, with all due deference to your excellent observations, to suggest some new ideas. The art of war, rest assured, is yet in its infancy. For many ages men have made war in a theatrical and effeminate manner. Now is not the time for enemies mutually to appoint a place of combat, and advancing, with their hats in hand, say, 'Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire.' We must cut the enemy in pieces—precipitate ourselves, like a torrent, on their battalions—and grind them to powder; that is, bring back war to its primitive state—fight as Alexander and Cæsar did. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better, so much the better! It is not their experience that will avail them against me. Mark my words, they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know what to do.' 'The system I adopt, is favorable to the profession of arms; every soldier becomes a hero; for when men are launched forward with impetuosity, there is no time for reflection, and they will do wonders. Yes, gentlemen, the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smile like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not daring to put them in execution, they will fly before us as the shades of night before the up-rising sun.' The manner and tone, in which this was said, and that eloquence, too, which afterwards so frequently electrified the soldiers, took the old generals by surprise, and Augereau and Massena turned to each other with significant looks, and Rampon, after he had gone out, remarked, 'Here is a man that will yet cut out work for government.'"

The eloquence of Napoleon was remarkable. We do not think any military leader ever equalled him in that respect. Some of the speeches of the ancient commanders, if correctly reported—as a few of them undoubtedly were—are very noble; and many moving addresses have been made to armies in modern times, on occasions of near peril, and on the eve of battle. All military eloquence, moreover, which is at all effective, has necessarily two great elements of oratory—brevity and rapidity. There is no time for long harangues, when the soldiers spoken to can almost look into their foe-men's eyes. But there was in Napoleon's speech, at all times a directness and simplicity, a condensed energy, an abrupt rapidity and startling clearness—in short, a certain pointed, terse, impetuous and imperious decision, both of thought and expression, to which we have never seen a parallel in any speaker, whether of the senate, the bar, or the battle-field. Its force was manifest in the effect produced, which was overwhelming. This was aided by his consummate knowledge of character, of human nature. He never failed to excite, to subdue, to melt, to thrill, the soldiers whom he addressed: and he had equal influence over his officers, his cabinet, or the populace of Paris. The same qualities were exhibited in his conversation, dispatches and diplomatic dealings. As a public speaker treating of various subjects, he might have found it necessary to cultivate other qualities; but had he entered that walk in life, he would unquestionably have become a great orator. The instances of the effect of his eloquence are numerous. Mr. Headley quotes one striking and brief enough to be re-quoted.

"Soon after the battle of Castiglione, and just before the battle of Rivoli, he made an example of the 39th and 85th regiments of Vaubois Division, for having given way to a panic, and nearly lost him the battle." Arranging these two regiments in a circle, he addressed them in the following lan-

guage: "Soldiers, I am displeased with you—you have shown neither discipline, nor valor, nor firmness. You have allowed yourselves to be chased from positions, where a handful of brave men would have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are no longer French soldiers. Chief of the Staff, let it be written on their standards, 'They are no longer of the Army of Italy.'"

"Nothing could exceed the stunning effect with which these words fell on those brave men. They forgot their discipline and the order of their ranks, and bursting into grief, filled the air with their cries—and rushing from their ranks, crowded, with most beseeching looks and voices around their General, and begged to be saved from such a disgrace, saying, 'Lead us once more into battle, and see if we are not of the Army of Italy.'"

We make room for a few more passages of rapid and skillful characterization.

"One great secret of his success, is to be found in the union of two striking qualities of mind, which are usually opposed to each other. He possessed an imagination as ardent, and a mind as impetuous as the most chivalric warrior; and yet a judgment as correct as the ablest tactician. His mind moved with the rapidity of lightning, and yet with the precision and steadiness of naked reason. He rushed to his final decision as if he overleaped all the intermediate space, and yet he embraced the entire ground, and every detail in his passage. In short, he could decide quick and correctly too. He did not possess these antagonist qualities in a moderate degree, but he was at the same time, the most rapid and the most correct of men in the formation of his plans. It was the union of these that gave Bonaparte such immense power over his adversaries. His plans were more skillfully and deeply laid than theirs, and yet perfected before theirs were begun. He broke up the counsels of other men, by the execution of his own. This power of thinking quick, and of thinking right, is the rarest exhibited in history. It gives the possessor of it all the advantage that thought has over impulse, and all the advantage, too, that impulse frequently has over thought, by the suddenness and unexpectedness of its movements.

"His power of combination was unrivalled. The most extensive plans, involving the most complicated movements, were laid down with the clearness of a map in his mind; whilst the certainty and precision with which they were all brought to bear on one great point, took the ablest generals in Europe by surprise. His mind seemed vast enough for the management of the globe, and not so much encircled every thing, as contained every thing. It was hard to tell whether he exhibited more skill in conducting a campaign, or in managing a single battle. With a power of generalization seldom equalled, his perceptive faculties, that let no detail escape him, were equally rare.

As an illustration of this wonderful extent, certainty and precision of his combinations, we add here a graphic passage from a sketch of Marshal Macdonald. That vivid narration has already appeared in our pages, but the extract may be repeated in this connection. The concentration, within a day and a half of each other, of such vast forces from distant parts of Europe, exhibits, to our mind, the most amazing instance on record of military skill and power in calculating and ordering the movements of armies.

"The battle of Aspern had proved disastrous to the French. The utmost efforts of Napoleon could not wring victory from the hands of the Austrians. Massena had stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with cannon balls over head, and fought as never even he fought before. The brave Lannes had been mangled by a cannon shot, and died while the victorious guns of the enemy were still playing on his heroic, but flying column; and the fragments of the magnificent army, that had in the morning moved from the banks of the Danube in all the confidence of victory, at nightfall were crowded and packed in the little island of Lobau. Rejecting the counsel of his officers, Bonaparte resolved to make a stand here, and wait for reinforcements to come up. Nowhere does his exhaustless genius show itself more than in this critical period of his life. He revived the drooping spirits of his soldiers, by presents from his own hands, and visited in person the sick in the hospitals; while the most gigantic plans at the same time, strung his vast energies to their utmost tension.

"From the latter part of May to the 1st of July, he had remained cooped up in this little island, but not inactive. He had done everything that could be done on the spot, while orders had been sent to the different armies to hasten to his relief; and never was there such an exhibition of the skill and promptitude with which orders had been issued and carried out. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the different armies from all quarters first began to come in, and before the next night they had all arrived. First with music and streaming banners appeared the columns of Bernadotte, hastening from the banks of the Elbe, carrying joy to the desponding hearts of Napoleon's army. They had hardly reached the field before the stirring notes of the bugle, and the roll of drums in another quarter, announced the approach of Vandamme from the provinces of the Rhine. Wrede came next from the banks of the Lech, with his strong Bavarians, while the morning sun shown on Macdonald's glorious troops, rushing down from Illyria and the Alpine summits, to save Bonaparte and the Empire. As the bold Scotchman reined his steed up beside Napoleon, and pointed back to his advancing columns, he little thought that two days after, the fate of Europe was to turn on his single will. Scarcely were his troops arrived at their appointed place, before the brave Marmont appeared with glittering bayonets and waving plumes, from the borders of Dalmatia. Like an exhaustless stream, the magnificent armies kept pouring into that little isle; while to crown the whole, Eugene came up with his veterans from the plains of Hungary. In two days they had all assembled, and on the evening of the 4th of July, Napoleon glanced with exultant eye over a hundred and eighty thousand warriors, crowded and packed into the small space of two miles and a half in breadth, and a mile and a half in length."

On the whole we cannot but agree with Mr. Headley, that, as a military leader, Napoleon has at least "no superior in modern or ancient times." It is preposterous to compare Wellington with him, and no one but a conceited Englishman would do it. As Mr. Headley very justly remarks, and as no one can deny, Soult through the whole Peninsula war showed himself a match for the British General—"beat him oftener and longer," than he was beaten by him. "Pitted against each other for years, they were so nearly balanced, that there seems little to choose between them." Yet who would think of "drawing a parallel between Soult and Napoleon?" Does it make Wellington Bonaparte's equal, that he did not lose the battle of Waterloo? He did not win that battle; he was simply "commander-in-chief when it was won." He was fairly caught; if Blücher had not come up unexpectedly, or if Grouchy had followed Blücher, where would Wellington have been? Napoleon would have annihilated him and the whole alliance. To judge of Bonaparte, as a leader of armies, we must look at him through the scenes of his life.

"He marched his victorious troops successively into almost every capital of Europe. Meeting and overwhelming in turn the armies of Prussia, Austria, Russia, and England, he, for a long time, waged a successful war against them all combined; and exhausted at last by his very victories, rather than by their conquest, he fell before superior numbers, which in a protracted contest, must always prevail. His first campaigns in Italy, and the campaign of Austerlitz, are, perhaps, the most glorious he ever conducted. The first astonished the world, and fixed his fortune. In less than a year, he overthrew four of the finest armies in Europe. With fifty-five thousand men, he had beaten more than two hundred thousand Austrians—taken prisoners nearly double the amount of his whole army, and killed half as many as the entire force he had at any one time in the field.

"The tactics he had adopted in this campaign, and which he never after departed from, correspond singularly with the character of his mind. Instead of following up what was considered the scientific mode of conducting a campaign and a battle, he fell back on his own genius, and made a system of his own, adapted to the circumstance in which he was placed. Instead of opposing wing to wing, centre to centre, and column to column, he rapidly concentrated his entire strength on separate portions in quick succession. Hurling his combined force now on one wing, and now another and now throwing it with the weight and terror of an avalanche on the centre, he crushed each in its turn; or cutting the army in two, destroyed its communication and broke it to pieces."

And then what astonishing activity of mind and body. We cannot find that all the biographies of greatness furnish a parallel.

"No victory allured him into a moment's repose—no luxuries tempted him to ease—and no success bounded his impetuous desires. Laboring with an intensity and rapidity that accomplished the work of days in hours, he nevertheless seemed crowded to the very limit of human capacity by the vast plans and endless projects that asked and received his attention. In the cabinet he astonished every one by his striking thoughts and indefatigable industry. The forms and ceremonies of court could not keep his mind, hardly for an hour, from the labour which he seemed to covet. He allowed himself usually but four or five hours rest, and during his campaigns, exhibited the same almost miraculous activity of mind. He would dictate to one set of secretaries all day, and after he had tired them out, call for a second, and keep them on the stretch all night, snatching but a brief repose during the whole time. His common practice was to rise at two in the morning, and dictate to his secretaries for two hours, then devote two hours more to thought alone, when he would take a warm bath and dress for the day. But in a pressure of business this division of labour and rest was scattered to the winds, and he would work all night. With his night gown wrapped around him, and a silk handkerchief tied about his head, he would walk backwards and forwards in his apartment from dark

till daylight, dictating to—Caulincourt, or Dürée, or D'Albe, his chief secretary, in his impetuous manner, which required the highest exertion to keep pace with; while Rustan, his faithful Mameluke, whom he brought from Egypt, was up also, bringing from time to time, a strong cup of coffee to refresh him. Sometimes at midnight, when all was still, this restless spirit would call out, 'Call D'Albe: let every one arise!' and then commenced working, allowing himself no intermission or repose till sunrise. He has been known to dictate to three secretaries at the same time, so rapid were the movements of his mind, and yet so perfectly under his control. He never deferred business for an hour, but did, on the spot what then claimed his attention. Nothing but the most iron like constitution could have withstood these tremendous strains upon it. And, as if Nature had determined that nothing should be wanting to the full development of this wonderful man, as well as no resources withheld from his gigantic plans, she had endowed him with a power of endurance seldom equalled. It was not till the most intense and protracted mental and physical effort combined, that he gave intimations of being sensible to fatigue. In his first campaign in Italy, though slender and apparently weak, he rode five horses to death in a few days, and for six days and nights, never took off his boots, or retired to his couch. * * * He spurred his panting steed through the scorching sun beams of Africa, and forced his way on foot, with a birchen stick in his hand, over the icy path, as he fled from Moscow with the same firm presence. He would sleep in the palace of the Tuilleries, or on the shore of the Danube with nought but his cloak about him, while the groans of the dying loaded the midnight air—with equal soundness. He was often on horseback eighteen hours a day, and yet wrought up to the intensest mental excitement all the while. Marching till midnight, he would array his troops by moonlight; and fighting all day, he hailed victor at night; and then, without rest, travel all the following night and day, and the next morning fight another battle, and be a second time victorious. He often spoke of as a mere child of fortune; but whoever in this world will possess such powers of mind, and use them with such skill and industry, and has a frame that will stand it, will always be a child of fortune."

One of the most preposterous assertions made about Napoleon, has been that he had no personal courage. His whole course of life seems to us to crush the charge into nothing. Mr. Headley notes it, and remarks briefly that "the daring he exhibited in the revolt of the Sections, when, with five thousand soldiers, he boldly withstood forty thousand of the National Guard and mob of Paris, he carried with him to his fall. At the terrible passage of Lodi, where, though general in chief, he was the second man across the bridge;—at Arcola, where he stood, with the standard in his hand, in the midst of a perfect tempest of balls and grape shot; and at Wagram, where he rode on his white steed, backward and forward, for a whole hour, before his shivering lines, to keep them steady in the dreadful fire that thinned their ranks, and swept the ground they stood upon;—he evinced the heroic courage that he possessed, and which was a part of his very nature."

Napoleon's courage was as unquestionable as his ambition. But eminent above these and every other trait of his character, was his sublime self-confidence.—Milton's Lucifer never exhibited that quality to a more exalted degree. There was no emergency in his life in which he did not fall back upon himself alone, without a sign of wavering. From his boyish decision at the siege of Toulon to the time when Europe stood up against him on the field of Waterloo, it was the same. He was sent to wrest Italy from an army four times the number of his own;—he called no councils of war—he resolved and executed. The conflagration of Moscow and a Russian winter overwhelmed and drove back the immense host with which he invaded the North: he relied upon himself. The sudden weight of an empire fell upon his shoulders;—he bore it as something for which he was born. The crowned heads of Europe, banding themselves together against him, met in his quick gray eye the same calm self reliance. Monarchs against the plebeian! His eagle glance pierced to the core of their rotten power, and his audacious thoughts were all the while partitioning their kingdoms. The plebeian against monarchs!

"He wheeled his cannon around their thronns," says Mr. Headley in one of those vivid and comprehensive passages, frequent in his writing, "with a coolness and inflexibility of purpose that made 'the dignity which doth hedge a king,' a most pitiful thing to behold. * * * While astonished at the boldness of his irruption into Egypt, they were listening to hear again the thunder of his guns around the Pyramids, they suddenly saw his mighty army hanging along the crest of the Alps; and before the astonishing vision had fairly disappeared, the sound of his cannon was heard shaking the shores of the Danube, and his victorious eagles were waving their wings over the capital of the Austrian Empire. One moment his terrible standards would be seen along the shores of the Rhine; the next, by the banks of the Borysthenes, and then again fluttering amid the flames of Moscow. * * * Victory deserted the standards of the enemy the moment that the presence of Napoleon among his legions was announced in their camp, and when it was whispered in the ranks that his eye was sweeping the battle field, the arm of the foeman waxed weak; and he conquered as much by his name as by his armies. This boldness of movement, giving him such immense moral power, arose from his confidence in himself."

But Bonaparte's moral qualities bore no comparison with those of his intellect. His genius was unfortunately greater than his virtue. He was ambitious—as all conquerors have been—and ambition made him selfish, as it does nearly all who yield to its tyranny. His nature was despotic; and his swift decision and stern self reliance made him always impetuous, often unjust; nor was anything whatever allowed to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his plans. "What he thought necessary to be done, he did, reckless of the suffering it occasioned." He committed several acts in his career altogether cruel and unjust, especially the invasion of Spain and the execution of the Duke of Enghien. In brief, we may conclude with Mr. Headley—had Europe left him to pursue the career he had commenced in Egypt—that he might have been "as unprincipled in his aggressions on peaceable states—as heartless in the means he employed—as reckless of the law of nations—as perfidious in his policy—as cruel in his slaughters—and as grasping after territory, as the British Empire has since shown herself to be, his life, character, and plans leave but little room to doubt."

"The sum of the matter is, Napoleon's moral character was indifferent enough; yet as a friend of human liberty, and eager to promote the advancement of the race, by opening the field to talent and genius, however low their birth, he was infinitely superior to all the sovereigns who endeavored to crush him. He not only loved France as a nation, and sought her glory, but he secured the liberty of the meanest of her subjects. There was something noble in his very ambition, for it sought to establish great public works, found useful institutions, and send the principles of liberty over the world. As a just and noble monarch, he was superior to nine-tenths of all the kings that ever reigned in Europe, and as an intellectual man, head and shoulders above them all."

This, we think, is the just interpretation of Napoleon's nature. Let him be placed in comparison, not with Cincinnatus or Washington, but with the kings and governments around him.

Eminently worthy of his genius, if not of France, was the whole of his latter career. The disastrous invasion of Russia, the mortality that swept off the forces on the Rhine, the fatal battle of Leipsic, and other engagements where victory was gained by terrific losses, had exhausted the resources of France.

"In this depressed state, the civilized world was preparing its last united onset upon her. From the Baltic to the Bosphorus—from Archangel to the Mediterranean, Europe had banded itself against Napoleon. Denmark and Sweden struck hands with Austria, and Russia, and Prussia, and England; while to crown all, the Princes of the confederation of the Rhine, put their signature to the league, and one million and twenty-eight thousand men stood up in battle array on the plains of Europe, to overthrow this mighty spirit that had shook so terribly their thrones.

"France could not, with her utmost efforts, raise more than a third of the number of this immense host.

"In this dreadful emergency, though none saw better than he the awful abyss that was opening before him, Napoleon evinced no discouragement and no hesitation. Assembling the conscripts from every quarter of France, and hurrying them on to head-quarters, he at length, after presenting his fair-haired boy to the National Guards as their future sovereign, amid tears and exclamations of enthusiasm, and embracing his wife for the last time, set out for the army. His energy, his wisdom and incessant activity, soon changed the face of affairs. He had struggled against as great odds in his first Italian campaign; and if nothing else could be done, he at least could fall with honor on the soil of his country. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than in the almost superhuman exertions he put forth in this his last great struggle for his empire. No danger could daunt him—no reverses subdue him—no toil exhaust him—and no difficulties shake his iron will. In the dead of winter, struggling with new and untried troops, he fought an army outnumbering his own two to one—beat them back at every point, and sent dismay into the hearts of the allied sovereigns, as they again saw the shadow of his mighty spirit over their thrones."

But the conflict was too unequal. There were still some astonishing victories, and the whole allied army was forced to retreat. Reverses followed—the allied forces stole away towards the capital—and the miserable Marmont yielded per Paris. The scene that occurred (described in the sketch of Marshal Berthier) when the news was carried to him, in the depth of night,

and chafing along on foot towards his capital—unable to wait for his carriage—is one of the most affecting in history. And then, the terrible soliloquy. "Paris" (says Mr. Headley) "was illuminated by the innumerable watch-fires that covered the heights, and around it the allied troops were shouting in unbounded exultation over the glorious victory that compensated them for all their former losses; while but fifteen miles distant on foot walked its king and emperor through the deep midnight—his mighty spirit wrung with such agony that the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and his lips worked in the most painful excitement. Neither Berthier nor Caulincourt dared to interrupt the rapid soliloquy of the fallen emperor, as he muttered in fierce accents, 'I burned the pavement—my horses were swift as the wind, but still I felt oppressed with an intolerable weight; something extraordinary was passing within me. I asked them to hold out only twenty-four hours. Miserable wretches that they are! Marmont, too, who had sworn that he would be hewn in pieces, rather than surrender! And Joseph ran off too—my very brother! To surrender the capital to the enemy—what poltroons! They had my orders; they knew that on the 2d of April I would be here at the head of seventy thousand men! My scholars, my National Guards, who had promised to defend my son; all men with a heart in their bosoms would have joined to combat at my side! And so they have capitulated, betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign: degraded France in the sight of Europe! Entered into a capital of eight hundred thousand souls, without firing a shot! It is too dreadful! That comes of trusting cowards and fools. When I am not there, they do nothing but heap blunder on blunder. What has been done with the artillery? They should have had two hundred pieces, and ammunition for a month. Every one has lost his head; and yet Joseph imagines that he can lead an army, and Clarke is vain enough to think himself a minister; but I begin to think Savary is right, and that he is a traitor!" then suddenly rousing himself, as if from a troubled dream, and as if unable to believe so great a disaster, he turned fiercely on Caulincourt and Berthier, and exclaimed, 'Set off, Caulincourt; fly to the allied lines;—penetrate to head-quarters; you have full powers; FLY! FLY!'"

Vain haste! vain anguish! Paris had fallen, and Napoleon was obliged to abdicate. Then began the desertion of him by nearly all his followers—even by his wife and family. The broken-hearted Emperor, who had cultivated action more than philosophy, attempted the destruction of his life. There, too, Fate was against him. The poison was powerless upon him, and he was hurried into exile.

But Elba could not hold the restless mind of Napoleon. The next year he stepped again upon the soil of France with a handful of followers.—And what a noble confidence of living in the hearts of the nation and a proof that he did live in their hearts, was that landing from exile! What a refutation of the assertion, that the curses of the *people* had followed his downfall!

"It was not the soldiers, but the common people that first surrounded him. As he pitched his tent without Cannes, the inhabitants flocked to him with their complaints, and gathered around him as the redresser of their wrongs. As he advanced towards Grenoble, the fields were alive with peasants, as they came leaping like deer from every hill crying, '*Vive l'Empereur*.'" Thronging around him, they followed him with shouts to the very gates of the town. The commandant refused him admittance, yet the soldiers within stretched their arms through the wickets, and shook hands with his followers without. At length a confused murmur arose over the walls, and Napoleon did not know but it was the gathering for a fierce assault on his little band. The tumult grew wilder every moment. Six thousand inhabitants from one of the faubourgs had risen *en masse*, and with timbers and beams came pouring against the gates.—They tremble before the resistless shocks—reel and fall with a crash to the ground, and the excited multitude stream forth. Rushing on Napoleon, they drag him from his horse, kiss his hands and garments, and bear him with deafening shouts, on their shoulders, into the town. He next advances on Lyons, the gates of which are also closed against him, and bayonets gleam along the walls. Trusting to the power of affection, rather than to arms, he gallops boldly up to the city. The soldiers within, instead of firing on him, breaking over all discipline, burst open the gates, and rush in frantic joy around him, shouting '*Vive l'Empereur*.' He is not compelled to plant his cannon against a single town: power returns to him, not through terror, but love. He is not received with the cringing of slaves, but with the open arms of friends, and thus his course towards the Capital becomes one triumphal march. The power of the Bourbons disappears before the returning tide of affection, like towers of sand before the waves; and without firing a gun, Napoleon again sits on his recovered throne, amid the acclamation of the people. Who ever saw a tyrant and an oppressor received thus? Where is the monarch in Europe, that dare fling himself in such faith on the affections of his subjects? Where was ever the Bourbon that could show such a title to the throne he occupied? Ah! *the people* do not thus receive the man who forges fetters for their limbs; and Napoleon at this day, holds a firmer place in the affections of the inhabitants of France than any monarch that ever filled its throne."

For one hundred days the genius of Napoleon was displayed as it had been for eighteen years, and on the plains of Waterloo he made a final stand. As to that great battle, it seems to us impossible to form other than one decision. Napoleon's plans were never more skilfully laid.—Fouché, on whose secret information the British commander was to rely, had craftily failed to give any. Wellington was fairly caught; with the same cooperation on both sides, he was lost beyond redemption. There is but one consideration in the case:—Blucher by a forced march stole unexpectedly into the field with forty thousand men, and his coming decided the victory. Had he kept away as Grouchy did—who was left to watch him—or had Grouchy followed him, as he should have done, the result must have been entirely different. But the great Corsican's star was to sink, and it sank. Defeat became an utter rout, and the conqueror of half Europe was left throneless. He trusted himself to the generosity of England. He should have studied history better. England knows how to be generous; but she has shown many times, that a possible charge of perfidy is not to weigh against her interest or her fears.

Napoleon was not a philosopher, and his natural impatience bore with little equanimity the petty annoyances which his keepers at St. Helena contrived to gather around him. But his conversation and notes, at all times, still evinced the greatness of his genius, and, in many respects, the nobleness of his nature.

"But at length"—says Mr. Headley, in one of the finest passages of the whole volume—"that wonderful mind was to be quenched in the night of the grave; and Nature, as if determined to assert the greatness of her work to the last, trumpeted him out of the world with one of her fiercest storms. Amid the roar of the blast, and the shock of the billows, as they broke where a wave had not struck for twenty years—amid the darkness and gloom, and uproar of one of the most tempestuous nights that ever rocked that lonely isle, Napoleon's spirit was passing to that unseen world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the tread of armies is never heard. Yet even in this solemn hour, his delirious soul, caught perhaps by the battle-like roar of the storm without, was once more in the midst of the fight, struggling by the Pyramids, or Danube, or on the plains of Italy. It was the thunder of the cannon that smote his ear; and amid the wavering fight, and covering smoke, and tumult of the scene, his glazing eye caught the heads of his mighty columns, as torn yet steady, they bore his victorious eagles on, and "*Tete d'Armee*" broke from his dying lips. Awe-struck and still, his few remaining friends stood in tears about his couch; gazing steadfastly on that awful kingly brow, but it gave no farther token, and the haughty lips moved no more. Napoleon lay silent and motionless in his last sleep."

Such was the death of Napoleon—and the thought of it will move the reader of history to the most distant times. But this was not the last of the extraordinary scenes that make up the records of this man. Many years afterwards was enacted another still more strange and stirring, and such as has occurred to no one else of those whom the world have agreed in calling great. France had never forgotten him who had added more to her glory than any one of all her feudal monarchs. She had often turned her eyes to that distant rock in the ocean, wondering if he slept quietly in his solitary grave in which his enemies had laid him. Many years passed, power had gone back to its old channels; suddenly a murmur began to rise that Napoleon should return to France! Exiled, dead, solitary, at rest!—Yet let him return, for the dead are an inheritance!—For our own part we have always felt, that it was fitter and more sublime for him to remain in that lonely burial-place, with the ocean rolling around him. But France yearned to have him rest in her bosom; she has always been proud of her great men—and where was her greatest? The murmur rose till it filled the nation, and Napoleon came back from St. Helena.

The scene of his second reception from exile is affectingly described in the sketch of Marshal Moncey. This Marshal, in the extremity of age had been made governor of the Hotel des Invalids. The picture of the daily appearance of those war-worn veterans forms an impressive prelude.

"Nearly two hundred officers and more than three thousand men, the wreck of the grand army, were assembled here, and the oldest Marshal of the Empire placed at their head. How striking the contrast which Moncey and those few thousand men in their faded regimentals, presented to the magnificent army which Napoleon led so often to victory. From the Pyramids, from Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Borodino—where the eye rests on mighty armies, moving to battle and to victory amid the unrolling of standards and pealing of trumpets—the glance re-

turns to the bowed form and gray hairs, and trembling voice of Moncey, as he moves on the shoulders of his attendants, through the ranks of these few aged soldiers, who have come maimed from almost every battle-field of Europe, to die in the bosom of France."

"Time had taken what the sword left. Napoleon, the spell-word which had startled Europe, was now spoken in mournful accents, and the fields in which they had seen him triumph, were but as dim remembrances. On a far distant isle that mighty spirit had sunk to rest, and the star that had illumined a hemisphere, had left the heavens forever. What ravages time makes! Who would have thought, as he gazed on the aged Moncey borne carefully along, his feeble voice saluting his old companions in arms, that the fire had ever flashed from that eye, and amid the uproar of cannon and shock of cavalry he had carried death through the ranks of the enemy; and that those bowed and limping soldiers had shouted on the fierce-fought fields of Austerlitz, Borodino and Wagram, or sent up their war-cry from the foot of the Pyramids?"

Moncey, though ninety years of age, was appointed to receive the remains of Napoleon in the name of these disabled veterans. "All France was agitated as the time drew near when the vessel was expected that bore back the dead Emperor to her shores?" When it swept down on the coast, "the excitement could scarcely have been greater, had he been landing with sword in hand."

"On the day of solemn procession in Paris, the whole city was abroad, and Napoleon in the height of his power never received more distinguished honor, than when dead he was borne through the capital of his former empire. As the procession passed through the streets, the beat of the muffled drum, and the prolonged and mournful blast of the trumpet as it rose and fell through the mighty requiem and all the signs of a nation's woe, filled every heart with the profound grief."

"There, beside the coffin, walked the remnants of the Old Guard, once the pride and strength of the Emperor, and the terror of Europe; and there, too, was his old war-horse, covered with the drapery of mourning, on whose back he had galloped through the battle; and over all drooped the banner of France, heavy with crape—all mourning in silence for the mighty dead."

"The church that was to receive the body was crowded in every part of it, waiting its arrival, when the multitude was seen to part in front, and an old man bowed with years, his white locks falling over a whiter visage, and seemingly ready himself to be laid in the tomb, was borne through the throng in a large arm-chair, and placed at the left of the main altar, beside the throne. Covered with decorations and honors, that contrasted strangely with his withered form and almost lifeless features, he sat and listened to the mighty dirge that came sweeping through the church, as if memory was trying in vain to recall the past. *That was Marshal Moncey*, now nearly ninety years of age, brought hither to welcome his old commander back to his few remaining soldiers. As the funeral train slowly entered the court, the thunder of cannon shook the solid edifice, blending in their roar with the strains of martial music. They, too, seemed conscious beings, striving with their olden voices to awaken the chieftain for whom they had swept so many battle-fields. But drum and trumpet tone, and the sound of cannon, fell alike on the dull ear of the mighty sleeper. His battles were all over, and his fierce spirit gone to a land where the loud trumpet of war is never heard."

"As the coffin approached, the old invalid soldiers drew up on each side of the way, in their old uniform, to receive it. The spectacle moved the stoutest heart. The last time these brave men had seen their emperor, was on the field of battle, and now, after long years, his coffin approached their midst. The roar of cannon, and the strains of martial music brought back the days of glory, and as their eyes met the pall that covered the form of their beloved chief, they fell on their knees in tears and sobs, and reached forth their hands in passionate sorrow. Overwhelmed with grief, and with the emotions that memory had so suddenly awakened, this was the only welcome they could give him. On swept the train till it entered the church; and as the coffin passed through the door, heralded by the Prince de Joinville with his drawn sword in his hand, the immense throng involuntarily rose, and a murmur more expressive than words filled the house. The king descended from his throne to meet it, and the aged Moncey, who had hitherto sat immovable and dumb, the mere "phantom of a soldier," suddenly struggled to rise. The soul awakened from its torpor, and the dying veteran knew that Napoleon was before him. But his strength failed him—with a feeble effort he sunk back in his chair while a flash of emotion shot over his wan and wasted visage like a sunbeam, and his eye kindled a moment in recollection."

As to the battle of Waterloo, of which so much has been said, we do not know that we wish it had gone differently. We hold it to be usually the wisest philosophy to take the events of history as they occur, deepening always our faith in the progress of human destiny. To set up our fancy, or our best judgment even, against the forethought of Providence, is doubtless as weak as it is irreligious. Yet we have always felt a sympathy for a single genius struggling heroically against the combined monarchies of Europe. Napoleon had broken up seven coalitions of kings; we felt unwilling that he should fall by an eighth. Nor are we able, of ourselves, to see what the nations of Europe or the cause of humanity have gained by his downfall. Robert Hall, when he heard the result of the field of Waterloo, exclaimed, "I feel as if the clock of the world had gone back six degrees." That great divine felt that Napoleon's career had advanced the cause of the people, and he saw what has since occurred—that everything would go back to legitimate despotism. Is it not so? Where is Austria? Where Russia? Where the States of the Rhine? Where France herself? Where weak distracted Spain? Where oppressed and wretched Italy? Where divided Poland? Does any one imagine that those countries could have been in any worse condition, had Bonaparte conquered at Waterloo? He would not have made them republics, and they were not fit for it. He would probably have established and maintained a new order of dynasties over them; but these would have been altogether more enlightened, more liberal, more favorable every way to the cause of human progress, than those under which they now lie, in the ancient sleep of Egypt, or the hidden agitations of Vesuvius. France was first awakened by the Revolution; but if the other nations of Europe are any freer in thought or condition than formerly, it is because, and only because, of Napoleon's conquests. As to empire, the Corsican's great desire, as Mr. Headley remarks, was to obtain for France large dominion in the East, which has since been left open entirely to English aggression, except when the iron arm of Russia is thrust in. We do not know why the unbounded ambition of one nation is any better or more legitimate than another.

The sketches of the Marshals are no less striking in their way, than the chapter on Napoleon. They have less attempt at arguing historical points—which was not demanded. Nor is there an especial aim at characterization, though they have some finely discriminating passages of that nature. Mr. Headley's chief object seems to have been to present to us the men whom Napoleon gathered around him, in that fiery and headlong action to which they were trained by their impetuous commander. Working to this end, he has also an opportunity to describe stirring and impressive scenes—battles, charges, retreats, and all the "currents of a heady fight"—in which lies his forte as a writer. That these sketches are remarkable in this respect, will be acknowledged by all who read them.

The qualities of Mr. Headley's descriptive style are well known to the readers of this Review. It has the great merit, first, of being a style by itself, as it cannot be mistaken for that of any other writer. It is rapid, direct, and vigorous—seldom forced, even when pitched on too high a key—exhibits great command of language, and has the appearance of being always equal in its resources to the scene described. His imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, is always at his command. He sees everything before him, and he has the power of language enough to make his readers see it with almost equal vividness. This was shown in his sketches of the "Alps and the Rhine"—some brief passages of which gave that stupendous mountain scenery, with more graphic power to our minds, than any travellers' note-book has yet been able to present it with—it is now displayed with equal force among those terrific battles which Napoleon fought in almost every part of Europe. He has here no rival but Alison. Their modes are different. Mr. Headley singles out certain leading and decisive movements, and neglects details—a style best fitted for such sketches. Mr. Alison gives the whole plan and stirring evolutions of the conflict, from the beginning to the close—a manner best suited to history.

One great disadvantage necessarily attended the grouping together of these sketches. There are, of necessity, so many descriptions of similar scenes, especially battles, that the book has the appearance of frequent repetition—as between the different sketches, this could not well have been avoided; nor is it of so much consequence. But when we come to the use of the same striking word or phrase three or four times on a single page, it becomes a decided fault. * * * * * The book, indeed, like some other writings of Mr. Headley, bears the marks of having gone through the press too hastily—a fault quite evident in most American publications. These, however, are small matters, compared with the merits of the work. Mr. Headley could, doubtless, have made a better book, but we know of no other writer among us who could produce one, of its kind, at all equal to it.

There are, in this volume, nine sketches of Marshals, two of which, Macdonald and Lannes, appeared in our pages, [and in the "Spirit of the Times"]. The rest, embracing Berthier, Augereau, Davoust, St. Cyr, Moncey, Mortier and Soult, are entirely new. They contain many splendid descriptions of battles, especially of the battles of Arcola, Auerstadt, Dresden, Dirnstein and Austerlitz, the charge at Eylau, cavalry action at

Eckmuhl, and the storming of Oporto, with other scenes new to our readers. Some of these we designed to extract, but shall be obliged to defer them to the appearance of the second volume. We close, however, with one—the "Burning of Moscow." We have nowhere seen a finer description of its kind. "Crol's picture, in 'Salathiel,' of the conflagration of Rome under Nero is very splendid; but it does not wear the evident reality of this, nor has it half the condensed narrative power."

"At length Moscow, with its domes and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capitol, Napoleon entered the gates and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

"The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and Oriental magnificence that every where surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bedrooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city, when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern time commenced."

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

"Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices."

"In the morning, Mortier by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 13th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration."

"He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke, and his hair and eye-brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and of flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempests had been succeeded by a day of tempests; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, wavering to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace, as if it were his empire."

"But at length the shout, 'the Kremlin is on fire!' was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron; he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted."

"When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear indescribable! A mighty and close-packed city of houses, and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane; is a sight this world will seldom see."

"But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above these waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone, towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and again emerging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

The (N. Y.) American Review for May

ed to return, being satisfied, in my own mind, that my functions about his person had ceased. I had even written to him requesting some command in Spain. He returned my letter, at the bottom of which was written in his own hand, 'I am not so bad as to send you to get yourself killed in Spain. Come and see me—I expect you.' On seeing me approach he laughed. 'You well know,' said he, holding out his hand to me, 'that we are like a pair of lovers, who cannot bear to pass one another in anger.'

"Our difference on this occasion had lasted three days. From that time his sallies of ill-temper were much less serious.

"Towards the close of 1813 the Emperor began to show himself more in public—and attended by the Empress—than had been his custom. He probably felt it necessary to court popularity at the time, in order the better to counteract the intrigues which were even then going on very actively amongst the friends of the Bourbons."

That Napoleon was cognizant of much of what was going on on this subject appears certain, from the statement of Caulaincourt, who seems at a loss to account for the extraordinary apathy—the more extraordinary in one of the energetic habits and movements of the Emperor. One evening, at the Opera, when the Emperor and Empress were present, Napoleon, at the close of one of the acts, retired into the salon attached to his box, and turning suddenly to Caulaincourt, said, "They are plotting in the Faubourg St. Germain; these people are incorrigible; they say many bad things of me there. Have you heard any?" Caulaincourt's reply was indicative enough of the courtier and the soldier. "It is not in my presence that any one would venture to speak ill of your Majesty."

"They do, however," continued the Emperor, "plot and conspire absurdly—meanly; but these petty intriguers are not dangerous; yet I am astounded at the ingratitude of these people, whom, for the most part, I have raised from misery—to whom I have restored their sequestered estates—and on whom I have conferred, in many instances, their own most obsequious and humiliating solicitations, places in my Court." Caulaincourt does not mention the reply he made to these remarks; but he intimates, "that if the Emperor had followed the counsels which had been given to him, and sent 'a certain personage' to Vincennes, he would have done only an act of justice." "That traitor," he adds, "was the life and soul of all the plots and conspiracies then going on between the Bourbon party and the allies, and from his former relations with most of the members of the foreign diplomatic bodies he possessed much real influence."

Though the Emperor knew some, and suspected more, of the intrigues which were carried on, to take advantage of the difficulties to which he had brought France, and the jeopardy in which he placed the imperial sceptre, it appears from the statements of Caulaincourt that he was not at all aware of the extent to which they had been carried, and the boldness with which they were conducted.

Some few days after the conversation above noticed, at the breaking up of a Council, Savary, the Chief Minister of Police, placed in the hands of the Emperor a parcel, containing printed papers, manuscripts, several letters, and a *portfeuille*.

"What is all this?" demanded the Emperor.

"Sire," replied Savary, "they are proofs in support of facts to which I have often in vain begged the attention of your Majesty."

The Emperor knit his brows as he cast his eye over one of the letters which Savary had put into his hands.

From the minister's account of the manner in which these important documents came to his hands, it appeared that some time before the police got information that Madame La —, under pretence of a journey, for amusement, to Mentz, was to be the bearer of many important communications from the Coterie of the Faubourg St. Germain. We are told that a more prudent choice could not have been made of an Ambassadors for such a mission. She was young, handsome, of most engaging manners, great address, and a spirit which would not have shrunk from any of the consequences of the functions with which she was charged. On the 3d or 4th of December, 1813, she prepared to set out from Paris. Her passports for Mentz were all *en règle*—her elegant *caleche* was covered with boxes and trunks, filled with robes, cloaks, bonnets, &c. Who could have suspected any evil from such an array of trumpery? In fact, nothing could have a more harmless air than the whole set-out. In this manner, and accompanied by a confidential domestic, she journeyed towards Mentz in perfect security, revelling in the delightful anticipations of splendid fêtes, of riches, and ambitious conquests. Alas! pleasant dreams are of short duration. The fair traveller had not achieved more than half her journey, when she was aroused from her enchanting reveries to see her carriage surrounded by vulgar gendarmes and still less polished alguazils of police, who roughly threw open the door, and intimated that she must descend. Her place in the carriage was soon supplied by agents, who commenced a most minute search into every part, evidently in quest of something which was considered of vast importance. She knew well what was the object of their search; but as long as she found that it was unsuccessful, she, with the most imperturbable coolness, talked in a high strain, using no slight threats against this invasion of the liberty of the subject. "What could they want? Were not her passports all regular? Was the reign of terror returned that men could be guilty, with impunity, of such an outrage against a poor unfending female?" Her complaints and remonstrances were continued in this style up to the moment when she saw that they had found the long sought-for parcel, which was ingeniously concealed in the bottom of the carriage. It contained the correspondence—a portfolio, filled with letters of credit at Frankfurt and other places, and besides 15,000 francs in gold. Her tone and manner became now all at once changed. To threats and remonstrances succeeded tears and supplications, and offers of gold to the worthy gendarmes. But all was in vain. The police agents were, as they usually are, insensible to tears, and inaccessible to gold; and the lady was obliged to submit to return to Paris, escorted by the gendarmes and with three police-officers, who ungallantly took their seats at the side of the fair traveller. They arrived at Paris by twilight, and Madame La — having been subjected to a long interrogatory by the Minister of Police, and all the documents of which she was the bearer taken out and verified in her presence, she was committed to a place of safety. Her travelling companion and the postillions who (except the police) were the only parties cognizant of her arrest, were also properly looked after. When Savary had related what we have stated in substance of the manner in which he had obtained the documents, the Emperor read them: they were all of the utmost importance, as they showed the views and objects of the *legitimist*s. Savary urged the Emperor to take immediate measures to put down those conspiracies against his Government. Napoleon did not reply; he bowed to Savary to take his leave and await his orders. After Savary had retired, the Emperor again read most of the documents, an expression of indignation escaping him now and then. Some of them he threw into the fire as he read them; others he placed in the drawer of his bureau. For a time he was sad and silent, and it was some moments before he said to me, "Can you conceive such atrocities?" It does not appear from the statement of Caulaincourt, that the Emperor either punished the parties engaged in these intrigues, or took that advantage of his knowledge of them which he had been advised to do. This may perhaps be accounted for by the more pressing nature of other objects, which about the same time forced themselves on his attention. "Every day," adds Caulaincourt, "some new disaster occurs to complicate our situation already so embarrassing. The strong towns in Germany in which our garrisons had hitherto held out, were now going from us one by one, and we thus, besides the forts, lost men, munitions, and *matériel*, those precious resources with which our enemies enriched themselves. Still the new levy of 300,000 men was going on with facility, but we wanted time. We were now in December, and the allies were advancing by forced marches. On the 1st of January, 1814, they crossed our frontiers."

The Emperor did not again speak to me of my proposition to make an appeal to the French people. However, I still persevered in the opinion that that mea-

sure would be the only one which could prevent our ruin. French intellect could well understand that a simultaneous defence by all would insure to each the inviolability of his home, the preservation of his property, and the peace of his country. In fact, the invasion of the allied powers would have failed, before France in arms. How often, during the sanguinary struggle of 1814, did those words of the Emperor, at Dubben, come to my mind,—"The fall of nations is marked by fate." This axiom was now daily manifesting itself in a terrible manner.

By the orders of the Emperor I set out early in January for the head-quarters of the allies, where new and useless negotiations were opened. It was, I believe, on the 25th of that month that the Emperor quitted the capital, to put himself at the head of the army already assembled near St. Dizier, from which, on its arrival, it had chased the enemy.

It was then commenced that campaign of miracles, in which the genius of Napoleon blazed forth with astounding splendour. Never before did any army achieve such prodigies of valour, or perform such skillful manoeuvres—work such wonders. In the campaign of France were renewed those prodigies of Italy, which exhibited to the whole world the spectacle of a hero. The close of the military career of Napoleon supplies the most gigantic defence which the annals of warfare afford.

I am not able to supply you with any facts known to myself, from January to the 23d of March, for in that period I was not with the Emperor. I joined him at St. Dizier, after the rupture of the conferences. I rejoiced to find myself once more at head-quarters. Everything which surrounded the Emperor breathed ardour and devotion to him; and though our affairs had a most unpromising aspect, every even partial victory which we achieved, tended to revive hope and to restore confidence. At the time when I arrived, the battle of Arcis-Sur-Aube had electrified the public mind. The details were in everybody's mouth; the soldiers talked of nothing else.

The following anecdote was mentioned to me by Colonel Mondreville, a brave and excellent soldier, attached to the grand head-quarters:—

"During the battle, when it raged on all points, a division of Russian cavalry, about 6,000 strong, preceded by a body of Cossacks, broke our lines and drove back our cavalry, which was much inferior in force. The Emperor, whose glance rapidly surveyed every movement of the battle, perceived an impenetrable cloud of dust thicken before him so densely, that nothing beyond it was visible. He was immediately at its side. Some horsemen rode up at full speed,—some wounded, others terrified. In a moment, a crowd of troopers in full retreat surrounded the Emperor. 'What is this?' said he. 'What is this. Now, dragons, whither do you go? Halt, halt. You, I say,' 'The Cossacks, the Cossacks,' was the cry; and the tumult was becoming almost a complete rout.

"At this moment an officer without a helmet, and covered with blood rode up, and perceiving the Emperor, rushed towards him. 'Sire,' said he 'the Cossacks, supported by an immense body of cavalry, have broken our ranks and driven back our troops.' The Emperor instantly raising himself up in his stirrups called out in a voice of thunder, 'Dragoons, rally; what is it you do? Do you fly and I here? Close your ranks, dragons, and forward.' At the same moment he darted forward sword in hand in front of a cloud of Cossacks. He was followed by his staff, by some of his body guards, and by those very men who an instant before were flying confounded and terrified. In a moment they dashed on the enemy with cries of '*Vive L'Empereur*.' The column of the enemy were driven back, forced beyond our lines, and pursued with great slaughter. Immediately after this the Emperor returned tranquilly to the midst of the field of battle, which he continued to direct during the rest of the engagement. During this partial engagement we had not more than a thousand horse to oppose to 6,000 Russians, much better mounted, yet it was at the head of the wreck of a troop of dragons that the emperor ventured to repel this superior force and succeeded. The whole engagement was not over till midnight, but we were not able to snatch a victory. The French on this occasion combatted with six thousand men, exhausted with fatigue, against 30,000 fresh troops, commanded by De Wrede. I had no recollection of any instance in which I had seen Napoleon engaged sword in hand, and I spoke to him of Arcis-Sur-Aube. He looked at me with astonishment; 'Ma foi,' said he, laughing, 'it is a long time since anything of that kind occurred to me. By the way, I now recollect, that I had some difficulty in getting at my scabbard to get out my weapon,' and he laughed heartily at his own awkwardness; 'but,' he added good humouredly, 'it should be known that my redoubtable sword is one of the worst blades in the whole army.' We laughed at this, but it was true. One of the whims of the Emperor was, that he would not allow that sword to be set with even a simple, stained, and mean-looking mother-of-pearl handle. There was not an officer in the army who would have worn such another.

"This conversation put him into good humour! and, putting his hand under my arm, he drew me aside and said, 'You are not aware that I failed in the attempt to carry off my father-in-law! That would have been a glorious capture! I have manoeuvred incessantly to take the head-quarters of the allies;—that would greatly have advanced our affairs at Chatillon. What do you say to it Caulaincourt?' His countenance darkened. 'But I was teased on all sides to cover Paris—To cover Paris! I know that is essential; but I thus lost the opportunity of effecting all my other intended operations. In abandoning Paris to the care of its proper defence, I should be master of my own movements—nothing could hinder my march to the Rhine—uniting its garrisons with those of the Moselle—organising on that whole line your levy *en masse*,—shutting up the roads, and thus cutting off the communications of the enemy's forces engaged in the heart of France.' He paused for a few moments pensively, then added, 'Since the opening of this campaign, this idea has been familiar to me—I have matured it—developed it—my plan is fixed. What is your opinion Caulaincourt?'

"Sire, the plan certainly appears well-digested,—

"But to carry it into effect," interrupted the Emperor eagerly, Paris must be abandoned—what will Joseph do? Will he resist with energy? That is the whole question. My head is filled with a thousand plans, but I am checked by uncertainty; and in this war, which resembles no other, I go on thus from day to day. The accounts which I receive from Paris are most alarming. I know not what may be the result."

In the evening Berthier came to my quarters; I had a thousand things to ask him as to what passed near the Emperor during my absence; and he, whose heart was sad and heavy, had need of a friend to whom he could unbosom himself. We were, therefore, glad to find ourselves together. Berthier appeared getting old; the fatigues of this campaign seemed too much for his constitution.

He confirmed the opinion I had formed as to the real cause of the irresolution of the Emperor during the negotiations at Chatillon. "There is no doubt," said he to me, "that those alternate victories and reverses produced in the Emperor that fluctuation of ideas which rendered your position at Chatillon so false and so difficult during the conferences.—the Emperor had still faith in the interest he possessed in the good-will of Austria—if not towards him, at least towards his wife and son. This error will be our complete ruin. Letters after letters were, by his desire, written by the Empress to her father,—(you know what a complete nullity is Marie Louise. She is not the woman who would energetically come forth as another Marie Theresa)—that she was decided on defending the capital, and that rather than deliver it up she would bury herself and its faithful inhabitants under the ruins, as long as the Emperor on his side should maintain the war at the head of his army." "That Austrian has brought misfortune to us," added Berthier with a sigh.

"On the morning of the 19th or 20th of February," Berthier continued, "the Emperor breakfasted at Bray, near Nogent, at the same house which the Emperor had quitted in the evening of the day before. We there found a curious letter which had been forgotten, on the chimney-piece. Wintzingerode (in the letter)

NAPOLEON AND THE DUKE DE VICENZA.

(From *La Nouvelle Minerve*.)

"Napoleon," says the narrator of the details given under the above head, and who will be better remembered by many of our readers as Caulaincourt, "was subject to violent fits of ill-humour. When he wanted on these occasions a satisfactory answer, to those who contradicted his opinions he used to show his displeasure by some dry answer; but if it happened that he was still opposed, he often carried ill-humour to the very verge of rudeness. When the conversation took this turn I used, in order to avoid coming to extremities, which I knew my temper could not patiently brook, to cut the matter short by gravely taking my leave. Thus used greatly to annoy the Emperor; but, notwithstanding, he never allowed me to depart without adding some word of kindness to remove any unpleasant feeling which his previous warmth might have created, and in this way, without further explanation, harmony used to be restored between us." It appears however that their differences were not always so speedily made up. "During the campaign of Moscow," continues Caulaincourt, "at the close of a warm altercation, I quitted the head-quarters, and retired to a kind of garret, which an officer had the kindness to give up to me along with his straw pallet—a luxury at that time. Berthier came to seek me on the part of the Emperor. I, at first, object-

officer should be brought to him. At that moment Belliard arrived, who announced the taking of Paris, and gave him all the details which led to that result. Large drops of perspiration rolled down the forehead of the Emperor. His mouth became contracted, and the livid paleness of his face was frightful. "You hear Caulaincourt," said he, turning towards me, his eyes fixed on mine with a horrible intensity. He wished to march on Paris with the armies of the two marshals who had received his orders at Troyes. "The guard," he said, "ought to arrive on the night of the 31st." He would make an attack on the boulevards at the moment of the entrance of the allied sovereigns. "The National Guard and the people will support me," added he, "and when I shall have entered within the walls of Paris, I will not quit them except as a conqueror or a corpse." Soon after there successively arrived the guards of honour, the chiefs of corps, and general officers who had hastened to the defence of Paris, under the orders of Marmont. "It sickens me to pronounce this name," added the duke in a sorrowing accent. The Emperor continually standing, constantly repeated to himself those dreadful details which preyed upon him. He then loudly announced his intention of marching on Paris. It was objected to him that that would be a violation of the capitulation, in virtue of which the troops had evacuated that city; that these troops were few in number and greatly harassed; that 4,000 men had fallen under the walls of Paris; and that, if that bold enterprise failed, the city would be given to pillage, to fire, and sword."

All those reasons were plausible, no doubt, but it is afflicting to state—though it is the truth—that none of the advices were disinterested. Each one on his part gave his advice from selfish calculations. The human heart contains many foul recesses.

The Emperor was not deceived as to the motives which directed the advisers. "Enough," said he, drily. He then ordered that the corps of Mortier and Marmont should take up a position behind the river of Essonne, then, leaning towards me, he said, "do you set off at full speed to Paris, Caulaincourt, and see if it be still possible to do any thing by treaty. I am delivered up and sold, but no matter, depart this instant; I give you full powers, and I await you here—go. The distance is not great," added he with a deep sigh, "go."

The Emperor was separated only by the Seine from the advanced posts of the enemy, who had spread themselves over the plains of Villeneuve Saint Georges. The fires of their bivouacs illumined the right bank, while Napoleon remained in darkness on the opposite side with two post carriages and some servants.

"I rode with immense speed, and I felt an extraordinary sensation within me. My horse had the swiftness of the wind, and it seemed to me that I carried him, and that his weight was smothering me. I arrived too soon at the advanced posts, for I there learned that all was finished—that the ruin of France was consummated, and the fate of the Emperor placed at the mercy of wretches, who, as he had just told me, had delivered him up and sold him.

From a miserable road-side inn, already occupied by Russians and Prussians, I forwarded him an express. A feverish anxiety then seized me in thinking of the despair into which my letter would plunge him. I immediately mounted the first horse I could get, and regained the Emperor at the moment he had finished reading my despatch. We conversed for some moments. 'I only asked them,' said Napoleon, 'to hold it (Paris) for 24 hours longer—the wretches—Marmont—Marmont who had sworn that he would allow himself to be cut to pieces under the walls of Paris rather than surrender!—and Joseph flying!—my brother to deliver up my capital to the enemy!—the wretches!—They had my orders; they knew that on the 2nd of April I should be at the head of 70,000 men—my brave schools and my National-guards, who had promised to defend my son. Every man of courage would have been at my side—the wretches have capitulated. They have betrayed their brothers, their country, and their sovereign—they have degraded France in the eyes of all Europe. To enter a capital with a population of 800,000 souls, and without striking a blow!—Oh!"

"The Emperor seemed plunged in the most profound grief. I was deeply affected, and burning tears poured down my cheeks.

"My poor Caulaincourt, return—return—to head-quarters, and try to see the Emperor Alexander. You have full powers from me. Go, Caulaincourt, go."

"Sire," said I to him, "I have not been able even to come near Alexander, they distrust me. The sovereigns will enter Paris to-morrow, and they are now busied with preparations for that event. These are the reasons assigned for refusing me permission to approach the Emperor Alexander."

"Return—I have now no hope but in you, Caulaincourt," continued he holding out his hand.

"I go sir, Sire—dead or alive I shall get into Paris, and will speak to the Emperor Alexander."

The Emperor then took the road to Fontainebleau, and I that to Paris. I will tell you how he fulfilled that honourable mission. It is very curious—my head is on fire, said the Duke, putting his hand to his forehead. I am quite feverish. Oh, you see, I should live 100 years before I could forget those scenes. They are the fixed ideas of my sleepless nights. My reminiscences are frightful—they kill me. To-morrow, if I can, I will tell you of those 20 days of torture passed at Paris or at Fontainebleau. The repose of the tomb is sweet after such sufferings."

"Oh," said the Duke, "if at this moment the Emperor had made reasonable offers, there would have been some chance of their being accepted, and we might have been saved. But how should we have guessed that?"

The officer added, "that the council separated without coming to any decision; but, during the night, a secret emissary, sent from Paris, gained access to the Emperor of Russia. At day-break the council was again re-assembled. The intelligence that Alexander had received was such as ought to put an end to all irresolution. It was announced that a powerful party waited the arrival of the allies in the capital. Paris was without the means of defence, without order, and stripped of her troops. The allied powers might enter without striking a blow."

The Emperor listened to these details with a mournful air. He then observed, "I shall be there before them." We returned to St. Dizier. The emperor passed the whole night shut up in his cabinet with his maps. This was another cruel night. Not a word was uttered on any subject while thus engaged. Deep sighs sometimes escaped from his oppressed bosom. He seemed as if he had lost the power of breathing. My God! how much he suffered! "And you," said I to the Duke. "Oh, as for me, I feel the effects of these shocks here," said he, placing his hand on the part affected—the seat of his frightful malady.

"Orders for our departure were given," continued the Duke, "and we moved on by Doulevant to Troyes. Just as the Emperor was mounting his horse, some peasants arrived, bringing with them carts filled with prisoners, whose carriages had been taken from the side of Langres by the inhabitants of St. Thibaut. Amongst the prisoners was M. de Wessenberg, ambassador of Austria to England, who had been summoned to the head quarters of the allies; also a Swedish general, named Brandt. I think a *conseiller de guerre*, whose name I forget, and M. M. Tolstoi and Marcoff, Russian officers."

I had known Tolstoi and his family well at St. Petersburg. In the midst of my troubles, it was some relief to recall the happy days passed with him during my embassy to Russia. Tolstoi, gay, young and frank, said to me, "My dear Duke, I am in raptures with France. I am mad to see Paris." "Hold, my dear friend," said I to him, "hold your peace my soul, remember you are speaking to a Frenchman." But nothing could prevent him from giving expression to the joy he felt at his good fortune in visiting France. His companion Marcoff was much more reserved, and also much less amiable.

The prisoners considered that they were very fortunate that their lucky stars had brought them near the Emperor, who treated them very well. He took no other advantage of their arrival, than that of marching directly after his father-in-law. M. de Wessenberg, after a long interview, departed charged with a message to the Emperor of Austria. Napoleon ordered their portfolios and despatches to be delivered to each, and charged me to procure them horses, and to see that they were provided with safe conducts. Tolstoi hugged me in his arms before he parted. He then threw himself on his horse, and went off in his usual light and joyous manner. How different had been our fortune since we met at St. Petersburg! I did not see him after but at Paris, where he did everything for me that depended on him. Alexander learnt from Tolstoi all the details of the interview of the prisoners with Napoleon, so that in that quarter we had not implacable enemies.

By some fatality, which it is impossible to pass unnoticed, the Emperor Francis was separated from the head-quarters, in consequence of an alarm which was raised in his suite, he narrowly escaped being taken. He got on the road to Dijon, where he eventually arrived. M. de Wessenberg did not know where to rejoin him. In the mean time, the fatal *denouement* approached. Napoleon, attacked on all sides, definitely abandoned his project of marching with his forces on the Rhine, and manoeuvred to cover Paris. The enemy continued to advance by forced marches on the capital. In order to prevent the junction of the several corps of the allies, to keep them apart, and to approach ourselves to Paris, we had to sustain a combat every day. One could state with exactness that the fighting would be permanent. The ardour and devotedness of the troops seemed to increase with the danger, and the necessity of their being indefatigable. The heart beats at the remembrance of those admirable soldiers in the last days of the crisis.

On the 30th of March we were at Troyes. The Emperor traced out the route of the army in such a manner, that on the 2d of April, the whole were to unite before Paris. At 10 o'clock, he set out, accompanied by Berthier and myself. We made the journey from Troyes to Montreuil, a distance of 10 leagues, in two hours. A crazy vehicle, drawn by two horses, which were kept at full gallop, brought us across fields on the road to Paris between Essonne and Villejuif. These were the carriages of the Emperor in relay for the Court of France. We found there some disbanded troops who had, they said, evacuated Paris in the evening after the capitulation. (It was then 10 at night.) "These people are mad," said the Emperor. He descended from his carriage, and ordered that an

Spirit of Foreign Literature.

We extract from the last number of Fraser's Magazine, the following graphic and well-wrought account of the great operation on the Stock Exchange, which raised the house of Rothschild to its imperial power and renown in the financial arena of Europe. The story will well repay the general attention, which from the interest of the subject it is sure to receive. The tale is told at a dinner party. It is preceded by a minute account of the persons composing the party, which, as it does not touch the interest of the narrative, we have thought proper to omit. We may say, however, briefly, that the feast—"a real Lucullus spread, is given by Mr. and Mrs. Goldhall, the eminent Lombard-st. Bankers, to the Herr Von Wolverdenden, the great Hamburg Merchant—a man of millions, and of mines—a potentate of 'Change throughout the money marts of Europe." Wolverdenden is an Epicurean and a "gustonomic," gentlemanly and agreeable, seeming to care for nothing but ease and enjoyment, while in fact "his brain is over at work like a steam-engine." Besides the hosts and this their lion, there are two other personages of mark in the company. These are the celebrated Polish Poet Stanislaus Poniatowski Skinundgrieff, now in banishment by decree of the Autocrat Nicholas. The Poet is a lank, cadaverous, poverty-stricken creature, with long unkempt hair hanging down over his coat collar, "like the coarse bristles of a dozen wild horses' tails gathered into a wilderness of roughness." Between this poor fellow and the rich Dutchman, an instinctive feeling of aversion and hostility very naturally arises; and in the talk which follows, the millionaire takes the wind entirely out of the poor fellow's sails. Beside the Poet, sits his friend and admirer Miss Clarissa Knaggett, a lady just turned of fifty-two, "who constantly assured her friends she was all mind, except such parts as were all nerve." To sum up all, other ladies may be blue, cobalt, or Prussian; Miss Knaggett was purple. Her form would have been anywhere an admirable osteological specimen, "to an anatomical Lecturer invaluable," as enabling him to answer satisfactorily the very natural question, "Can such dry bones live?" With these preliminaries, let us go on to the story.—[EDITOR.]

A GAME OF CHESS WITH NAPOLEON.

THE conversation of the assembled dinner-party suddenly turned upon the GAME OF CHESS, and for the first time, words were directly exchanged between Skinundgrieff and Wolverdenden. The poet was, or pretended to be, a chess enthusiast. Poor soul! enthusiasm of any sort discounts for very little in Lombard-street.

"What an immense mind you must have, you dear creature! And so you are a great chess-player? Oh, I dote upon chess! It is such a love of mine!" said Miss Knaggett to Skinundgrieff.

"I have played chess," cried the poet, proudly, "with the first players throughout civilized Europe,—with Des Chapelles, with McDonnell, with De la Bourdonnais. I have played in Poland four games at once without seeing the board. There's nothing in it. All a mere effort of the memory. But I have given up chess lately. It tore me to pieces. My nervous system was too delicate. I have been awakened in the night by horrible visions: chess-knights and bishops have been dancing upon my breast, driving their weapons into my heart, darting their forked talons into my marrow—ugh!"

"You must have gone to bed without supper!" remarked Von Wolverdenden. The company laughed. It takes so little from a great man to make a party smile. Skinundgrieff was ruffled; but poets who will sit at rich men's tables must be large of sawlow.

Skinundgrieff rallied. "Now," said he, inwardly, "will I prove that mind is not to be silenced by mere matter." The poet made himself up for mischief.

"I repeat," said Skinundgrieff, "chess is nothing. When I played chess, it was after a fashion peculiar to myself—"

"Peculiar enough!" whispered the Von to the lady; "peculiar enough, I'll be sworn!"

"When I played chess, I analyzed the subject thus. A certain thing is to be done. Very well. A situation is to be produced, at whatever cost, called checkmate. Very well. I looked then neither to the right nor to the left; I gave up my queen and castle, knight and pawn. I went straightways and simply to the mark I purposed. I gave checkmate. Bah! I found it quite easy; in fact, chess is a bagatelle—provided a man has—a—a—a—certain calibre of mind!"

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Wolverdenden. "Philidor is risen from the tomb!"

Another laugh rang round the table. Miss Knaggett sighed. What an advantage is a strong cast of the eyes! The fair lady was enabled now to drop a tearful look of sympathy and admiration upon the *soldisant* Pole, while, with her sinister orb, she shot a ray of fiery wrath and pity at the man of Hamburg, and all with a single effort of volition!

"When I travelled through Circassia," continued the bard, raising his voice—"when I made the tour of Circassia and Georgia, I had just attained my greatest force in chess. I there rode 2000 miles in company with the renowned Acraporpos Khan, the first chess-player in the county, and we played chess mentally all the way. In truth, we agreed that the only things which spoil chess are the board and the men!"

"If your game lasted 2000 miles, it must have been a long one!" remarked Wolverdenden, drily; "and I should have thought a great chief had something better to do than to play chess either horseback or assback. I have been a chess-player myself, and a sad waste of time I found it. To be sure it turned up a trump at last; though my chess was all European, and never was exhibited in Circassia."

"You a chess-player!" cried Mrs. Goldhall; and "You a chess-player!" echoed half-a-dozen voices, in all sorts of keys. "Who ever heard of such a thing as a millionaire a chess-player? As well be a mathematician, or even a poet!"

The great man was evidently flattered by the tribute of homage rendered in this burst of surprise. He smiled; and his smile was of a character to represent the complacent, the dignified, the patronizing.

"I have played chess," said Wolverdenden, emphatically, "with the greatest chess-player of the century; with a far greater player than De la Bourdonnais or des Chapelles."

"And who might that be?"

"With Napoleon Bonaparte. I have played a game of chess with Napoleon, and beaten him. Who else living can say this?"

"Chess with Bonaparte!" cried the lady of the mansion. "How droll—how exceedingly remarkable! How did he look? how did all happen? what did he say? were you not afraid? How very extraordinary! Oh, we must hear all about it! Come, tell us, there's a kind creature! do, now, tell us all about it!"

"Yes, yes!" shouted Goldhall; "pray tell us all about it! A story, a story!"

Miss Knaggett sneered perceptibly, the poet said nothing. He would have preferred the cry of "A poem, a poem!"

Von Wolverdenden hesitated with the coquetry of a fine singer, when about to "favor the company."

"Oh, pray tell it us!" and Mrs. Goldhall placed her white hand on the great man's arm, as if that argument were irresistible. Skinundgrieff looked daggers, and Miss Knaggett squinted pins and needles. It was a clear case that *The Blasted Bard* would not be allowed to unfold its leaves that evening.

"There certainly exists no insuperable objection to my relating this chess adventure," said Wolverdenden, "but you must promise me your patient attention for a full half hour."

"Yes, yes, we promise!" was the response. A rich man's story as well as his joke is so greedily devoured. Skinundgrieff muttered something to his scraggy neighbor, and, as the servants were now ordered out of the room, filled a bumper of Burgundy "for two." Miss Knaggett liked a glass of wine.

Deep silence prevailed. The millionaire looked slowly round, as if to take in all the party with the gaze of his deep dark eye, and commenced his story.

"When I was a junior clerk in the house of R—in Paris, at 1500 francs a year—"

The company were transfixed. Napoleon's memorable prologue, "When I was a sub-lieutenant," caused not greater sensation. Von Wolverdenden smiled.

"When I was a petty clerk in R—'s, the narrowness of my finances allowed me to indulge in no amusement but chess; and, as a constant habitué of the Café de la Régence, I had attained a certain degree of force; that is to say, a first-rate player could only give me the advantage of a couple of pieces. It is necessary I should premise all this, before I come to my encounter with the emperor. I gave, then, all my leisure time to chess; but, to conceal the poverty of my appointments, maintained the most rigid secrecy at the Régence as to who or what I was, and was universally supposed to be living on my means—a mere Paris *flâneur*. Do not lose sight of this fact. Well, I bore my condition cheerfully, practiced the most rigid economy as to ways and means, and sat early and late at my desk, during business hours; existing on the present, living on the future; watching the opportunity to better my hard fate, by seizing that critical moment (should it present itself), which they say Fortune offers once, at least, in the life of every man."

"I wonder when that marvellous moment will deign to visit me!" interrupted Skinundgrieff.

"It probably has already occurred to you, my dear sir," said Wolverdenden, courteously, "and you have neglected to seize it, in the just condensation of a genius fit to wield the very crash of worlds—ahem!—Surely, in return for that sublime game of chess of yours, played with the Georgian captain, he ought to have created you a pacha of three tails, instead of the one you bear!"

The company laughed. The poet forced a smile to Wolverdenden, and cursed him "by all his gods." The capitalist resumed:

"On the 5th of March, in the year 1815, we were all at our posts in the evening, making up the monthly mail for Constantinople. It was late—between eight and nine o'clock. I was rocking on my very hard wooden stool as usual, scribbling away for dear life, in company with some nine or ten other clerks, all of superior grade in the office, when the door flew open, and our chief, R—, stood before us with a face as pale as a pretty woman's when the doctor says her aged husband will recover!"

"Naughty man!" lisped Mrs. Goldhall.

"Every sound was hushed, every stool ceased to rock, every pen stopped scratching. Something important had evidently happened—some dire event 'big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.' Mexico was engulfed by an earthquake, or Peru was washed to powder by a tornado. R— spoke, and his voice quivered. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'though I opened not the black-book, I could not prevent others, many hours, from unfolding its leaves. France is no longer France! The whirlwind has smitten her! The thunder-cloud has burst upon our happy shores! I may be announcing to you the ruin of the house of R—and Brothers!'

"Ruin and R—! The association of terms appeared too ridiculous. We thought the governor mad!"

"Gentlemen," resumed the mighty Israelite, "hear me out, and appreciate the magnitude of this communication. Napoleon Bonaparte has left Elba, has landed in France, the army join him, and his eagles are flying to Paris with lightning speed! I come now from the Tuileries. Louis XVIII., by the grace of God, will be off for Flanders in a few days as fast as his fat will let him. The ministers are drawing up a bombastic proclamation to issue to-morrow to the people, but I foresee their downfall is assured. The folly of the Bourbons again breaks the peace of Europe, and France is about to plunge anew into a thirty years' war!"

"Hurrah!" shouted two or three clerks, stanch Bonapartists.

"Forgive me, my dear sir," cried one of them to R—, "forgive the interruption, but this cannot touch the house. Be yourself. This alarm is surely premature. Hurrah! the emperor must have money. He will want a loan. We shall have the crown jewels, worth fourteen millions of gold, in pledge; and the fat citizens of Paris, who swear by the house of R—, will furnish the cash! Hurrah, then! *Vive l'Empereur!—A bas les Bourbons!—Vive Napoleon!*"

"Sir," replied R—, sternly, "sir, you are a fool! and you talk like the fool you are! The emperor must have money instantly, true enough, too true! but Louis is even now packing up the crown jewels, in case he is obliged to fly to Ghent; trust the old fox for that, and all his private treasure of gold and diamonds to boot. The emperor can offer no guaranty capable of being quickly realized. He will tender me his note of hand—bah! and the Congress at Vienna still sitting! and the armies of the allies not disbanded! and the Russians in Germany! and the Cossacks of the Don in sunny Europe, like vultures eager to whet their filthy beaks in the dearest blood of France! Sir, you talk like a child! Do you forget our cash operation of last week? Do you remember that in our vaults lie five millions of golden Napoleons? and, doubtless, Talleyrand and Fouché will try to make their peace with Bonaparte, by advising that this sum should be seized as a forced loan. Five millions!"

"The allied armies will dissolve like snow beneath the sun of June!" retorted the Bonapartist clerk.

"Never!" cried R—, emphatically: "Napoleon has laid too many obligations upon Russia and Austria. They groan beneath the weight of his favors. Benefit a scoundrel, and be sure he flies at your throat when he can!"

"Prophetic speech! The Austrian required the preserving the integrity of his domain, by furnishing, some years afterwards, a little kingdom to a little king—a realm six feet by three, to her beloved grandson, Napoleon II., King of Rome and Emperor of the French! *Vive la haute politique!* Well, excuse my showing this feeling; I cannot, for my life, help it. Our friend's wine here is so excellent, it breaks the formula of cant, and truth will out. I am about to conquer Napoleon at chess; but from the moment I beat him, I loved him!"

"Yes," continued R—, "five millions in gold, one hundred millions of francs! My brain reels—the house must go! Nothing but a miracle can save us. Five millions!"

"But," asked the imperialist clerk, "can we not hide the gold? can we not send it away?"

"And what can we do with it?" impetuously interrupted R—. "Where can we hide it, that its place of concealment will not be known? The barriers are closed, sir, and no person may leave Paris. The moment Napoleon sets foot in the Tuileries I shall be summoned thither, and this gold will be demanded as a loan. A loan, indeed!"

"But, perhaps, Lafitte—"

"Lafitte the devil, sir! To Lafitte's house I shall be politely invited to send the money. I must give up this vast sum, or perhaps be tried by court-martial and shot for petty treason! Think you Bonaparte comes this time to play anything but the game of life or death? Do we not know the man? Remember the active part I have taken in arranging the affairs of these Bourbons, and think not my exertions in their cause can ever be overlooked, except by themselves. A hundred millions! Oh, brother! my dear brother! of all men on earth, you alone could save me by your counsel; and I am in Paris, and you are in London!"

"The emperor cannot be here yet, why not send to your brother?" asked the imperialist.

"The barriers are, I repeat, closed, and guarded by the artillery with loaded guns. I applied myself for a passport, and was refused. The gratitude of kings! I was refused this by the Bourbons, who wish naturally to delay the heavy tidings of lament for France, until their own personal safety is insured. The peasants love Napoleon, and might arrest them. A hundred millions!"

"And no one can then leave Paris? This is really so!" ejaculated the Bonapartist, beginning himself to tremble for the safety of his idol, the house.

"Such is literally the case. None may pass, but one courier for each ambassador. The messenger of the English embassy this moment leaves with dispatches for the court of St. James's. I have spoken with him, and have offered him £500 to bear a letter to my brother, and the man refuses! The post, too, is stopped. All is stopped or will stop. Five millions of gold!"

"The English courier is a German named Schmidt, is he not?" queried the Bonapartist clerk by the way of saying something.

"He is! may he break his neck on the road! The moment he communicates his news in London, the British funds fall ten per cent. as they will do here to-morrow morning, and in both cities we hold consols to an immense amount. Oh, for some heaven inspired idea to circumvent this fellow Schmidt! But I talk as a child!—my brain reels! Five millions of Napoleons in our cellars! Oh, my brother! why cannot the spirit of our father arise and stand before thee to-morrow in London, ere the arrival of this courier?"

"The climax had arrived. R—'s face was full. He sunk into a chair, and hid his face in his hands. The deep silence of profound consternation prevailed throughout the office."

"Now, whatever was the feeling of my fellow clerks, I cannot convey to you the slightest idea of the revolution which had sprung up in my breast during the foregoing conversation. I had not spoken, but eagerly watched and devoured every word; every look of the several speakers. I was like the Pythoness of Delphi awaiting the inspiration of her god, my 'Magnus Apollo' being my poor 1500 franc salary. Never was there more burning genius of inspiration for an enterprising man than an income limited to 1500 francs! My frame dilated like that of Ulysses in Homer, when breathed upon by the sage Minerva; or, to pair my Greek with a Latin simile, I might be likened to Curtius, resolved to save Rome by leaping into the gulf; only, as an improvement upon this latter hero, I fancied I could take the plunge without breaking my neck! Any how I jumped up, kicked my wooden stool away, and presented myself before R—."

"If being in London three hours before the English courier may advantage the house," cried I, "here do I undertake the task, or will forfeit life. Give me some token of credence to hand your brother, sir, gold for my expenses on the road, and trust to me!"

"What mean you? Are you mad?" said R—, surprised, while my fellow clerks began to mutter at my pretensions.

"I have my plan," returned I. "Oh, do but trust me! I am acquainted with this courier—with Schmidt. I have a hold on him—a certain hold believe me! Though I am but the junior here, I will travel with Schmidt, ay, in his very carriage, and will win the race, though I should be guillotined afterward for strangling him by the way! Time flies, sir—trust me—say I may go!"

R— hesitated.

"Is he trustworthy?" asked he of the head clerk, with whom I was luckily a favorite, because I was in the habit of mending his pens, and taking his seven children *bonbons* on New-year's day.

"Wolverdenden," answered the head clerk, "is as steady as time. He is prudent and clever. I would trust him with my children—and wife, too!"

"There was little time for parley. Great men decide quickly. The truth was, I presented myself as a *pis aller*—a sort of forlorn hope. Even if I went over to the enemy, nothing could be lost, matters being evidently at their worst, and the critical moment all but on the wane. R— resolved to trust me. All was the work of a few seconds of time. He took from his finger the carbuncle I now wear, the stone cost 60,000 francs in the Levant, and placed it in my hand."

"Show this ring to my brother," said he; "he knows it well; and stay—quick—give me ink!" Snatching up a slip of paper, our chief wrote in the Hebrew character, 'Believe the bearer!' 'Pat that in his hands,' said he. 'What your plan is, I know not. You have *carte-blanc*. Explain all to my brother. He is the genius of the family. The fortunes of the house of R— are this day in your keeping. Be thou, as David says, 'a dove for innocence, but a very serpent in guile.' The courier starts at the stroke of ten. It wants twelve minutes!"

"He goes, of course, from the house of the embassy?" asked I, clapping on my hat, snatching a cloak from the wall, and pocketing a heavy bag of gold all in a breath.

"He does—he does—away with you—away!" and R— literally pushed me out of the door, amid the varied exclamations of the clerks. I took the steep stair-fall at half-a-dozen bounds, and in half-a-dozen more found myself in the Place du Palais Royal.

"Through life we find that to narrate important events, frequently consumes more time than their realization. Thus it is with me at this moment, and I must hazard weakening the interest of my narrative to state here the grounds of my calculation. In almost everything runs an under-current, not seen by the world. Schmidt and I were bound together by but a silken thread, and yet on that I reckoned. We were both frequenters of the Café de la Régence, and constantly in the habit of playing chess together."

"Nobody but a chess-player can appreciate the strong tie of brotherhood which links its amateurs. When men spend much time together, they become accustomed to each other, like horses used to run in the same coach. For a fellow chess-player, a man will do that which he would refuse his father and mother. The habit of breathing the same air and looking at the same chess-board creates a friendship to which that of Damon and Pythias was mere 'How d'ye do?' This it was upon which I reckoned. Schmidt and I had played thousands of chess-games together, and barely exchanged three words. He no more suspected me of being a banker's clerk than of being the king of the Sandwich Islands. We had mostly singled out each other as antagonists, because pretty nearly matched, and Schmidt loved me the more, as I knew, because it was not every man who would play with him."

"Schmidt was the slowest chess-player I have ever seen. He has been known to sit three-quarters of an hour over a move, his head covered by his hands, and then to be discovered fast asleep! In everything he was the same. Correct as the sun; but a slow sort of person, for all that. Schmidt was the kind of man who, meeting you in a pouring rain, says, 'What a wet day this is!' A wholesale dealer in prosy truisms, and nothing brighter; and yet covered all over with a portly assumption of consequence, which famously dusted the eyes of the vulgar. I had ever been a judge of physiognomy, and knew my man. How many Schmidts there are in the world! Excuse my thus moralizing at the dinner-table, if only for its novelty."

"Did you ever see a conjuror at a fair showing off tricks upon the cards? He shuffles the pack beneath your very nose as he offers them in detail; but while you vainly think you can draw which you will, he adroitly manages to make you select the very card to suit his purpose. Something like this must be my first step. I had as yet no plan beyond fixing myself upon him, and trusting to consequences; but, under the strong stimulus of my poor 1500 franc salary, I seriously made up my resolve to risk even life itself rather than rest in my abject position. Who could have so much gold run through his fingers as I was in the daily habit of telling, and not long to see a little of it stick by the way?"

"I depended, then, partly on the native force of impudence; or, in words more refined, on the influence of a strong mind over a weak one; that magic spell which Concini at the block owned to having practiced so successfully upon the queen, her mistress. You see I am historical, as well as classical—anything but poetical!"

"The English embassy at this time occupied a hotel adjoining the Café de la Régence; at the door of which latter temple of fame I planted myself in a careless-looking attitude, with my pulse beating like a sledge-hammer. The night was dark above, but bright below, shining forth in all the glory of lamp-light. At the *porte cochère* of the British envoy's hotel stood a light travelling-carriage. I was in the nick of time. Schmidt was ready, enveloped in a heavy *redingote*. Five horses were being caparisoned for the journey. I went up to the carriage, and addressed my chess friend:

"How's this, Schmidt? no chess to-night? I've been looking for you in the Régence!"

"Chess! no, indeed, I've other fish to fry. Have you not heard the news? It's no secret. Bonaparte has landed from Elba on the coast of France. Paris will ring with the tidings in an hour or two. I'm off this moment for London with dispatches."

"I don't envy you the journey!" said I. "What a bore! shut up in that machine all night; not even a pretty girl to keep you company!"

"But duty, you know!" said Schmidt, with a smile.

"Duty, indeed! but, perhaps, you light up, *en grand seigneur*, and read all the way? To be sure, you can study our new gambit!"

"What a pity you can't go with me!" responded Schmidt, in the pride of five horses, and a carriage all to himself. "What a pity you can't go with me, we'd play chess all the way!"

"My heart leaped to my mouth. The trout was gorging the bait, Schmidt had drawn the marked card!"

"Don't invite me twice!" said I, laughing, "for I am in a very lazy humor, and have no one earthly thing to do in Paris for the next few days." This was true enough.

"Come along, then, my dear fellow!" replied Schmidt, "make the best earnest. I've a famous night-lamp, and am in no humor to sleep. I must drop you on the frontiers, because I dare not let the authorities of Calais or Boulogne see that I have a companion, lest I should be suspected of stock-jobbing, but I'll pick you up on my return. Now, are the horses ready, there?"

"Do you really mean what you say, Schmidt?"

"Indeed I do!"

"Then I'll tell you what," said I, "I'm your man, and famous fun we'll have!"

"I darted into the Café de la Régence, snatched up the first chess equipment that came to hand, and stood in a moment again by the side of 'my friend.' The postillions were on their saddles, in we leaped, bang went the door, round rolled the wheels, and away bounded our light calash at the rate of ten French miles an hour!"

"Gad!" said Schmidt, with a grin, "what a joke this is! We shall have something in the chess way to talk about for the next hundred and fifty years!"

"We shall, indeed!" replied I. For a moment we were stopped at the barrier of St. Denis, and here I became sensible of the truth of R——'s reasoning. The gates were closed, and a heavy force of horse and foot drawn up by the portals. My friend's passport was strictly scanned, and we learned that no other carriage could pass that night, the other being special. I may here say, that throughout the route, thanks to the telegraph, our horses were always changed at the various post-houses with lightning speed.

"Good night, gentlemen!" cried the officer on guard, and away we went through the barriers, dashing over stone and sand, rut and road, like the chariot of Phaeton running away with its master. I looked back on Paris for the last time. "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante!*" thought I. Should I succeed, the R——s will at least bury me in the church St. Genevieve!

"Now at this point, my friends, the chess-board, I consider, was in reality placed between Napoleon and myself, its type only being the chequered piece of wood on which Schmidt, poor fellow! was setting up the chess-men. By the by, if you ever play chess in a carriage, and for want of the men being pegged at their feet you cannot make them stand, wet the board with a little *vin de Grave*, as we did, and you'll find no difficulty."

"Yes, Napoleon and I were about to play a game at chess, and, although he might be said to have taken the first move, his attack was necessarily clogged by so much incumbrance, that our chances, at least, became equal. 'To beat the emperor,' thought I, 'all must be risked in a rapid attack, which shall countermine his plans. The position must not be suffered too grow to intricate.' My first stroke must be successful, or I may as well throw up the game at once. Nothing, however, can be done some hours; so, *voyons!* there's a Providence for the virtuous."

"Imagine for yourselves the details I am compelled to omit. We played chess all night, talked, laughed, and enjoyed ourselves. We supped *en route* in the carriage; and, as my courteous antagonist was deeply engaged in discussing the relative merits of a *Perigord pâté* and a bottle of old Markbrunner, I could but sigh that time had been denied me to put a vial of laudanum in my pocket. Schmidt would have slept so soundly!"

"Time wore on. 'Shall I pitch him out by main force?' reflected your humble servant. 'Shall I decoy him forth, leave him like one of the babes in the wood to the care of the red-breasts, assume his name, and dash on alone?' Too hazardous. I must take care not to find my way into that dirty old jail at Calais, where the starving debtors are so everlastingly fishing for charitable pence with red wollen nightcaps. The Code Napoleon does not allow of 'robbery with premeditated violence.' More the pity! and then, probably, if alone, I could not procure horses. Shall I tell Schmidt the whole truth, and throw myself on his friendship? No; I should be checked and checkmated. We have rattled through Abbeville, we are even passing Montreuil, and I am just where I was. But, stop! a thought lights up my brain. Will it do?"

"Luckily my adversary was, as I have said, the slowest of all

slow chess-players—heavy, sleek, and sleepy. This gave me the more time to ruminate while he concocted his views upon the chequered field; and my scheme, such as it was, became at length matured. While Schmidt the innocent, with his fishy eyes, was poking over the board, how little he thought upon the real subject of my meditations! At this moment some persons would liken Schmidt to the Indian traveller, laughing in the fulness of his joy, while the Thug, his companion, makes ready the fatal scarf wherewith to strangle him; others would compare him to a calf grazing in a butcher's field. You may liken him to what you will.

"Do you cross from Calais or Boulogne, Schmidt?—Check to your king!"

"Check? I shall interpose the rook. Oh! through the Anglo-mania of the Bourbons, our embassy has worked the telegraph double duty, and at both ports a fast-sailing boat awaits me. I think I shall win this game. Your queen seems to me not upon roses. If the wind hold strong southwest as now, I shall prefer crossing from Boulogne."

"By this time we had reached that little village, I forgot the name of the dog-hole, seven miles on the Paris side of Boulogne. It was half-past four in the afternoon, and we had eaten nothing since our scanty breakfast of bread, butter, and *café au lait*, at eight in the morning. Chess, chess, still had our chess gone on. I knew Schmidt was rather of the gourmand order, and now or never must the buffalo be taken in the lasso; I easily prevailed on him to alight at the little inn of the village, which was also the post-house, for a quarter of an hour, to snatch a hot dinner; which, I assured him, was far better than his dining at Boulogne and crossing the sea on a full stomach; so, chess-board in hand, away went Schmidt the simple into a dark little back room to study his coming move while dinner was dishing. 'Now or never!' I say, was my battle-cry. I rushed out, and demanded, what think you? a blacksmith! I was gazing on our carriage when the man stood before me. No one was within hearing."

"What a curious thing is a carriage like this, friend!" said I, musingly.

"It is!" responded he, in a tone which seemed to say, 'Have you come from Paris to tell me that?'

"A strange wilderness of wheels and springs, of wood and iron. Now what would follow were that large screw there taken out? Answer me promptly!"

"What would follow? Why the coach would go on very well for a few hundred yards, and then would overturn with a crash, and smash all to shivers!"

"Hum!" said I; "and the travellers would doubtless go to *shivers*, as you call it, also? And what if only that tiny screw there were drawn?"

"The body of the vehicle would equally fall upon the hind axle, but without material consequences; causing, however, some inevitable delay."

"Are you the blacksmith always in attendance here? I mean if this carriage overturned descending yonder hill, would it fall to your lot to right it?"

"It would!" and the Frenchman's eye sparkled with intelligence. I could have hugged the swarthy man to my bosom. I adore a blacksmith!

"Here are ten Napoleons," said I; "give me out that little screw, I have a fancy for it." And the screw was in my hand.

"And now," continued I, "here are ten other Napoleons. I hope no accident will happen to us as we leave the village; but should the carriage overturn, have it brought back here to repair, and take a couple of hours to finish the job in, that you may be sure the work is done properly, you know. And remember, O most virtuous of blacksmiths! that a man who earns twenty Napoleons so lightly has two ears but only one tongue."

"Assez, assez, mon maître!" grinned Vulcan emphatically; "je comprends; soyez tranquille! Allez donc!"

"I pocketed the precious screw, and rushed into dinner while the horses were putting to. Schmidt was so tranquil, I felt provoked I had such a lamb to deal with. I intend that screw to go down in my family as an heir-loom."

"We left the inn at full gallop. A very small quantity of pace like ours proved a dose. The body of the carriage dropped gently into a 'critical position.' The postillions pulled up."

"We are overset," cried I.

"God forbid!" said Schmidt; "say it's the English courier!" The man was so deep in that dear chess. "What's to be done?" cried he, coming to his senses.

"I had already sprung out."

"There seems little the matter, Schmidt. Back the carriage to the inn, and all will be right again in a twinkling."

"So said so done. My friend the blacksmith assured us he would repair all damage directly; and, while he began to hammer away, like a Cyclops forging thunderbolts, we philosophers coolly resumed our chess in the inn-parlor. The position of the game was now highly critical, both for me and Napoleon, and also for me and Schmidt. My latter adversary was decidedly under a mate, and his coming move I felt must occupy twenty heavenly minutes! Surely his guardian angel must have been just now taking his siesta!"

"I left the room and darted to the stable. A groom was busy at his work."

"Have you a saddle-horse ready for the road?"

"Yes sir, we've a famous trotting pony,—won the prize last—"

"Enough! I am sent on in advance. Tell the landlord my friend within settles all. Give me the bride!"

"I mounted my Bucephalus and galloped off like the wind."

"Boulogne! Boulogne!" cried I, aloud, as I raced through the village in a state of ungovernable excitement. I was playing the great game with a vengeance. If that horse yet lives, be sure he recollects me."

"I rattled into Boulogne, the St. Pelage of Great Britain, and the very *gendarmerie* quailed before me at the gates. In a minute more I had alighted at the water-side. The soldiers shouted behind for my passport. I threw them some gold, which, as none of their officers happened to be in sight, they were vulgar enough to pick up from the beach. I cast my eyes around. It was six o'clock, and the scene was deeply interesting."

"The breeze had set in well from the west. The evening was cold but bright; the air slightly frosty. The sun yet shone, and lighted up the harbor, tinging the far-off waves with ten thousand shades of emerald hue. It was known already that Napoleon had escaped from his prison-house, and was marching on Paris; and the English residents were flying from France like sheep before the wolf."

A golden harvest was reaping on this narrow sea, and I was hailed in a moment by several bronzed fishermen, with offers of service and vaunts of the superior qualities of their respective vessels. I selected at a glance a stout, trim-looking boat, and leaped on board, leaving my horse to his meditations. I hope, for the hospitality of Boulogne, he was taken care of."

"For Dover!" cried I to the master of the boat. "My pay is five guineas a-man; I must have eight men on board in case it comes on to blow. Be smart, fellows, and away!"

"The men were active as eels. The police were about to detain me with some infernal jargon about my passport again."

"Cut off!" cried I, eagerly.

"My captain, (if I may so term a Breton sailor, half smuggler, half fisherman,) severed the rope which held us to the pier-head,

our heavy brown sails were flung to the wind, and we were sweeping across the waters."

"We dashed under the bows of a large English-built packet, straining at her lashings like mad, ready to kick off in ten seconds. Her sails were flying abroad, and several stout hands were at the tacks, ready to sheet them home. The captain was reading the very stones and windows of the town, impatiently through a glass. The mob of idle spectators were so busily engaged watching his proceedings, I was hardly noticed."

"A nice craft, that!"

"Yes, sir; waiting for the English courier. If he don't make haste she'll lose her tide."

"I should be sorry for that," said I. "Give her a wide berth, and go ahead."

"And we did go ahead! I have crossed Calais Straits many times, but never under such exciting circumstances. Every bit of canvas we could stretch was spread, and the billows washed our deck from stem to stern. The men were on their mettle, and the little vessel answered gloriously to the call; shaking herself after each wash like a wild duck, and dipping her wings again to kiss the briny waters. At one moment I verily thought we should have been swamped. My fellows themselves hesitated, and seemed inclined to take in sail."

"Carry on!" cried our captain.

"A little more washing, and we were in comparatively smooth water under the chalk cliffs of Albion. By half-past nine I had left Dover, and was tearing along the London road behind four fleet horses. Canterbury and Rochester were won and lost. I took the direction of London, and my carriage pulled up before the gates of R——'s villa at five o'clock in the morning. I had come from Paris in thirty hours."

"Thirty-one!" here interpolated the accurate Mr. Goldball.

Wolverdenden smiled.

"The inmates must have thought I had come to take the mansion by storm, so powerful were my appeals to the great bell, as I stood at the gates in the early sunbeams of the morning. In five minutes more, I found myself by the conjugal bed of R——. God only knows how I got there!"

"Assuredly the R——s received me as they had never done visitor before, sitting up both in bed, side by side, rubbing their eyes, as just awakened from a deep sleep. I had made my entry *vi et armis*, and by the time R—— was fully awakened up, had handed in my credentials. Without pausing a moment in my hitherto successful career, I rapidly explained the circumstances of the case, and minutely detailed the situation of our Paris house. What words I used I cannot remember. Indeed I spoke as in a state of delirium. I had not slept for two days and nights, and my brain began to reel for want of rest."

"Go into my dressing-room there," said R——, with the most imperturbable sangfroid. "Do me the favor to open the shutters, and in three minutes I will be with you."

"I retired mechanically, a heavy load seemed already moved from my chest. In every tone of the great mau's voice was something more than authority; there was genius, talent, and power. I felt that our position was fully understood, and so profound was my confidence in the king of the London merchants, I already felt assured we should find relief in his counsels. How extraordinary that so much effect should have been produced by half-a-dozen commonplace words."

"I threw myself upon a sofa. R—— joined me. He wore a scarlet nightcap, and, enveloped in the blanket he had hastily dragged off the bed, he looked, with his grizzly beard and massive throat, like a chief of the Cherokee Indians about to give the war-whoop. But I thought at the moment of neither nightcap nor blanket; I thought only of Napoleon Bonaparte on the one hand, and R—— on the other; and I would have staked my life on the latter, simply because he seemed master of himself. It is so easy to govern others!"

"R—— was grand, he was sublime! Startled abruptly from his sleep, informed that the whole fortunes of his house were trembling in the balance—that the mighty European edifice he had for so many years been laboring to establish was tottering in the wind—that name, fame, and fortune, were being rent asunder, he was still R——. He was the lion of the desert awakened to battle by the jungle tiger of the East, and rushing at once to the desperate conflict. Only, be it remarked, that lions of the desert seldom appear in flannel, even in the Zoological Gardens."

"Mauvaise plaisanterie!" sneered the poet to Miss Knaggett.

"Coarse person, with his flannel and his nightcap!" responded she of the bones.

Wolverdenden heard not the remark. He proceeded:

"R—— spoke, and in the same quiet tone with which he could have ordered his *maitre d'hôtel* to get him a cutlet."

"Return to France," said he—to my brother with all speed. Spare no exertion at all hazards to be in Paris some little time before Napoleon enters, and all will go well. Your services in this affair will not be forgotten by our house. To thank you here were waste of time. Now mark my words! I have no faith in the Napoleon dynasty. The emperor has returned too soon. The army will declare in his favor, but the nation, torn by war, will not stand by him. The natural cry of France is, 'Peace, peace!' that we may heal up our wounds.' The emperor may win a battle, but he must fall before numbers, and his fall this time will be for ever. I give him a hundred days' reign, and no more. Very well. If I believed in the endurance of Napoleon, I should say, 'Make a friend of him—lend him this gold'; but as it is, the bullion must be preserved. I know the Bourbons. If the emperor borrow the gold, even in the name of the government, and pawn the palace of Fontainebleau and the Louvre for the amount, the others are capable of disavowing the transaction. And although the absolute loss of this sum would not of itself shake us, yet the credit of our name would be severely damaged; a run upon our branch houses would inevitably follow, and we should be compelled to stop payment before we could realize our assets. And yet true policy forbids our now directly affronting the emperor. How then to act? The problem to be solved is this—to keep the gold out of his hands, and yet to remain friends with him. And thus would I have my brother proceed. Treasure up my every word, sir; and digest it *en route*. All paper money in France will now be depreciated. Any premium will be given for gold to hoard during the crisis. We have undue bills to the amount of millions and millions flying about Paris. I pray you mark this, sir. Seek out the holders of our paper, call it all in, and pay it off in gold. The money market will be so pressed that even our name will be at a discount. Work out this scheme, and watch the result. Every holder of a note of hand will be glad to allow ten per cent. discount for gold. Call in all. Leave not a rag of paper existing in any corner of Paris with our name thereon as acceptors. Should it chance that even then you do not find bills enough come in to absorb the gold, let my brother extend the operation, and discount equally the flying bills of the three Paris houses, marked in his secret memorandum-book as A, B, C. Never mind whether the bills have two, four, or six months to run. I say pay off all. Ferret them out from every corner of Paris. Lock your paper in your chest, and the ship will ride on the storm. How like you the plan, sir? Ha! The bills will be useless to Napoleon. Gold alone will meet his views, and he must get it through those houses who have been a

the secret of his return. Meanwhile, bid my brother be foremost at the Tuileries' levees, and profuse in his assurances of devotion to the emperor, with regret that he has no gold."

"R—— paused, as if to demand my applause for his plan. I saw it all; the riddle was solved. Success was all but certain. Check to Napoleon! and probably check-mate; for other blows are yet in reserve for him! R—— resumed, with the gravity of a veteran commanding in a battery with the bullets flying around him.

"Tell my brother, moreover, to operate on the French funds for a rise, the moment they recover from their first depression. Operate largely, and in the certainty that the Bourbon star will shine again, in less than four months, brighter, and more enduring, from the dark cloud having passed away. Remind my brother, however, to operate against the emperor only through third parties, and to beware; for Napoleon will owe us a grudge for present proceedings, though at first he will be too eager to court public opinion to dare to seek revenge on our house. And now, away with you, sir, on the wings of the wind; but, hold! what is the earliest hour at which the courier of the English embassy can be at the Foreign Office here?"

"I should say, eight or nine."

"Ha!" said R——; "then stop yet a moment. Thy coming is, indeed, a God-send!"

"Seating himself, R—— hastily wrote and sealed a short note, addressed to Lord C——.

"Leave London by Westminster, and hand in this note as you pass Downing-street (of course you know London,) to be delivered as early as possible. Lord C—— comes punctually to business at nine o'clock, and will find it on his desk. It is right that I should briefly acquaint his lordship with the outbreak of Napoleon."

"But," remarked I (child as I was, compared with R——), "would you not prefer my leaving it at his lordship's residence; in which case he would get it at least two hours sooner?"

"Content yourself, young man," returned the chief, with a grim smile; "obey orders without reasoning upon them. Ahem! he might not like to be disturbed so early. Besides how, do we know he is at home? There; I date my envelope 'half-past five A.M.' can man do more? And now away, sir. We shall soon meet again. Return by Calais. The Boulonnais might lay hold of you."

"But allow me to remark, one difficulty remains," observed I; "I have no passport."

"Oh, I can remedy that in a moment. The English government allow me to keep a few blanks for emergencies."

"With R——, to will and to do appeared to be the same thing. He filled me up a passport ready signed, describing me as on "a special mission;" and we parted with a cordial squeeze of the hand. I can truly say, I neither ate nor drank in or near the British metropolis.

"How shall we drive, sir?" asked the postboys, as we crossed Westminster Bridge.

"Drive," said I, "as if the devil were after us!"

"Luck was on my side throughout this eventful chess game; for such I contend it was in the highest signification of the word. Life is chess on a grand scale, and chess is an emblem of life, with its hopes and its fears, its losses and its gains; only, in chess, if you lose one game through a false move, you can set up the pieces and play another. My chances of checkmating the emperor now increased hourly. The ball was at my foot. It may be said, the greater share of the laurel-branch ought to be R——'s. Never mind, I was not puffed up with pride. Could I have a more worthy partner than the mighty monarch of European finance? It was king against Kaiser, and mine own was at least the hand that moved the pieces.

Fate was constant throughout my journey. I reached Dover and Calais without an accident, and reeled into our Paris counting-house, more dead than alive, soon after noon, on the 8th day of March. I need not say how delighted was our French R—— at the counsel I brought. All hands went immediately to work, to carry out the scheme. As for me, I went to bed.

"R——'s behavior was perfect. He made me keep the ring I wore, and thus I gained my carbuncle. More valuable orders of merit have been given by monarchs for services of inferior value.

"To make my narrative complete, I must here trouble you with a chapter of dates.

"Bonaparte had landed in France March 1, and the news came to the Tuileries, as I have said, by the Lyons telegraph, on the 5th. On the 6th Louis le Désiré, issued his first proclamation, and ran away from Paris, his loved city, on the 19th. March 12, the emperor entered Lyons; left that city next day; was at Fontainebleau on the 20th; and came into Paris on the same day, at nine o'clock at night. *Le petit Caporal* had covered two hundred French leagues, partly hostile, in twenty days; not bad work, considering a part of the journey was performed on foot, that armies were to be conquered, and municipal authorities harranged, *en route*, in every town. On my part (for, as I am playing chess with the emperor, I may here contrast my doings with his,) I had left Paris on the 5th of March, and was back at my post on the 8th. We were, morally speaking, assured of at least a clear week, even should the troops sent to oppose the emperor unite themselves to his cause. A good deal may be done in a week!

"The success of the house of R—— was complete; and Napoleon, as far as our game went, was irrevocably checkmated. All our gold was paid away; barely a single twenty-franc piece remained in our treasure-vaults. We stood upon our bills and waited the event.

"On the 21st of March, the emperor had a grand levee at the palace of the Tuileries, to which our chief went, though with a trembling heart. Bonaparte looked at him from head to foot, with anything but a pleasant expression of countenance, and turned on his heel with this one significant phrase, 'I see that there are two Napoleons in Europe!'

"The courtiers stared at each other, but could not read the riddle. Our R—— saw that his counterplot was known, and appreciated, though not perhaps gratefully! During the hundred days' reign—that meteor-flash of regained power—the emperor took no farther notice of the matter, but subsequently alluded to it at St. Helena, in his conversations with La Casas. He then laughed at the trick, and owned we had completely foiled him. A Napoleon to confess himself beaten is twice vanquished.

"My friend, Schmidt the heavy, never can have forgotten the last game of chess we played together, but was fortunate enough to be able to conceal the thing from his employers. He is still in the land of the living, but we have never seen each other since I left him studying how to parry the impending checkmate. Should we ever meet, I shall be happy to finish the game, though I have never had leisure to play even a single party of chess since. Chess is a game for the poor, the idle, and the infirm; and, thanks to R——, I am now none of those. A liberal advance of capital on the part of the two brothers of Paris and London enabled me to call into existence the house of Wolverdenden and Co., bankers and merchants, of Hamburg, of which firm I am, as friend Goldhall there knows, the head partner. I have never divulged this affair before; but, after twenty-eight years, feel at liberty to treat it as a matter of history; only, as I should not wish it to go farther, I will thank the company present to respect my desire. The finance of Europe is its very heart's blood, and the multitude should not be too easily initiated into the mysteries of the temple.

"And now, in the manner that conquerors count over their spoils, let me briefly sum up the gains of the R——s. The net is thrown into the waters, and drawn to land; let us tell over the fish taken.

"Firstly, you will take notice, that, in our exchange of gold for paper—hailed at the time, like the changing of the new lamps for old in the Arabian tale of Aladdin,—in this exchange, I say, we cleared a profit of ten per cent.; making ten millions of francs net of itself. The conqueror lost Waterloo—commerce was restored—oil was poured upon the waters—the Bourbons crept forth from their holes, like mice when the cat is out of sight. Gold became a dead-weight—bills were in requisition for remittal to foreign countries—the bullion all came back to our vaults—and we favored our friends, by charging them only 7 to 8 per cent. premium for taking the cumbersome burden off their hands!

"The Bourbons were not ungrateful. With an incomparable degree of adroitness, R—— made them see that we had been instrumental in crippling the resources of the emperor! Thus goes the world. In return for our fidelity to the *fleur-de-lis*, we were permitted to suck some of its sweetest honey. The records of French finance yet ring with our gains upon the Bourse, through our buyings and sellings of stock upon this occasion.

"On the morning I bore the news to England, R—— went down to the Stock Exchange of the British metropolis at nine o'clock. He was always a punctual man. At this very time, Schmidt was about to open his budget to his employers at Westminster. Acting through agents, R—— operated in the funds to an enormous amount for an anticipated fall. His brokers did all this, while the great man was quietly reading the Times newspaper. I will not dwell upon the results in figures. The crop was enormous! At ten A. M. the news came to the Stock Exchange from the Government Home Office, and the thing was blown. It was the interest of R——'s brokers to keep the secret, and they did so. In the course of the same day, Lord C. forwarded to the illustrious R—— an autograph letter from the Prince Regent, thanking him for his personal attention, as well as for his disinterested conduct, in placing his own private information at the service of government, before the arrival of their own courier! Now it is all over, I look back with astonishment. We have many great financiers, but no R——. My story is done."

"What a great man was R——!" said Goldhall with a deep sigh. "A great man, indeed!" was echoed around the dinner-table.

There was a dead pause—a pause similar to that which sunk down upon the rival fleets at the battle of Aboukir after the blowing up of L'Orient. The silence upon the present occasion was an offering to the glorious memory of the departed R——.

Owing to the length of the story of Von Wolverdenden, the sitting of the ladies after dinner had almost resolved itself into what the Chamber of Deputies would term "a state of permanency," much to the vexation of our dear friend Miss Knaggett, who prided herself on "the proprieties." The usual thanks were showered down upon Wolverdenden, like wreaths of flowers upon the head of a successful singer.

Mrs. Goldhall then gave the customary glance round the table, and rose to leave for the drawing-room. During this momentary bustle, the silence was broken, and all tongues were running at once, as if to make up for so much lost time; and also by way of firing a parting salute upon the disappearance of the ladies.

The illustrious poet of the Poles, Stanislas Poniatowski, Skinund-grieff, rushed to escort Miss Knaggett as far as the door, just as the fair hostess, Mrs. Goldhall, was putting this question to the interesting spinster:

"How did you like the story?"

Miss Knaggett was one of those who love to go off with a *mot*.

"Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien," replied she, quoting La Fucelle.

"Balaam's ass spoke once," cried the poet, boldly.

Von Wolverdenden heard the two remarks.

"The greater number of asses never speak at all!" said Wolverdenden.

ADDRESS OF THE FRENCH EM-
PEROR TO THE LEGISLATIVE
BODY, AND THEIR ANSWER.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1808.

Yesterday his majesty the emperor and king went in great state to the Palace of the Legislative body, in order to open the sitting. His majesty addressed the assembly as follows :

Messieurs, the Deputies of the departments to the Legislative Body,

The code of laws, laying down the principles of property and of civil freedom, which forms the subject of your labours, will be adopted as the sentiment of Europe. My people already experience the most salutary effects from them.

The latest laws have laid the foundation of our system of finance. That is a monument of the might and greatness of France. We shall henceforward be able to meet the expenditure which might be rendered necessary, even by a general coalition of Europe, from our yearly income alone.—Never shall we be reduced to have recourse to the fatal expedients of paper-money, of loans, or of anticipation of revenue.

I have, in the present year, laid out more than a thousand miles of road. The system of works which I have established for the improvement of our territory, will be carried forward with zeal.

The prospect of the great French family, lately torn to pieces by opinions and intestine rancour, but now prosperous, tranquil, and united, has affected my soul in a remarkable manner. *I have felt that, in order to be happy, I should in the first place be assured that France was happy.*

The peace of Presburg, that of Tilsit, the assault of Copenhagen, the plans of England against all nations on the ocean, the different revolutions at Constantinople, the affairs of Spain and Portugal have, in various ways, exercised an influence on the affairs of the world.

Russia and Denmark have united with me against England.

The United States of America have rather chosen to abandon commerce and the sea, than to acknowledge their slavery.

A part of my army has marched against that which England has formed in Spain, or has disembarked. It is a distinguished favour of that Providence which has constantly protected our arms, that passion has so far blinded the English councils, that they abandon the defence of the seas, and at last produce their army on the continent.

I depart in a few days to put myself in person at the head of my army, and, with God's help to crown the king of Spain in Madrid, and to plant my eagles on the forts of Spain.

I have only to praise the sentiments of the princes of the confederation of the Rhine.

Switzerland experiences more and more the benefits of the Act of Mediation.

The people of Italy gave me grounds for nothing but expressions of satisfaction.

The emperor of Russia and myself have had an interview at Erfurth. Our first thought was a thought of peace. We had even resolved to make some sacrifices, in order to enable the hundred millions of men whom we represent, if possible, the sooner to enjoy the benefits of the commerce of the seas. *We are agreed, and unchangeably united, as well for peace as for war.*

Messieurs Deputies,

I have ordered my Ministers of Finance and of the General Treasury, to lay before you an account of the receipt and expen-

diture of the year. You will therein see, with satisfaction, that I have not felt it necessary to increase the tariff with any impost. My people shall experience no new burden.

The speakers of my council of state will submit to you many plans of laws, and among others all those which have relation to the criminal code.

I rely constantly on your co-operation.

FRENCH IMPERIAL DECREES.

*At our Royal Palace, at Milan,
December 17, 1807.*

Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy, and protector of the Rhinish confederation:

Observing the measures adopted by the British government, on the 11th of November last, by which vessels belonging to neutral, friendly, or even powers the allies of England, are made liable, not only to be searched by English cruizers, but to be compulsorily detained in England, and to have a tax laid on them of so much per cent. on the cargo, to be

regulated by the British legislature :

Observing that by these acts the British government denationalizes ships of every nation in Europe ; that it is not competent for any government to detract from its own independence and rights, all the sovereigns of Europe having in trust the sovereignties and independence of the flag ; that if, by an unpardonable weakness, and which, in the eyes of posterity, would be an indelible stain, such a tyranny was allowed to be established into principles and consecrated by usage, the English would avail themselves of it to assert it as a right, as they have availed themselves of the tolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle, that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension, and which infringes on the sovereignty of every state ; we have decreed, and do decree, as follows :

Art. I. Every ship, to whatever nation it may belong, that shall have submitted to be searched by an English ship, or to a voyage to England, or that shall have paid any tax whatever to the English government, is thereby, and for that alone, declared to be denationalized, to have forfeited the protection of its king, and to have become English property.

Art. II. Whether the ships thus denationalized by the arbitrary measures of the English government enter our ports or those of our allies, or whether they fall into the hands of our ships of war or of our privateers, they are declared to be good and lawful prizes.

Art. III. The British islands are declared to be in a state of block-

ade, both by land and sea. Every ship, of whatever nation, or whatsoever the nature of its cargo so may be, that sails from the ports of England, or those of the English colonies, and of the countries occupied by English troops, and proceeding to England, or to the English colonies, or to countries occupied by English troops, is good and lawful prize, as contrary to the present decree ; and may be captured by our ships of war or our privateers, and adjudged to the captor.

Art. IV. These measures, which are resorted to only in just retaliation of the barbarous system adopted by England, which assimilates its legislation to that of Algiers, shall cease to have any effect with respect to all nations who shall have the firmness to compel the English government to respect their flag. They shall continue to be rigorously in force as long as that government does not return to the principle of the law of nations, which regulates the relations of civilized states in a state of war. The provisions of the present decree shall be abrogated and null, in fact, as soon as the English abide again by the principles of the law of nations, which are also the principles of justice and of honour.

All our ministers are charged with the execution of the present decree, which shall be inserted in the bulletin of the laws.

NAPOLEON.

By order of the emperor, the secretary of state,

H. B. MARET.

Circular Letter, addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the Chambers of Commerce.

You are not unacquainted, gentlemen, with the late acts of the British government, that last stage of the oppression of the commerce of the world; you know that it has resolved to destroy the feeble remains of the independence of the seas. It now thinks proper, that henceforth no ship shall navigate the seas without touching at its ports, without a tribute to its pretended sovereignty, and without receiving from it an ignominious licence.

Thus the ocean is henceforward only the field of slavery; the usurpation of the most sacred of the rights of nations is consummated; and this tyrannic yoke is to press upon them until the day of vengeance, or until, brought to a due sense of moderation, the English government will itself calm its rage, and break that sceptre to which the nations of the continent will never consent to submit.

I am calling our common attention to the important circumstances which must powerfully induce us to awaken your patriotism and your wisdom. One would have imagined, that every obstruction and restraint that clogged the course of the commerce on the continent had been exhausted; still, however, they are going to be aggravated by the measures lately adopted by England; but they will find our minds made up to struggle against, and to overcome, this new mode of oppression.

We must not shut our eyes to the consequences. Importation and exportation, already so much restricted, will soon be much more so. Every thing connected with maritime commerce; every thing that depends upon it, will now be liable to more difficulties, to more

uncertainty. There are, however, two channels that still remain open.

The power of attacking every ship that renounces the independence of its national flag, by a shameful submission to the British sovereignty, and by navigating under a British licence, will open a wide field to the hopes of our commanders. Such a resource will not prove ineffectual, and French commerce will not devote itself uselessly to that sort of warfare which never lets courage, dexterity, and decision go unrewarded.

We have moreover to hope that neutral ships will elude the vigilance of the English cruizers: the immense extent of the coasts of the empire will favour and protect their enterprizes.

These resources ought not to be undervalued, nor counted for nothing. France will submit to a temporary situation, which can only change with time, and with new exertions: but her enemy shall not deprive her of the main basis of her prosperity, her internal communication, her relations with the continent, where she no longer sees any but friends or allies; her soil will not be less fertile, her industry will not maintain itself the less, though deprived of some materials which it is not impossible to replace.

To this last proposition I am rather anxious, gentlemen, to direct your attention. You have advice to give, and examples to hold out to commerce. You must already foresee the effect of the privation of certain materials, more especially of cotton, and of ingredients for dyeing cotton, of which a quantity has been stored up in France; that which we shall derive from the

Levant, and that which, at a more distant period, we shall reap from our indigenous culture, not unsuccessfully essayed, will suffice to support, in a great measure, our manufactures; but in the expectation that some of them may experience privation, we must have recourse, as far as possible, to hemp and flax, in order to provide occupation for those manufacturers who would no longer be employed with articles of cotton. It were desirable that we could circumscribe our consumption within the products of the materials the growth of our soil, and restrain the unhappy effects of habits and taste contracted for manufactures that would render us dependent upon foreign countries.

The materials for dyeing may become scarce, but many of them may be replaced by the productions of our soil. We will dispense with the rest by a slight sacrifice of some colours, which may please from their apparent greater beauty, without adding any thing to the intrinsic goodness of the article. Besides, no small reliance is to be placed on the genius of our manufacturers; it will triumph over these difficulties.

The channels which, in spite of these usurpations, will remain open to importation, may not suffice for the consumption of sugar and coffee; these objects of a secondary utility may become scarce; but the great mass of the nation will not suffer from this temporary privation; habits of indulgence too widely indulged will be counteracted and restrained by the rise in the price.

And besides, is it to be supposed that the great nation will allow itself to be intimidated by the privation of some futile enjoyments?

Her armies have endured, without a murmur, the most pinching wants: that great example will not have been held out in vain; and when we have in view to reconquer the independence of the seas; when we have in view to rescue and redeem commerce from the ruinous acts of piracy that are juridically exercised against it; when we have in view the vindication of the national honour, and the breaking down of those *farce caudine* which England is attempting to erect upon our coasts, the French people will support, with the dignity and the courage that belong to their great character, the momentary sacrifices that are imposed upon their taste, their habits, and their industry.

The commerce of Europe will soon, no doubt, be rescued from oppression. The interests of nations; the honour of sovereigns; the magnanimous resolutions of the most powerful of the allies of France; the power and wish of the hero who rules over us; the justice of a cause to which Heaven will grant its protection: every motive concurs to decide the contest; nor can its issue remain uncertain. Accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my sincere esteem.

CRETET.

*At the Palace of the Thuilleries,
January 11, 1808.*

Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy, &c. Upon the report of the minister of finances, seeing our decrees of November 23, and December 17, 1807, with the concurrence of our council of state, have decreed, and do decree as follows:

Art. I. Whenever a vessel shall have entered a French port, or that of a country occupied by our armies, any man of the crew, or a passenger, who shall declare to the principal of the custom-house, that the said comes from England or her colonies, or countries occupied by English troops, or that it has been visited by any English vessel, shall receive a third part of the produce of the net sale of the ship and cargo, provided his declaration be found correct.

II. The principal of the custom-house, who shall receive the declaration mentioned in the preceding article, shall, in conjunction with the commissary of police, who shall be called for that purpose, and the two principal of the custom-house officers of the port, cause each of the crew and passengers to undergo, separately, the interrogatory prescribed by the second article of our decree of the 23d November, 1807.

III. Any functionary or agent of government, who shall be convicted of having favoured the contravention of our decrees of the 23d of November and 17th December, 1807, shall be prosecuted in the criminal court of the department of the Seine, which shall be formed into a special tribunal for this purpose, and punished, if convicted, as if guilty of high treason.

IV. Our ministers are charged, each in his respective department, with the execution of the present decree.

NAPOLÉON.

—
Paris, January 23.

The conservative senate, assembled to the number of members prescribed by act 90 of the act of the

constitution of the 22d of Frimaire, year 8, having considered the project of the *senatus consultum*, drawn in the form prescribed by article 57 of the constitutional act of the 16th Thermidor, year 16; after having heard, on the motives of the said project, the orators of the council of state, and the report of the special commission nominated in the sitting of the 16th of this month; the adoption having been discussed with the number of voices prescribed by article 56 of the organic *senatus consultum* of the 18th of Thermidor, year 10, decrees as follows:

Art. I. Eighty thousand conscripts, of the conscription of the year 1809, are placed at the disposal of government.

II. They shall be taken from among the youths born between the 1st of January, 1789, and January 1st, 1790.

III. They shall be employed, should there be occasion, to complete the legions of reserve of the interior, and the regiments having their depots in France.

The present *senatus consultum* shall be transmitted to his imperial and royal majesty.

The president and secretaries,
CAMBACÈRES,
Arch-chancellor of the empire,
president.

T. HEDOUVILLE HERWYN,
Secretary.

Seen and sealed, the chancellor of the senate,

LA PLACE.

We require and command, that these presents, sanctioned by the seals of state, and inserted in the *Bulletin des Loix*, shall be addressed to the courts and tribunals and administrative authorities, that they may be inserted in their re-

spective registers, and caused to be observed ; and our grand judge, the minister of justice, is charged to superintend the publication.

NAPOLÉON.

By the emperor, the minister
secretary of state,

H. B. MARET.

Seen by us, the arch-chancellor
of the empire,

CAMBACÈRES.

By another decree of the conservatory senate, in the same form, the towns of Kehl, Wesel, Cassel, and Flushing are to be united to the French empire: Kehl to the department of the Lower Rhine; Cassel to the department of Mount Tonnerre; Wesel to the department of the Roer; and Flushing to the department of the Scheldt.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 13.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

A fashionable Parisian Anecdote.

THIS once favourite of Napoleon continues to reside on an estate in the Ecclesiastical States, preferring a tranquil retreat, with the society of a lovely wife, and some few friends, to the agitated life and brilliant misery that encompasses his *Imperial* and *Royal* brothers. Master of a fortune, above two millions sterling, he has announced

himself another Medicis, and is hailed in Italy a liberal patron of all those who evince any talents in cultivating the sciences or fine arts. His valuable gallery of pictures and statues, as well as his select and curious library, is not only daily open for the free admittance of artists and men of letters, but a table richly spread, where all of them who are inclined, may be gratuitously entertained. All men of any merit are, besides, encouraged by presents while those whose abilities do not correspond with their zeal or inclination, are advised to choose another situation in life, and, if poor, a sum of money, as a loan, always accompanies the advice. Father of three pretty children, their education occupies a great part of his time; an occupation in which he is assisted by a wife, to whom love alone united him. She seems more dear to him for having been the cause of his disagreement with Napoleon; a disagreement that transformed into a quiet philosopher a man who otherwise would have augmented the number of wretched upstart kings, now debasing and disgracing Monarchy on the Continent. For this sacrifice, if any, Madame Lucien has, by her loveliness, amply rewarded him.

It has lately been reported at Paris, that after the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon sent a confidential officer, young Serbelloni, to Lucien, informing him of the elevation of Jerome on the throne of Westpha-

lia, and offering him the united thrones of Spain and Portugal upon condition of following the example of Jerome, and discarding the mother of his children.—“ Good God !” exclaimed Lucien, “ Napoleon hates then for ever all those whom he once hated. My wife has never offended him, and though not of an illustrious parentage, her family is at least as good as our own, and her soul is of a mould superior to that of any Princess modern Germany can produce. Besides, my only ambition is to make all those within these walls comfortable ; if I see them contented, I shall live and die gratified to the greatest extent of my wishes. I enjoy, more than I can express, the innocent caresses of my family ; while the interested cringing of debased courtiers would perhaps make me disgusted with the whole human species. If I have any desire to reign, it is only in the hearts of all those near and dear to me ; I mean, in the bosoms of my wife and children.”

With this reply Serbelloni is said to have returned to Paris, instead of going to Rome, to put the Pope into requisition for annulling the *ill-sorted* marriage of our brother Lucien.

Madame Lucien was a young, rich, and handsome widow of a contractor at Paris, where her present husband began to pay his addresses to her. He first tried to seduce her, but finding her as vir-

tuous as accomplished, he handed her to the altar, and has never repented of an act that separated him from his family, and even deprived him of a throne.—He is now in his 37th, and she in her 25th year. By his present conduct, Lucien seems to wish to repair, as much as in his power, his early vicious or criminal propensities and deeds, and, by the liberal employment of his fortune, he endeavours to make the world forgive, if not forget, its very impure source.

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS.*

THE MAN again, of whom more has already been written, we believe, than of any other human being, and of whom more remains to be, that is, *will* be, written, we imagine, than has yet appeared. It is not wonderful. Whatever opinion admirers or defamers may form of his moral character, his career, from the beginning to the close, was the most extraordinary, the most unexpected, the most thoroughly startling, whether considered in its parts or as a whole, that has ever passed before the eyes of the world. Alexander's career was undoubtedly magnificent. It was a great enterprise, conducted with constant splendor and success, not only to the overthrow of ancient empires supported by immense wealth and powerful armies, but into distant countries, "barbaric born," of which only vague reports had come to the ears of civilized nations. From the valley of the Nile to Babylon, Persia and the Indus, his course was one series of memorable triumphs; and to have always conquered is sufficient to give any military chieftain an undying name. Besides his great conquests, moreover, he gave evidences of a mind at once regal and statesmanlike; his views of government were capacious, his plans for the building of cities and the establishment of empire and commerce far-reaching and noble. Had he lived, it is probable that not one half of his reputation would have rested on his achievements in arms. Hannibal was the second great leader of antiquity, and was unquestionably a genius of the highest order. His native genius, indeed, was probably far superior to that of Alexander. The conqueror of Persia conducted his expeditions mainly against half-barbarous nations; the indomitable Carthaginian man to wage war with a civilized people, and the most experienced military power in the world. Alexander, again, invaded large and open countries, from which, if repulsed, it would have been easy to draw his armies aside into neighboring territories possessing small means of resistance; but Hannibal led his swarthy legions to the summits of the Alps and hurled them down into the bosom of a narrow and crowded peninsula, where every second man was a warrior, and from which there was no drawing back except with victory. This achievement of scaling so vast a chain of mountains with an armed host was superior to all others of the kind, including Napoleon's boasted passage, inasmuch as it was the first, the original, leaving the rest to be in a measure but imitations. This terrible descent into Italy, with the victories and the reverses which followed—equally mighty but equally honorable to his military fame, if we except his strange negligence in not marching direct upon Rome after the battle of Cannæ—all consummated by a close of life magnanimous as unfortunate, conspire to make his career among the most remarkable on record. Julius Cæsar, as a character, was superior to both the former. There was no one point in his life quite so imposing or startling, as those which make up the thrilling history of Alexander and Hannibal; but there was an accomplished greatness about him which neither of them possessed. He was of a race prolific in masterly talent, of an age adorned with the highest attainments of the intellect. The resources of arms they had learned in centuries of warfare; the august beauties of law were native with themselves; the splendors of arts and letters they had lavishly adopted. They had subdued the various provinces of Italy, destroyed Carthage, conquered Greece, overrun all the states and kingdoms in the East, which Alexander overran before them, and were now invading the vast nations among the forests of Gaul and Germany. Of that race, and in such an age, Cæsar was undoubtedly the greatest production. The proof of his greatness lay with him, as with all who are great, in his ability to do whatever he planned or aspired to. There is, in fact, no other evidence that a man is great. For it is a very false idea that genius is always greatness. The latter, in its broadest comprehension, must include the former under some shape, but this does not of necessity fill the latter. It argues necessarily the possession of some extraordinary quality or qualities; but these may exist in erratic minds, and their possessors often accomplish memorable things rather as matters of chance than as difficult efforts, marked out at a distance, yet broadly conceived, and overtaken and executed with the fullness of sustained purpose. To have many large qualities, loftily balanced—and those not only of mind but of *character*—to estimate himself never by what he has done, but by what he can do; to regard the objects in view, however vast, as no greater than many others, and as a part only of what is to be accomplished; to recognize them as already effected because resolved upon, remaining unrelated in the time of triumph because it was expected—in a word, to be always master of himself to the measure of achievement, yet never show achievement to be the measure of his capacity—this, in a man, and this alone, is the highest greatness. It was to this order of men Cæsar belonged. This is not saying that he was able to do anything which could be done by any other man—for it is a part of the greatness of which we have spoken, that it sees clearly what does, and what does not, lie in its capacity to accomplish. Whatever Cæsar undertook to do, Cæsar did; and he showed ability to triumph on many fields which he scarcely entered. He was not unwise enough (like Cicero) to attempt the heights of poetry—for which he probably had no faculty; but he displayed evidences of consummate power in such various spheres, that some have thought him to have been only a man of general talent than of genius, when in fact it was the rare exhibition of genius covering many fields at once. That he was a finished writer of prose, is amply testified by his "Commentaries," where the native directness and simplicity of style, joined with mastery ease and strength, have made them a model for all subsequent composition of the kind. It is not difficult, indeed, to conclude from them, that he would have been a master in any species of writing to which he might have turned his attention. In history, we imagine, he would have been especially eminent, possessing much of Tacitus' brevity and terseness, with much of Levy's breadth of brush and vividness of coloring, while in a clear understanding of matters of government, so necessary to the perfection of history, he would have been superior to both. Whether he might have placed his name with Cicero's in philosophy, we cannot judge, though he had unquestionably far more sense and judgment—no small requisites for such works; and it is conceded by all who have studied him and his times, that in oratory he would have equalled if not excelled the great Roman declaimer, had he pressed into that field with the skill and the vigor which he carried into his campaigns and battle-fields, and ambitious schemes of power. But, as with Napoleon, war and empire had more attractions for his strong energies, and it is there we see the chief exhibitions of the man. Beyond question he was among the five or six first military characters of all nations. He planned his campaigns with a far-reaching foresight, and conducted them with infinitely more science than any general before him had exhibited. He fought seven times as many pitched battles as any leader of antiquity, and more than any modern commander except Napoleon; his eagles were never vanquished; and the range of his conquests nearly doubled the extent of the Roman Empire. In civil matters, among the responsibilities and perils of government, there is evidence enough that he showed equal capacities. He was born both to conquer and to rule; and had he been suffered to bear the full weight of empire and a crown, it would have rested as easily and naturally upon him as his iron helmet. And then comes in the fitting manner of his death to make him "a mark for history!" Julius Cæsar was amongst the greatest men whom Rome and the world have ever produced. In modern times the most striking career was that of Cromwell. Rising from low origin, in as stormy a period as ever upturned the elements of a strong-minded people from the bottom, his iron will, his energy, his stern military capacities, his amazing sense and sagacity in all civil affairs and extraordinary gift at piercing the characters and the motives of men, enabled him to ascend rapidly to the command of the army, lead his nasal psalm-singing Roundheads to constant victory, overturn the throne, behead a King, seize the reins of revolution into his hands of steel, assume fearlessly the immense responsibilities of government, and manage the interests of his country, both at home and abroad, with an easy skill and vigor to which there has been no parallel, before or since, in any English ruler. What was more remarkable than all—he *died in his bed*. Other characters, too, of modern ages—Marlborough, Turenne, Condé, Frederick of Prussia, the "Mad Swede," Spinola, and the "Great Captain" of Spain, ran a brilliant course, and exhibited eminent abilities—all of them in war, and one or two in matters of State. Nor is it possible in any such enumeration, to pass by him who carried us safely through the protracted, painful, and most desperate struggle of our Revolution, and afterwards through the more perilous period of civil weakness, discord and universal despondency. Though the armies brought into the contest were at no time very large, so that compared with the terrible battles fought in European wars, our separate engagements were of small account, yet the conduct of Washington throughout, with such inadequate means, and forces so divided over a vast country, with

the extraordinary energy and judgment displayed in many particular situations of hazard and difficulty, declare him to have possessed military capacities of the highest order. Then how large was his wisdom! How great his virtues! The latter part of his life, as a statesman and ruler, was more glorious to him than even his fortitude and his battles;—his rejection of sovereignty more memorable than any other man's successful usurpation. The moral greatness of Washington has never been surpassed. Has it ever had a parallel? But what career among all these of which we have spoken was like Napoleon's? Brilliant they were, impressive, and history can never forget them. Some of them produced effects of the most enduring nature upon the destinies of mankind. But we feel assured, that men will always turn away from them with astonishment—the more startling and profound as they are farther removed in time—to the suddenness and the power, with which a planet of a new order, rising from the bosom of the revolution, blazed up the zenith—traversing the heavens for years, from point to point, with a rapid and burning course, whose direction no one could foretell—brightened and darkened with the most amazing alternations, yet firing everywhere the tempest through which it went—and kindling at last the waste of ocean where it fell with a mighty light, which no solitary place among the seas ever knew before, and from which, for years again, the whole world was unable to withdraw its gaze. For ourselves, we have always felt that the true life of Napoleon remains to be written. His historians have been too much taken up with his genius and achievements in war, and have not enough considered his equally astonishing capacities for all other departments of government. That a young man, scarce thirty years of age, of a mere military education, and spending all his life up to that time in military practice and the active operations of war, should suddenly, and unexpectedly to himself—for he never could have foreseen it—take upon him the burden of an empire, and manage all its vast interests at home and abroad with such consummate ease and ability, as if "to the manner born"—restore its finance, regulate its commerce, reform its laws, create a constitution, project and carry through internal improvements on the grandest scale, and establish the foreign relations of the country on a new and broader basis—that such a man should have done all this, besides conquering on a hundred battle-fields, is the most surprising exhibition, we think, yet to be found in history. For everything alike Napoleon seemed to have the eagle's gaze. There can be no question that no monarch ever surpassed him in political sagacity. His eye was fixed at once upon every part of Christendom and barbaric Asia. There were many keen-sighted diplomatists around him to give him counsel—but he saw farther than any of them—farther in fact than any diplomatist of Europe.—He was rapidly outwitting or coercing them all; and had not England, for that very reason violated her own treaty of Amiens, he would in a few years have consolidated his influence over all that north of Europe which she succeeded in banding against him, and would have made the French Empire the greatest since that of the Cæsars. The history of the life and character of Napoleon is yet to be written. Mr. Headley is in very many respects—we think he might become in nearly all—fitted to be the writer of that history. He has a rapid, clear, and vigorous style, much skill in delineating and dissecting character, a quick philosophy to discern the causes that produced great results, and a power of description on occasions of "pith and moment," in scenes of swift and thrilling action, that we do not remember to have seen surpassed by any writer. He possesses the still greater requisite of thoroughly knowing his subject. He *feels* what Napoleon was, and what the men were he gathered around him. He feels, too, what was the nature of that period in which the great Corsican rose, conquered and reigned. He knows that if no ordinary times could produce such a man, no ordinary man was needed to rule such times; that if the struggles freedom of often end in despotism, it may be the very magnitude of the social evils under which those struggles commenced that made a second despotism necessary. He is aware, in brief, that while all historians should know that no important events are without their adequate causes—usually inevitable if not lying in reason—individual or national prejudice, in the old world especially, has falsified one-half of the history ever written, by refusing to see any connection between them, looking at mighty events in times of revolution entirely by themselves, as some monstrous birth—a kind of moral mushrooms, born, no one knows how, of night and unwholesome dews. One might better be a fatalist than such a historian. Mr. Headley is an American, and writes with what ought to be the true American spirit, sympathizing always with the masses, yet recognizing what so many republican writers zealously overlook, that intellect and attainments must bear the rule. And we cannot forbear remarking here, that American writers have a great mission to perform. It is to read the history of the old nations with other eyes than those which have hitherto read it for us and the world. Our vision, made keen by a new experience, gazing through a new light, informed by new modes of thought and feeling, cannot fail of seeing things in the past ages very differently from the way in which they have usually been seen. We know of no field on which writers of this country could gain so striking a reputation, as by re-writing the annals of Europe, more especially those of Feudal England. Rightly written, they would be a new revelation to the European mind. It is at least necessary that we should not take the word only of English historians respecting the character and conduct of their enemies. Yet this, to our disgrace, is what we have done. Speaking the same language, we naturally see for the most part, and earliest in life, their representations of Continental affairs, so that nearly all our fixed impressions of European history are derived from the most prejudiced sources. It is quite time that a different state of things should exist, and this is one of the chief causes of our gratification at the appearance of the present volume. There was danger, indeed, that the author, in meeting the English, should too exclusively adopt the extremes of French partiality. But we do not think he can be accused of this. All Mr. Headley's writings that we have seen show him to be an impassioned man, but eminently disposed to justice—though it may be said with truth, that an impassioned writer will with difficulty always be entirely just. We can, however, the more safely confide in his account of Napoleon, because, as he himself frankly states he had formed and published a very different opinion of the man; but on making wider and deeper researches, he was compelled to change it in very many important points. What is yet more conclusive, the reader will find in all the most "critical instances," the disputed passages of Napoleon's life, he has fortified his defence only by the admissions of the English themselves. A most remarkable instance relates to the treaty of Amiens. We will quote a few passages upon this point, as it is made one of the principal grounds for assailing Bonaparte for "unbounded ambition," disdainfulness of the peace of mankind. For, as Mr. Headley remarks, "the first great barrier in the way of rendering him justice is the conviction, everywhere entertained, that he alone, or chiefly, is chargeable with those desolating wars that covered the continent with slain armies." The first question is, how did those wars begin? How came Napoleon first to be involved in those tremendous struggles? The original cause of hostility to France—deadly and enduring—was, as Mr. Headley states, the alarming rise of her republic, in the midst of Feudal Europe. "It is impossible for one who has not travelled amid the monarchies of Europe, and witnessed their nervous fear of republican principles, and their fixed determination, at whatever sacrifice of justice, human rights, and human life, to maintain their oppressive forms of government, to appreciate at all the position of France at the time of the revolution. The balance of political power had been their great object of anxiety, and all the watchfulness directed against the encroachments of one state on another; and no one can imagine the utter consternation with which Europe saw a mighty republic suddenly rise in her midst. The balance of power was forgotten in the anxiety for self preservation. The sound of the falling throne of the Bourbons rolled like a sudden earthquake under the iron and century-bound framework of despotism, till everything heaved and rocked on its ancient foundation." This republic the monarchical governments around determined to crush before her strength was consolidated. Austria and Prussia took up arms, avowing their purpose to aid the Bourbon whom France had repudiated. Then Holland, Spain, and England came into the alliance—forcing an independent people to arrange their government in a manner against their will. Who, then, is to blame for the terrible train of evils that followed, but the Allied Powers? "Bonaparte was yet a boy," says Mr. Headley, "when this infamous war was stewing the banks of the Rhine with slain armies." Finally, the "poor, proud charity boy of the military school at Brienne," became a lean, pale-faced, slightly-formed young officer of artillery, with a quick, gray eye, and a calm forehead. He was employed, with many others of like grade, in defending France. We have never been able to understand why he was selected for the most important of all the posts at that time—to head the armies of Italy. He had done nothing especial. He was twenty-seven years old, had trained some cannon successfully at Toulon, and put down a revolt of the sections at Paris. Barras, who procured his appointment, must have had some singular presentiment of his greatness. However, he was sent; and the mighty genius of the man was soon apparent. He found the forces in Italy less than forty thousand men, "badly provisioned, worse paid, ragged and murmuring;" yet with this force, such was his energy and skill, and the confidence he inspired, he destroyed four separate armies, each fully as large as his own, achieving one of the most remarkable campaigns on record. Those armies were Austrian, and this

fierce conflict, the foundation of Bonaparte's fame, was against those who had assailed his country. The next year, by direction of his government, he subjugated Lombardy, and forced Austria to sign a treaty of peace. Thus many of the most terrific battles he ever fought—at Lodi, Arcola, Montenotte, Rivoli, Castiglione, which took place at that period—were a part of a defensive war carried on under the orders of his government. Bonaparte returned to Paris, as the preserver of France. Weary of inaction and of the wretched Directory, he proposed the expedition into Egypt. By itself, this enterprise cannot be defended. It was aggressive and unjust; but what had the other powers of Europe to say to it, except that they wanted all the spoils of feeble nations to themselves. Russia, Austria, and Prussia had dismembered and stripped poor Poland, and England was covering the plains of India with her swarthy dead in a series of conquests as iniquitous as any nation has ever perpetrated. Cruel ambition of Napoleon and of France!—Undoubtedly, the violence of one nation does not justify the violence of another; but it were wise as well as modest for England to keep silence. Bonaparte absent, Austria thought it a good time for crippling her old enemy, and recovering a part of her immense losses. Without scruple, she broke her treaty, and recommenced direct hostilities. Napoleon was two thousand miles distant, under the shadow of the Pyramids. "Hearing that the republic was everywhere defeated, and Italy wrested from its grasp, he immediately set sail for France, and escaping the English fleet in a most miraculous manner, protected by "his star," reached France in October. By November he had overthrown the inefficient Directory, and been proclaimed First Consul with all the attributes, but none of the titles, of king. He immediately commenced negotiations with the allied powers, while at the same time he brought his vast energies to bear on the internal state of France. Credit was to be restored, money raised, the army supplied, war in Vendee suppressed, a constitution given to France. By his superhuman exertions and all-pervading genius, he accomplished all this, and by next spring was ready to offer Europe peace or war. It is unquestionable that he desired peace. "He had acquired sufficient glory," says Mr. Headley, "as a military leader, and he now wished to resuscitate France, and become great as a civil ruler." He wrote two letters—one to the king of England, the other to the emperor of Germany—filled with the most frank and manly sentiments. Thus to England:—"Must the war, Sire, which for the last eight years has devastated the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding? How can two of the most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger already and more powerful than their safety or their independence requires, sacrifice to ideas of vain-glory the well-being of commerce, internal prosperity, and the peace of families? How is it they do not feel peace to be the first of necessities as the first of glories?" But the crooked-souled diplomatists of the monarchies around him could not understand the First Consul's frank, straight-forward way of negotiating. Their minds had become so awry among their own oblique labyrinthine paths of policy, they were afraid there was some deep deception under all this candor. "Austria was inclined to listen, and replied courteously"—as well she might. She had been beaten enough to be courteous. Pitt returned insults, and heaped accusations on Bonaparte and the Republic. "The English government must first see some fruits of *repentance and amendment*." And what were the blessed tokens of "repentance" the holiness of England wished to see?—That the Bourbons should be restored! Napoleon, in reply, showed clearly, that the enemies of France commenced aggressions—then asked:—"What would be thought of France, if in her propositions she insisted on the restoration of the dethroned Stuarts, before she would make peace?" Disconcerted, the English Minister acknowledged, that war was to be waged, not to reëstablish the Bourbon throne, but "for the security of all governments." That is, there could be no great republic in the midst of Europe! Bonaparte saw the struggle that lay before him;—and never were the immense energies and amazing genius of the man more signally displayed than in the single half-year succeeding. " * * * Europe chose war. The gigantic mind that had wrought such prodigies in seven months in France, now turned its concentrated strength and wrath on the enemy. Massena had been sent to Genoa to furnish an example of heroism to latest posterity. Moreau, he dispatched to Swabia, to render the Black Forest immortal by his victories of Engen, Moskirch and Biberach, and send the Austrians in consternation to their capital, while he himself, amid the confusion and wonderment of Europe at his complicated movements, precipitated his enthusiastic troops down the Alps, and by one bold and successful stroke wrested Italy from the enemy, and forced the astonished and discomfited sovereigns of Europe to an armistice of six months. Unexhausted by his unparalleled efforts, no sooner was the truce proclaimed than he plunged with the same suddenness, yet profound forethought with which he rushed into battle, into the distracted politics of Europe. By a skillful stroke of policy in offering Malta to Russia, at the moment it was certain to fall into the hands of England, he embroiled these two countries in a quarrel, while by promising Hanover to Russia, he bribed her to reject the coalition with England, and consent to an alliance with himself. At the same time he planned the league of the neutral powers against England—armed Denmark and Sweden, and closed all the ports of the Continent against her, and prepared succors for Egypt. While his deep sagacity was thus baffling the cabinet of England, involving her in a general war with Europe, and pressing to her lips the chalice she had just forced him to drink, he apparently devoted his entire energies to the internal state of France, and the building of public works. He created the Bank of France—built the credit of government on a firm basis—began the Codes, spanned the Alps with roads—sufficient monuments of themselves of his genius—and restored the complete supremacy of the laws throughout the kingdom. All this he accomplished in six months, and at the close of the armistice was ready for war. The glorious campaign of Hohenlinden followed, and Austria, frightened for her throne, negotiated the peace of Luneville, giving the world time to recover its amazement and gaze more steadily on this mighty sphere that had shot so suddenly across the orbits of kings." Europe began to regard the First Consul with some respect, and all parties were weary of so protracted and wasting a war. "The Peace of Amiens was declared and the world was at rest." What now was the ambitious violence of Napoleon that the treaty of Amiens should be ruptured? And how was it broken? And what power broke it? "Peace, which Bonaparte needed and wished for, being restored, he applied his vast energies to the development of the resources of France, and to the building of stupendous public works. Commerce was revived—the laws administered with energy—order restored, and the blessings of peace were fast healing up the wounds of war. Men were amazed at the untiring energy, and the amazing plans of Bonaparte. His genius gave a new birth to the nation—developed new elements of strength and imparted an impulse to her growth that threatened to outstrip the greatest of England. His ambition was to obtain colonial possessions, like those of England; and if allowed to direct his vast energies in that direction, there was no doubt France would soon rival the British Empire in its provinces. England was at first fearful of the influence of the French Republic, but now a new cause of alarm seized her. It was evident that France was fast tending towards a monarchy. Bonaparte had been made First Consul for life, with the power to appoint his successor; and it required no seer to predict that his gigantic mind and dictatorial spirit, would not long brook any check from inferior authority. From the very superiority of his intellect, he must merge everything into his majestic plans, and gradually acquire more and more control, till the placing of a crown on his head would be only the symbol of that supreme power which had long before passed into his hands. England, therefore, had no longer to fear the influence of a Republic, and hence fight for the security of government in general. She had, however, another cause of anxiety—the too rapid growth of her ancient rival. She became alarmed at the strides with which France advanced under the guiding of Napoleon, and refused to carry out the terms of the solemn treaty she had herself signed." It had been expressly stipulated that England should give up Egypt and Malta, France evacuate Naples, Tarento and the Roman States. Bonaparte fulfilled his part of the treaty within two months; but ten months had now elapsed, and the English were still in Alexandria and Malta. Still, Napoleon, anxious to preserve peace, made no complaint. At last, it was "suddenly announced that the English government had proclaimed her determination not to fulfill the stipulations she had herself made. The only pretext offered for this violation of a solemn contract, was her suspicions that France had designs on these places!" What could Bonaparte do, unless France should submit to the violation of a solemn treaty—a dishonor which England would be the last to endure? The struggle opened again, and with a fury never before equalled. Massena swept the plains of Italy, and the "sun of Austerlitz" rose over the victorious arms of the French. And for this third sanguinary war, its wide misery and terrific carnage, "who is chargeable?" asks Mr. Headley. "Not Napoleon—not France;"—and he makes good the assertion by appealing to the most bitterly partial of all the English historians. "Mr. Alison, who certainly will not be accused of favoring too much the French view of the matter, nor too eager to load England with crime, is nevertheless compelled to hold the following remarkable language respecting this war: 'In coolly reviewing the circumstances under which the contest was renewed, it is impossible to deny that the British government

* Napoleon and his Marshals. By J. T. Headley. New York: Baker & Scribner.

manifested a feverish anxiety to come to a rupture, and that, so far as the two countries were concerned, they were the aggressors."

Still more to his purpose, Mr. Headley quotes afterwards, a passage from Napier, which entirely relieves the larger portion of Bonaparte's career from the charge of guilty ambition.

"Up to the peace of Tilsit," says Napier, "the wars of France were essentially defensive; for the bloody contest that wasted the Continent so many years, was not a struggle for preëminence between ambitious powers—not a dispute for some accession of territory, nor for the political ascendancy of one or the other nation, but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate—whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments."

"But how much," Mr. Headley asks, "does this 'up to the peace of Tilsit,' embrace?"

"First, All the first wars of the French Republic—the campaigns of 1792, '93, '94, and '95—and the carnage and wo that made up their history. Second, *Eleven of the eighteen years of Bonaparte's career*—the campaigns of 1796, in Italy and Germany—the battle of Montenotte, Miliesimo, Dego, Lodi, Arcola, Castiglione, and Rivoli—the campaigns of 1797, and the bloody battle-fields that marked their progress. It embraces the wars in Italy and Switzerland, while Bonaparte was in Egypt; the campaign of Marengo and its carnage; the havoc around and in Genoa; the slain thousands that strewed the Black Forest and the banks of the Danube where Moreau struggled so heroically; the campaign of Hohenlinden and its losses. And yet this is but a fraction to what remains. This period takes in also the campaign of Austerlitz and its bloody battle, and the havoc the hand of war was making in Italy—the campaign of Jena, and the fierce conflicts that accompanied it; the campaign of Eylau, and the battles of Pultusk, Golymin, Heilsberg, crowned by the dreadful slaughter of Eylau; the campaigns of Friedland and the Tilsit, and the slain armies they left on the plains of Europe."

We think Mr. Headley's defence of Bonaparte on these points is perfectly conclusive. He afterwards adds, in the spirit of a just and moderate historian, that he has not designed in this defence "to prove that Napoleon always acted justly, or from the most worthy motives; or that the Republic never did wrong; but to reveal the principles which lay at the bottom of that protracted war which commenced with the Revolution, and ended only with the overthrow of Napoleon. It was first a war of despotism and monarchy against republicanism, and then a war of suspicion and jealousy and rivalry."

Not less striking and successful is Mr. Headley's exposition of Napoleon's extraordinary genius and character. The entire sketch—of which we are able to quote but a small part—occupies about sixty pages of the volume. We could wish it had been twice as long—but as it is, it forms by far the best essay we have ever seen upon his character and career. It is condensed and graphic, often eloquent—gives a more distinct idea of the man, and clears up many points which prejudiced writers have hitherto succeeded in misrepresenting or obscuring.

Mr. Headley does not think, that Napoleon's boyish actions at Brienne pre-shadowed, as some imagine, his future career—and that in ordinary times "he would have figured in the world's history only as a powerful writer or a brilliant orator." He says, however, that with more talent than his playmates, he had more pride and passion; and adds, "his abrupt laconic style of speaking corresponded well with his impetuous temper, and evinced at an early age the iron-like nature with which he was endowed." His career began with quelling the revolt of the Sections. Barras selected him for this purpose; the scene is eminently characteristic.

"It was with unfeigned surprise that the Abbe Sieyes, Rewbel, Le-tourneur, Roger Ducos, and General Moulins, saw him introduced to them by Barras, as the commander he had chosen for the troops that were to defend the convention. Said General Moulins to him, 'You are aware that it is only by the powerful recommendation of citizen Barras, that we confide to you so important a post?' 'I have not asked for it,' drily replied the young Lieutenant, 'and if I accept it, it will be because, after a close examination, I am confident of success. I am different from other men; I never undertake anything I cannot carry through.' This sally caused the members of the Convention to bite their lips, for the implied sarcasm stung each in his turn. 'But do you know,' said Rewbel, 'that this may be a very serious affair—that the sections—' 'Very well,' fiercely interrupted the young Bonaparte, 'I will make a serious affair of it, and the sections shall become tranquil.' He had seen Louis XVI. put on the red cap, and show himself from the palace of the Tuilleries to the mob, and unable to restrain his indignation at the sight, exclaimed to his companion Bourienne, 'What madness! he should have blown four or five hundred of them into the air, and the rest would have taken to their heels.'"

A scene of the same character is finely described in the sketch of Marshal Augereau—the third in the volume.

"I have often imagined," says Mr. Headley, "the first interview between the young Bonaparte, and the veteran generals of the army of Italy. There were Rampon, Massena and Augereau, crowned with laurels they had won on many a hard-fought field. Here was a young man sent to them as their commander-in-chief, only twenty-seven years of age. Pale, thin, with a stoop in his shoulders, his personal appearance indicated anything but the warrior. And what else had he to recommend him? He had directed some artillery successfully against Toulon, and quelled a mob in Paris, and that was all. He had no rank in civil matters—indeed, had scarcely been heard of—and now, a mere stripling, without experience, never having conducted an army in his life; he appears before the two scarred generals, Massena and Augereau, both nearly forty years of age, as their commander-in-chief. When called to pay their visit to him, on his arrival, they were utterly amazed at the folly of the Directory. The war promised to be a mere farce. Young Bonaparte, whose quick eye detected the impression he had made on them, soon, by the firmness of his manner, and his vigor of thought, modified their feelings. At the Council of War, called to discuss the proper mode of commencing hostilities, Rampon volunteered a great deal of sage advice—recommended circumspection and prudence—and spoke of the experienced generals that were opposed to them. Bonaparte listened, full of impatience, till he was through; and then replied, in his impetuous manner, 'Permit me, gentlemen, with all due deference to your excellent observations, to suggest some new ideas. The art of war, rest assured, is yet in its infancy. For many ages men have made war in a theatrical and effeminate manner. Now is not the time for enemies mutually to appoint a place of combat, and advancing, with their hats in hand, say, 'Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire.' We must cut the enemy in pieces—precipitate ourselves, like a torrent, on their battalions—and grind them to powder; that is, bring back war to its primitive state—fight as Alexander and Cæsar did. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better, so much the better! It is not their experience that will avail them against me. Mark my words, they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know what to do.' 'The system I adopt, is favorable to the profession of arms; every soldier becomes a hero; for when men are launched forward with impetuosity, there is no time for reflection, and they will do wonders. Yes, gentlemen, the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smile like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not daring to put them in execution, they will fly before us as the shades of night before the up-rising sun.' The manner and tone, in which this was said, and that eloquence, too, which afterwards so frequently electrified the soldiers, took the old generals by surprise, and Augereau and Massena turned to each other with significant looks, and Rampon, after he had gone out, remarked, 'Here is a man that will yet cut out work for government.'"

The eloquence of Napoleon was remarkable. We do not think any military leader ever equalled him in that respect. Some of the speeches of the ancient commanders, if correctly reported—as a few of them undoubtedly were—are very noble; and many moving addresses have been made to armies in modern times, on occasions of near peril, and on the eve of battle. All military eloquence, moreover, which is at all effective, has necessarily two great elements of oratory—brevity and rapidity. There is no time for long harangues, when the soldiers spoken to can almost look into their foe-men's eyes. But there was in Napoleon's speech, at all times a directness and simplicity, a condensed energy, an abrupt rapidity and startling clearness—in short, a certain pointed, terse, impetuous and imperious decision, both of thought and expression, to which we have never seen a parallel in any speaker, whether of the senate, the bar, or the battle-field. Its force was manifest in the effect produced, which was overwhelming. This was aided by his consummate knowledge of character, of human nature. He never failed to excite, to subdue, to melt, to thrill, the soldiers whom he addressed: and he had equal influence over his officers, his cabinet, or the populace of Paris. The same qualities were exhibited in his conversation, dispatches and diplomatic dealings. As a public speaker treating of various subjects, he might have found it necessary to cultivate other qualities; but had he entered that walk in life, he would unquestionably have become a great orator. The instances of the effect of his eloquence are numerous. Mr. Headley quotes one striking and brief enough to be re-quoted.

"Soon after the battle of Castiglione, and just before the battle of Rivoli, he made an example of the 39th and 85th regiments of Vaubois Division, for having given way to a panic, and nearly lost him the battle." Arranging these two regiments in a circle, he addressed them in the following lan-

guage: "Soldiers, I am displeased with you—you have shown neither discipline, nor valor, nor firmness. You have allowed yourselves to be chased from positions, where a handful of brave men would have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are no longer French soldiers. Chief of the Staff, let it be written on their standards, 'They are no longer of the Army of Italy.'"

"Nothing could exceed the stunning effect with which these words fell on those brave men. They forgot their discipline and the order of their ranks, and bursting into grief, filled the air with their cries—and rushing from their ranks, crowded, with most beseeching looks and voices around their General, and begged to be saved from such a disgrace, saying, 'Lead us once more into battle, and see if we are not of the Army of Italy.'"

We make room for a few more passages of rapid and skillful characterization.

"One great secret of his success, is to be found in the union of two striking qualities of mind, which are usually opposed to each other. He possessed an imagination as ardent, and a mind as impetuous as the most chivalric warrior; and yet a judgment as correct as the ablest tactician. His mind moved with the rapidity of lightning, and yet with the precision and steadiness of naked reason. He rushed to his final decision as if he overleaped all the intermediate space, and yet he embraced the entire ground, and every detail in his passage. In short, he could decide quick and correctly too. He did not possess these antagonist qualities in a moderate degree, but he was at the same time, the most rapid and the most correct of men in the formation of his plans. It was the union of these that gave Bonaparte such immense power over his adversaries. His plans were more skillfully and deeply laid than theirs, and yet perfected before theirs were begun. He broke up the counsels of other men, by the execution of his own. This power of thinking quick, and of thinking right, is the rarest exhibited in history. It gives the possessor of it all the advantage that thought has over impulse, and all the advantage, too, that impulse frequently has over thought, by the suddenness and unexpectedness of its movements.

"His power of combination was unrivalled. The most extensive plans, involving the most complicated movements, were laid down with the clearness of a map in his mind; whilst the certainty and precision with which they were all brought to bear on one great point, took the ablest generals in Europe by surprise. His mind seemed vast enough for the management of the globe, and not so much encircled every thing, as contained every thing. It was hard to tell whether he exhibited more skill in conducting a campaign, or in managing a single battle. With a power of generalization seldom equalled, his perceptive faculties, that let no detail escape him, were equally rare.

As an illustration of this wonderful extent, certainty and precision of his combinations, we add here a graphic passage from a sketch of Marshal Macdonald. That vivid narration has already appeared in our pages, but the extract may be repeated in this connection. The concentration, within a day and a half of each other, of such vast forces from distant parts of Europe, exhibits, to our mind, the most amazing instance on record of military skill and power in calculating and ordering the movements of armies.

"The battle of Aspern had proved disastrous to the French. The utmost efforts of Napoleon could not wring victory from the hands of the Austrians. Massena had stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with cannon balls over head, and fought as never even he fought before. The brave Lannes had been mangled by a cannon shot, and died while the victorious guns of the enemy were still playing on his heroic, but flying column; and the fragments of the magnificent army, that had in the morning moved from the banks of the Danube in all the confidence of victory, at nightfall were crowded and packed in the little island of Lobau. Rejecting the counsel of his officers, Bonaparte resolved to make a stand here, and wait for reinforcements to come up. Nowhere does his exhaustless genius show itself more than in this critical period of his life. He revived the drooping spirits of his soldiers, by presents from his own hands, and visited in person the sick in the hospitals; while the most gigantic plans at the same time, strung his vast energies to their utmost tension.

"From the latter part of May to the 1st of July, he had remained cooped up in this little island, but not inactive. He had done everything that could be done on the spot, while orders had been sent to the different armies to hasten to his relief; and never was there such an exhibition of the skill and promptitude with which orders had been issued and carried out. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the different armies from all quarters first began to come in, and before the next night they had all arrived. First with music and streaming banners appeared the columns of Bernadotte, hastening from the banks of the Elbe, carrying joy to the desponding hearts of Napoleon's army. They had hardly reached the field before the stirring notes of the bugle, and the roll of drums in another quarter, announced the approach of Vandamme from the provinces of the Rhine. Wrede came next from the banks of the Lech, with his strong Bavarians, while the morning sun shown on Macdonald's glorious troops, rushing down from Illyria and the Alpine summits, to save Bonaparte and the Empire. As the bold Scotchman reined his steed up beside Napoleon, and pointed back to his advancing columns, he little thought that two days after, the fate of Europe was to turn on his single will. Scarcely were his troops arrived at their appointed place, before the brave Marmont appeared with glittering bayonets and waving plumes, from the borders of Dalmatia. Like an exhaustless stream, the magnificent armies kept pouring into that little isle; while to crown the whole, Eugene came up with his veterans from the plains of Hungary. In two days they had all assembled, and on the evening of the 4th of July, Napoleon glanced with exultant eye over a hundred and eighty thousand warriors, crowded and packed into the small space of two miles and a half in breadth, and a mile and a half in length."

On the whole we cannot but agree with Mr. Headley, that, as a military leader, Napoleon has at least "no superior in modern or ancient times." It is preposterous to compare Wellington with him, and no one but a conceited Englishman would do it. As Mr. Headley very justly remarks, and as no one can deny, Soult through the whole Peninsula war showed himself a match for the British General—"beat him oftener and longer," than he was beaten by him. "Pitted against each other for years, they were so nearly balanced, that there seems little to choose between them." Yet who would think of "drawing a parallel between Soult and Napoleon?" Does it make Wellington Bonaparte's equal, that he did not lose the battle of Waterloo? He did not win that battle; he was simply "commander-in-chief when it was won." He was fairly caught; if Blücher had not come up unexpectedly, or if Grouchy had followed Blücher, where would Wellington have been? Napoleon would have annihilated him and the whole alliance. To judge of Bonaparte, as a leader of armies, we must look at him through the scenes of his life.

"He marched his victorious troops successively into almost every capital of Europe. Meeting and overwhelming in turn the armies of Prussia, Austria, Russia, and England, he, for a long time, waged a successful war against them all combined; and exhausted at last by his very victories, rather than by their conquest, he fell before superior numbers, which in a protracted contest, must always prevail. His first campaigns in Italy, and the campaign of Austerlitz, are, perhaps, the most glorious he ever conducted. The first astonished the world, and fixed his fortune. In less than a year, he overthrew four of the finest armies in Europe. With fifty-five thousand men, he had beaten more than two hundred thousand Austrians—taken prisoners nearly double the amount of his whole army, and killed half as many as the entire force he had at any one time in the field.

"The tactics he had adopted in this campaign, and which he never after departed from, correspond singularly with the character of his mind. Instead of following up what was considered the scientific mode of conducting a campaign and a battle, he fell back on his own genius, and made a system of his own, adapted to the circumstance in which he was placed. Instead of opposing wing to wing, centre to centre, and column to column, he rapidly concentrated his entire strength on separate portions in quick succession. Hurling his combined force now on one wing, and now another and now throwing it with the weight and terror of an avalanche on the centre, he crushed each in its turn; or cutting the army in two, destroyed its communication and broke it to pieces."

And then what astonishing activity of mind and body. We cannot find that all the biographies of greatness furnish a parallel.

"No victory allured him into a moment's repose—no luxuries tempted him to ease—and no success bounded his impetuous desires. Laboring with an intensity and rapidity that accomplished the work of days in hours, he nevertheless seemed crowded to the very limit of human capacity by the vast plans and endless projects that asked and received his attention. In the cabinet he astonished every one by his striking thoughts and indefatigable industry. The forms and ceremonies of court could not keep his mind, hardly for an hour, from the labour which he seemed to covet. He allowed himself usually but four or five hours rest, and during his campaigns, exhibited the same almost miraculous activity of mind. He would dictate to one set of secretaries all day, and after he had tired them out, call for a second, and keep them on the stretch all night, snatching but a brief repose during the whole time. His common practice was to rise at two in the morning, and dictate to his secretaries for two hours, then devote two hours more to thought alone, when he would take a warm bath and dress for the day. But in a pressure of business this division of labour and rest was scattered to the winds, and he would work all night. With his night gown wrapped around him, and a silk handkerchief tied about his head, he would walk backwards and forwards in his apartment from dark

till daylight, dictating to—Caulincourt, or Dürée, or D'Albe, his chief secretary, in his impetuous manner, which required the highest exertion to keep pace with; while Rustan, his faithful Mameluke, whom he brought from Egypt, was up also, bringing from time to time, a strong cup of coffee to refresh him. Sometimes at midnight, when all was still, this restless spirit would call out, 'Call D'Albe: let every one arise!' and then commenced working, allowing himself no intermission or repose till sunrise. He has been known to dictate to three secretaries at the same time, so rapid were the movements of his mind, and yet so perfectly under his control. He never deferred business for an hour, but did, on the spot what then claimed his attention. Nothing but the most iron like constitution could have withstood these tremendous strains upon it. And, as if Nature had determined that nothing should be wanting to the full development of this wonderful man, as well as no resources withheld from his gigantic plans, she had endowed him with a power of endurance seldom equalled. It was not till the most intense and protracted mental and physical effort combined, that he gave intimations of being sensible to fatigue. In his first campaign in Italy, though slender and apparently weak, he rode five horses to death in a few days, and for six days and nights, never took off his boots, or retired to his couch. * * * He spurred his panting steed through the scorching sun beams of Africa, and forced his way on foot, with a birchen stick in his hand, over the icy path, as he fled from Moscow with the same firm presence. He would sleep in the palace of the Tulleries, or on the shore of the Danube with nought but his cloak about him, while the groans of the dying loaded the midnight air—with equal soundness. He was often on horseback eighteen hours a day, and yet wrought up to the intensest mental excitement all the while. Marching till midnight, he would array his troops by moonlight; and fighting all day, he hailed victor at night; and then, without rest, travel all the following night and day, and the next morning fight another battle, and be a second time victorious. He often spoke of as a mere child of fortune; but whoever in this world will possess such powers of mind, and use them with such skill and industry, and has a frame that will stand it, will always be a child of fortune."

One of the most preposterous assertions made about Napoleon, has been that he had no personal courage. His whole course of life seems to us to crush the charge into nothing. Mr. Headley notes it, and remarks briefly that "the daring he exhibited in the revolt of the Sections, when, with five thousand soldiers, he boldly withstood forty thousand of the National Guard and mob of Paris, he carried with him to his fall. At the terrible passage of Lodi, where, though general in chief, he was the second man across the bridge;—at Arcola, where he stood, with the standard in his hand, in the midst of a perfect tempest of balls and grape shot; and at Wagram, where he rode on his white steed, backward and forward, for a whole hour, before his shivering lines, to keep them steady in the dreadful fire that thinned their ranks, and swept the ground they stood upon;—he evinced the heroic courage that he possessed, and which was a part of his very nature."

Napoleon's courage was as unquestionable as his ambition. But eminent above these and every other trait of his character, was his sublime self-confidence.—Milton's Lucifer never exhibited that quality to a more exalted degree. There was no emergency in his life in which he did not fall back upon himself alone, without a sign of wavering. From his boyish decision at the siege of Toulon to the time when Europe stood up against him on the field of Waterloo, it was the same. He was sent to wrest Italy from an army four times the number of his own;—he called no councils of war—he resolved and executed. The conflagration of Moscow and a Russian winter overwhelmed and drove back the immense host with which he invaded the North: he relied upon himself. The sudden weight of an empire fell upon his shoulders;—he bore it as something for which he was born. The crowned heads of Europe, banding themselves together against him, met in his quick gray eye the same calm self reliance. Monarchs against the plebeian! His eagle glance pierced to the core of their rotten power, and his audacious thoughts were all the while partitioning their kingdoms. The plebeian against monarchs!

"He wheeled his cannon around their thronns," says Mr. Headley in one of those vivid and comprehensive passages, frequent in his writing, "with a coolness and inflexibility of purpose that made 'the dignity which doth hedge a king,' a most pitiful thing to behold. * * * While astonished at the boldness of his irruption into Egypt, they were listening to hear again the thunder of his guns around the Pyramids, they suddenly saw his mighty army hanging along the crest of the Alps; and before the astonishing vision had fairly disappeared, the sound of his cannon was heard shaking the shores of the Danube, and his victorious eagles were waving their wings over the capital of the Austrian Empire. One moment his terrible standards would be seen along the shores of the Rhine; the next, by the banks of the Borysthenes, and then again fluttering amid the flames of Moscow. * * * Victory deserted the standards of the enemy the moment that the presence of Napoleon among his legions was announced in their camp, and when it was whispered in the ranks that his eye was sweeping the battle field, the arm of the foeman waxed weak; and he conquered as much by his name as by his armies. This boldness of movement, giving him such immense moral power, arose from his confidence in himself."

But Bonaparte's moral qualities bore no comparison with those of his intellect. His genius was unfortunately greater than his virtue. He was ambitious—as all conquerors have been—and ambition made him selfish, as it does nearly all who yield to its tyranny. His nature was despotic; and his swift decision and stern self reliance made him always impetuous, often unjust; nor was anything whatever allowed to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his plans. "What he thought necessary to be done, he did, reckless of the suffering it occasioned." He committed several acts in his career altogether cruel and unjust, especially the invasion of Spain and the execution of the Duke of Enghien. In brief, we may conclude with Mr. Headley—had Europe left him to pursue the career he had commenced in Egypt—that he might have been "as unprincipled in his aggressions on peaceable states—as heartless in the means he employed—as reckless of the law of nations—as perfidious in his policy—as cruel in his slaughters—and as grasping after territory, as the British Empire has since shown herself to be, his life, character, and plans leave but little room to doubt."

"The sum of the matter is, Napoleon's moral character was indifferent enough; yet as a friend of human liberty, and eager to promote the advancement of the race, by opening the field to talent and genius, however low their birth, he was infinitely superior to all the sovereigns who endeavored to crush him. He not only loved France as a nation, and sought her glory, but he secured the liberty of the meanest of her subjects. There was something noble in his very ambition, for it sought to establish great public works, found useful institutions, and send the principles of liberty over the world. As a just and noble monarch, he was superior to nine-tenths of all the kings that ever reigned in Europe, and as an intellectual man, head and shoulders above them all."

This, we think, is the just interpretation of Napoleon's nature. Let him be placed in comparison, not with Cincinnatus or Washington, but with the kings and governments around him.

Eminently worthy of his genius, if not of France, was the whole of his latter career. The disastrous invasion of Russia, the mortality that swept off the forces on the Rhine, the fatal battle of Leipsic, and other engagements where victory was gained by terrific losses, had exhausted the resources of France.

"In this depressed state, the civilized world was preparing its last united onset upon her. From the Baltic to the Bosphorus—from Archangel to the Mediterranean, Europe had banded itself against Napoleon. Denmark and Sweden struck hands with Austria, and Russia, and Prussia, and England; while to crown all, the Princes of the confederation of the Rhine, put their signature to the league, and one million and twenty-eight thousand men stood up in battle array on the plains of Europe, to overthrow this mighty spirit that had shook so terribly their thrones.

"France could not, with her utmost efforts, raise more than a third of the number of this immense host.

"In this dreadful emergency, though none saw better than he the awful abyss that was opening before him, Napoleon evinced no discouragement and no hesitation. Assembling the conscripts from every quarter of France, and hurrying them on to head-quarters, he at length, after presenting his fair-haired boy to the National Guards as their future sovereign, amid tears and exclamations of enthusiasm, and embracing his wife for the last time, set out for the army. His energy, his wisdom and incessant activity, soon changed the face of affairs. He had struggled against as great odds in his first Italian campaign; and if nothing else could be done, he at least could fall with honor on the soil of his country. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than in the almost superhuman exertions he put forth in this his last great struggle for his empire. No danger could daunt him—no reverses subdue him—no toil exhaust him—and no difficulties shake his iron will. In the dead of winter, struggling with new and untried troops, he fought an army outnumbering his own two to one—beat them back at every point, and sent dismay into the hearts of the allied sovereigns, as they again saw the shadow of his mighty spirit over their thrones."

But the conflict was too unequal. There were still some astonishing victories, and the whole allied army was forced to retreat. Reverses followed—the allied forces stole away towards the capital—and the miserable Marmont yielded per Paris. The scene that occurred (described in the sketch of Marshal Berthier) when the news was carried to him, in the depth of night,

and chafing along on foot towards his capital—unable to wait for his carriage—is one of the most affecting in history. And then, the terrible soliloquy. "Paris" (says Mr. Headley) "was illuminated by the innumerable watch-fires that covered the heights, and around it the allied troops were shouting in unbounded exultation over the glorious victory that compensated them for all their former losses; while but fifteen miles distant on foot walked its king and emperor through the deep midnight—his mighty spirit wrung with such agony that the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and his lips worked in the most painful excitement. Neither Berthier nor Caulincourt dared to interrupt the rapid soliloquy of the fallen emperor, as he muttered in fierce accents, 'I burned the pavement—my horses were swift as the wind, but still I felt oppressed with an intolerable weight; something extraordinary was passing within me. I asked them to hold out only twenty-four hours. Miserable wretches that they are! Marmont, too, who had sworn that he would be hewn in pieces, rather than surrender! And Joseph ran off too—my very brother! To surrender the capital to the enemy—what poltroons! They had my orders; they knew that on the 2d of April I would be here at the head of seventy thousand men! My scholars, my National Guards, who had promised to defend my son; all men with a heart in their bosoms would have joined to combat at my side! And so they have capitulated, betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign: degraded France in the sight of Europe! Entered into a capital of eight hundred thousand souls, without firing a shot! It is too dreadful! That comes of trusting cowards and fools. When I am not there, they do nothing but heap blunder on blunder. What has been done with the artillery? They should have had two hundred pieces, and ammunition for a month. Every one has lost his head; and yet Joseph imagines that he can lead an army, and Clarke is vain enough to think himself a minister; but I begin to think Savary is right, and that he is a traitor!" then suddenly rousing himself, as if from a troubled dream, and as if unable to believe so great a disaster, he turned fiercely on Caulincourt and Berthier, and exclaimed, 'Set off, Caulincourt; fly to the allied lines;—penetrate to head-quarters; you have full powers; FLY! FLY!'"

Vain haste! vain anguish! Paris had fallen, and Napoleon was obliged to abdicate. Then began the desertion of him by nearly all his followers—even by his wife and family. The broken-hearted Emperor, who had cultivated action more than philosophy, attempted the destruction of his life. There, too, Fate was against him. The poison was powerless upon him, and he was hurried into exile.

But Elba could not hold the restless mind of Napoleon. The next year he stepped again upon the soil of France with a handful of followers.—And what a noble confidence of living in the hearts of the nation and a proof that he did live in their hearts, was that landing from exile! What a refutation of the assertion, that the curses of the *people* had followed his downfall!

"It was not the soldiers, but the common people that first surrounded him. As he pitched his tent without Cannes, the inhabitants flocked to him with their complaints, and gathered around him as the redresser of their wrongs. As he advanced towards Grenoble, the fields were alive with peasants, as they came leaping like deer from every hill crying, '*Vive l'Empereur*.'" Thronging around him, they followed him with shouts to the very gates of the town. The commandant refused him admittance, yet the soldiers within stretched their arms through the wickets, and shook hands with his followers without. At length a confused murmur arose over the walls, and Napoleon did not know but it was the gathering for a fierce assault on his little band. The tumult grew wilder every moment. Six thousand inhabitants from one of the faubourgs had risen *en masse*, and with timbers and beams came pouring against the gates.—They tremble before the resistless shocks—reel and fall with a crash to the ground, and the excited multitude stream forth. Rushing on Napoleon, they drag him from his horse, kiss his hands and garments, and bear him with deafening shouts, on their shoulders, into the town. He next advances on Lyons, the gates of which are also closed against him, and bayonets gleam along the walls. Trusting to the power of affection, rather than to arms, he gallops boldly up to the city. The soldiers within, instead of firing on him, breaking over all discipline, burst open the gates, and rush in frantic joy around him, shouting '*Vive l'Empereur*.' He is not compelled to plant his cannon against a single town: power returns to him, not through terror, but love. He is not received with the cringing of slaves, but with the open arms of friends, and thus his course towards the Capital becomes one triumphal march. The power of the Bourbons disappears before the returning tide of affection, like towers of sand before the waves; and without firing a gun, Napoleon again sits on his recovered throne, amid the acclamation of the people. Who ever saw a tyrant and an oppressor received thus? Where is the monarch in Europe, that dare fling himself in such faith on the affections of his subjects? Where was ever the Bourbon that could show such a title to the throne he occupied? Ah! *the people* do not thus receive the man who forges fetters for their limbs; and Napoleon at this day, holds a firmer place in the affections of the inhabitants of France than any monarch that ever filled its throne."

For one hundred days the genius of Napoleon was displayed as it had been for eighteen years, and on the plains of Waterloo he made a final stand. As to that great battle, it seems to us impossible to form other than one decision. Napoleon's plans were never more skilfully laid.—Fouché, on whose secret information the British commander was to rely, had craftily failed to give any. Wellington was fairly caught; with the same cooperation on both sides, he was lost beyond redemption. There is but one consideration in the case:—Blucher by a forced march stole unexpectedly into the field with forty thousand men, and his coming decided the victory. Had he kept away as Grouchy did—who was left to watch him—or had Grouchy followed him, as he should have done, the result must have been entirely different. But the great Corsican's star was to sink, and it sank. Defeat became an utter rout, and the conqueror of half Europe was left throneless. He trusted himself to the generosity of England. He should have studied history better. England knows how to be generous; but she has shown many times, that a possible charge of perfidy is not to weigh against her interest or her fears.

Napoleon was not a philosopher, and his natural impatience bore with little equanimity the petty annoyances which his keepers at St. Helena contrived to gather around him. But his conversation and notes, at all times, still evinced the greatness of his genius, and, in many respects, the nobleness of his nature.

"But at length"—says Mr. Headley, in one of the finest passages of the whole volume—"that wonderful mind was to be quenched in the night of the grave; and Nature, as if determined to assert the greatness of her work to the last, trumpeted him out of the world with one of her fiercest storms. Amid the roar of the blast, and the shock of the billows, as they broke where a wave had not struck for twenty years—amid the darkness and gloom, and uproar of one of the most tempestuous nights that ever rocked that lonely isle, Napoleon's spirit was passing to that unseen world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the tread of armies is never heard. Yet even in this solemn hour, his delirious soul, caught perhaps by the battle-like roar of the storm without, was once more in the midst of the fight, struggling by the Pyramids, or Danube, or on the plains of Italy. It was the thunder of the cannon that smote his ear; and amid the wavering fight, and covering smoke, and tumult of the scene, his glazing eye caught the heads of his mighty columns, as torn yet steady, they bore his victorious eagles on, and "*Tete d'Armee*" broke from his dying lips. Awe-struck and still, his few remaining friends stood in tears about his couch; gazing steadfastly on that awful kingly brow, but it gave no farther token, and the haughty lips moved no more. Napoleon lay silent and motionless in his last sleep."

Such was the death of Napoleon—and the thought of it will move the reader of history to the most distant times. But this was not the last of the extraordinary scenes that make up the records of this man. Many years afterwards was enacted another still more strange and stirring, and such as has occurred to no one else of those whom the world have agreed in calling great. France had never forgotten him who had added more to her glory than any one of all her feudal monarchs. She had often turned her eyes to that distant rock in the ocean, wondering if he slept quietly in his solitary grave in which his enemies had laid him. Many years passed, power had gone back to its old channels; suddenly a murmur began to rise that Napoleon should return to France! Exiled, dead, solitary, at rest!—Yet let him return, for the dead are an inheritance!—For our own part we have always felt, that it was fitter and more sublime for him to remain in that lonely burial-place, with the ocean rolling around him. But France yearned to have him rest in her bosom; she has always been proud of her great men—and where was her greatest? The murmur rose till it filled the nation, and Napoleon came back from St. Helena.

The scene of his second reception from exile is affectingly described in the sketch of Marshal Moncey. This Marshal, in the extremity of age had been made governor of the Hotel des Invalids. The picture of the daily appearance of those war-worn veterans forms an impressive prelude.

"Nearly two hundred officers and more than three thousand men, the wreck of the grand army, were assembled here, and the oldest Marshal of the Empire placed at their head. How striking the contrast which Moncey and those few thousand men in their faded regimentals, presented to the magnificent army which Napoleon led so often to victory. From the Pyramids, from Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Borodino—where the eye rests on mighty armies, moving to battle and to victory amid the unrolling of standards and pealing of trumpets—the glance re-

turns to the bowed form and gray hairs, and trembling voice of Moncey, as he moves on the shoulders of his attendants, through the ranks of these few aged soldiers, who have come maimed from almost every battle-field of Europe, to die in the bosom of France.

"Time had taken what the sword left. Napoleon, the spell-word which had startled Europe, was now spoken in mournful accents, and the fields in which they had seen him triumph, were but as dim remembrances. On a far distant isle that mighty spirit had sunk to rest, and the star that had illumined a hemisphere, had left the heavens forever. What ravages time makes! Who would have thought, as he gazed on the aged Moncey borne carefully along, his feeble voice saluting his old companions in arms, that the fire had ever flashed from that eye, and amid the uproar of cannon and shock of cavalry he had carried death through the ranks of the enemy; and that those bowed and limping soldiers had shouted on the fierce-fought fields of Austerlitz, Borodino and Wagram, or sent up their war-cry from the foot of the Pyramids?"

Moncey, though ninety years of age, was appointed to receive the remains of Napoleon in the name of these disabled veterans. "All France was agitated as the time drew near when the vessel was expected that bore back the dead Emperor to her shores?" When it swept down on the coast, "the excitement could scarcely have been greater, had he been landing with sword in hand."

"On the day of solemn procession in Paris, the whole city was abroad, and Napoleon in the height of his power never received more distinguished honor, than when dead he was borne through the capital of his former empire. As the procession passed through the streets, the beat of the muffled drum, and the prolonged and mournful blast of the trumpet as it rose and fell through the mighty requiem and all the signs of a nation's woe, filled every heart with the profound grief.

"There, beside the coffin, walked the remnants of the Old Guard, once the pride and strength of the Emperor, and the terror of Europe; and there, too, was his old war-horse, covered with the drapery of mourning, on whose back he had galloped through the battle; and over all drooped the banner of France, heavy with crape—all mourning in silence for the mighty dead.

"The church that was to receive the body was crowded in every part of it, waiting its arrival, when the multitude was seen to part in front, and an old man bowed with years, his white locks falling over a whiter visage, and seemingly ready himself to be laid in the tomb, was borne through the throng in a large arm-chair, and placed at the left of the main altar, beside the throne. Covered with decorations and honors, that contrasted strangely with his withered form and almost lifeless features, he sat and listened to the mighty dirge that came sweeping through the church, as if memory was trying in vain to recall the past. *That was Marshal Moncey*, now nearly ninety years of age, brought hither to welcome his old commander back to his few remaining soldiers. As the funeral train slowly entered the court, the thunder of cannon shook the solid edifice, blending in their roar with the strains of martial music. They, too, seemed conscious beings, striving with their olden voices to awaken the chieftain for whom they had swept so many battle-fields. But drum and trumpet tone, and the sound of cannon, fell alike on the dull ear of the mighty sleeper. His battles were all over, and his fierce spirit gone to a land where the loud trumpet of war is never heard.

"As the coffin approached, the old invalid soldiers drew up on each side of the way, in their old uniform, to receive it. The spectacle moved the stoutest heart. The last time these brave men had seen their emperor, was on the field of battle, and now, after long years, his coffin approached their midst. The roar of cannon, and the strains of martial music brought back the days of glory, and as their eyes met the pall that covered the form of their beloved chief, they fell on their knees in tears and sobs, and reached forth their hands in passionate sorrow. Overwhelmed with grief, and with the emotions that memory had so suddenly awakened, this was the only welcome they could give him. On swept the train till it entered the church; and as the coffin passed through the door, heralded by the Prince de Joinville with his drawn sword in his hand, the immense throng involuntarily rose, and a murmur more expressive than words filled the house. The king descended from his throne to meet it, and the aged Moncey, who had hitherto sat immovable and dumb, the mere "phantom of a soldier," suddenly struggled to rise. The soul awakened from its torpor, and the dying veteran knew that Napoleon was before him. But his strength failed him—with a feeble effort he sunk back in his chair while a flash of emotion shot over his wan and wasted visage like a sunbeam, and his eye kindled a moment in recollection."

As to the battle of Waterloo, of which so much has been said, we do not know that we wish it had gone differently. We hold it to be usually the wisest philosophy to take the events of history as they occur, deepening always our faith in the progress of human destiny. To set up our fancy, or our best judgment even, against the forethought of Providence, is doubtless as weak as it is irreligious. Yet we have always felt a sympathy for a single genius struggling heroically against the combined monarchies of Europe. Napoleon had broken up seven coalitions of kings; we felt unwilling that he should fall by an eighth. Nor are we able, of ourselves, to see what the nations of Europe or the cause of humanity have gained by his downfall. Robert Hall, when he heard the result of the field of Waterloo, exclaimed, "I feel as if the clock of the world had gone back six degrees." That great divine felt that Napoleon's career had advanced the cause of the people, and he saw what has since occurred—that everything would go back to legitimate despotism. Is it not so? Where is Austria? Where Russia? Where the States of the Rhine? Where France herself? Where weak distracted Spain? Where oppressed and wretched Italy? Where divided Poland? Does any one imagine that those countries could have been in any worse condition, had Bonaparte conquered at Waterloo? He would not have made them republics, and they were not fit for it. He would probably have established and maintained a new order of dynasties over them; but these would have been altogether more enlightened, more liberal, more favorable every way to the cause of human progress, than those under which they now lie, in the ancient sleep of Egypt, or the hidden agitations of Vesuvius. France was first awakened by the Revolution; but if the other nations of Europe are any freer in thought or condition than formerly, it is because, and only because, of Napoleon's conquests. As to empire, the Corsican's great desire, as Mr. Headley remarks, was to obtain for France large dominion in the East, which has since been left open entirely to English aggression, except when the iron arm of Russia is thrust in. We do not know why the unbounded ambition of one nation is any better or more legitimate than another.

The sketches of the Marshals are no less striking in their way, than the chapter on Napoleon. They have less attempt at arguing historical points—which was not demanded. Nor is there an especial aim at characterization, though they have some finely discriminating passages of that nature. Mr. Headley's chief object seems to have been to present to us the men whom Napoleon gathered around him, in that fiery and headlong action to which they were trained by their impetuous commander. Working to this end, he has also an opportunity to describe stirring and impressive scenes—battles, charges, retreats, and all the "currents of a heady fight"—in which lies his forte as a writer. That these sketches are remarkable in this respect, will be acknowledged by all who read them.

The qualities of Mr. Headley's descriptive style are well known to the readers of this Review. It has the great merit, first, of being a style by itself, as it cannot be mistaken for that of any other writer. It is rapid, direct, and vigorous—seldom forced, even when pitched on too high a key—exhibits great command of language, and has the appearance of being always equal in its resources to the scene described. His imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, is always at his command. He sees everything before him, and he has the power of language enough to make his readers see it with almost equal vividness. This was shown in his sketches of the "Alps and the Rhine"—some brief passages of which gave that stupendous mountain scenery, with more graphic power to our minds, than any travellers' note-book has yet been able to present it with—it is now displayed with equal force among those terrific battles which Napoleon fought in almost every part of Europe. He has here no rival but Alison. Their modes are different. Mr. Headley singles out certain leading and decisive movements, and neglects details—a style best fitted for such sketches. Mr. Alison gives the whole plan and stirring evolutions of the conflict, from the beginning to the close—a manner best suited to history.

One great disadvantage necessarily attended the grouping together of these sketches. There are, of necessity, so many descriptions of similar scenes, especially battles, that the book has the appearance of frequent repetition—as between the different sketches, this could not well have been avoided; nor is it of so much consequence. But when we come to the use of the same striking word or phrase three or four times on a single page, it becomes a decided fault. * * * * * The book, indeed, like some other writings of Mr. Headley, bears the marks of having gone through the press too hastily—a fault quite evident in most American publications. These, however, are small matters, compared with the merits of the work. Mr. Headley could, doubtless, have made a better book, but we know of no other writer among us who could produce one, of its kind, at all equal to it.

There are, in this volume, nine sketches of Marshals, two of which, Macdonald and Lannes, appeared in our pages, [and in the "Spirit of the Times"]. The rest, embracing Berthier, Augereau, Davoust, St. Cyr, Moncey, Mortier and Soult, are entirely new. They contain many splendid descriptions of battles, especially of the battles of Arcola, Auerstadt, Dresden, Dirnstein and Austerlitz, the charge at Eylau, cavalry action at

Eckmuhl, and the storming of Oporto, with other scenes new to our readers. Some of these we designed to extract, but shall be obliged to defer them to the appearance of the second volume. We close, however, with one—the "Burning of Moscow." We have nowhere seen a finer description of its kind. "Crol's picture, in 'Salathiel,' of the conflagration of Rome under Nero is very splendid; but it does not wear the evident reality of this, nor has it half the condensed narrative power.

"At length Moscow, with its domes and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capitol, Napoleon entered the gates and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe.

"The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and Oriental magnificence that every where surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bedrooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city, when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern time commenced.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

"Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

"In the morning, Mortier by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 13th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

"He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke, and his hair and eye-brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and of flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempests had been succeeded by a day of tempests; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, wavering to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace, as if it were his empire.

"But at length the shout, 'the Kremlin is on fire!' was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron; he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

"When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear indescribable! A mighty and close-packed city of houses, and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane; is a sight this world will seldom see.

"But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above these waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone, towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and again emerging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

The (N. Y.) American Review for May

CHAPTER III.

Political position of Napoleon; he resolves to crush the Spaniards; his energy and activity; marches his armies from every part of Europe towards Spain; his oration to his soldiers—Conference at Erfurth—Negotiations for peace—Petulant conduct of Mr. Canning—160,000 conscripts enrolled in France—Power of that country—Napoleon's speech to the senate—He repairs to Bayonne—Remissness of the English cabinet—Sir John Moore appointed to lead an army into Spain; sends his artillery by the Madrid road, and marches himself by Almeida—The central junta impatient for the arrival of the English army—Sir David Baird arrives at Coruna; is refused permission to disembark his troops—Mr. Frere and the marquis of Romana arrive at Coruna; account of the latter's escape from the Danish Isles—Central junta resolved not to appoint a generalissimo—Gloomy aspect of affairs.

NAPOLEON, surprised and chagrined at the disgrace which, for the first time, his armies had sustained, was yet nothing dismayed by a resistance which he had early contemplated as not improbable.* With a piercing glance he had observed the efforts of Spain, calculated the power of foreign influence in keeping alive the spirit of resistance, and assigning a just value to the succours which England could afford, foresaw the danger which might accrue, if he suffered an insurrection of peasants, which had already dishonoured the glory of his arms, to attain the consistency of regular government, to league with powerful nations, and to become disciplined troops. To defeat the raw levies which the Spaniards had hitherto opposed to his soldiers was an easy matter, but it was necessary to crush them to atoms, that a dread of his invincible power might still pervade the world, and the secret influence of his genius remain unabated. The constitution of Bayonne would, he was aware, weigh heavy in the scale against those chaotic governments, neither monarchical, nor popular, nor aristocratic, nor federal, which the Spanish revolution was throwing up; but before the benefit of that could be felt by the many, before he could draw any advantages from his moral

resources, it was necessary to develop all his military strength.

The moment was critical and dangerous. He was surrounded by enemies whose pride he had wounded, but whose means of offence he had not destroyed; if he bent his forces against the Peninsula, England might again excite the continent to arms, and Russia and Austria, once more banding together, might raise Prussia and renew the eternal coalitions. The designs of Austria, although covered by the usual artifices of that cunning, rapacious court, were not so hidden but that, earlier or later, a war with her was to be expected as a certain event, and the inhabitants of Prussia, subdued and oppressed, could not be supposed tranquil. The secret societies that, under the name of Tugenbunde, Gymnasiasts, and other denominations, have since been persecuted by those who were then glad to avail themselves of such assistance, were just beginning to disclose their force and plans.* A baron de Nostitz, Stein the Prussian councillor of state, generals Sharnhost and Gneizenau, and colonel Schill, appear to have been the principal contrivers and patrons of these societies, so characteristic of Germans, who, regular and plodding even to a proverb in their actions, possess the most extravagant imaginations of any people on the face of the earth. But whatever the ulterior views of these associations may have been, at this period they were universally inimical to the French; their intent was to drive the latter over the Rhine, and they were a source of peril to the emperor, the more to be feared, as the extent of their influence could not be immediately ascertained. Russia, little injured by her losses, was more powerful perhaps from her defeats, because more enlightened as to the cause of them. Napoleon felt that it would tax all his means to repel the hostility of such a great empire, and that, consequently, his Spanish operations must be confined in a manner unsuitable to the fame of his arms. With a long-sighted policy, he had, however, prepared the means of obviating this danger, by what has been called the conference at Erfurth, whither he now repaired to meet the czar, confiding in the resources of his genius for securing the friendship of that monarch.

At this period, it may be truly said, that Napoleon supported the weight of the world; every movement of his produced a political convulsion; yet so sure, so confident was he, of his intellectual superiority, that he sought but to gain one step, and doubted not to overcome all resistance, and preserve his ascendancy; time was to him victory, if he gained the one, the other followed: hence, sudden and prompt in execution, he made one of those gigantic efforts which have stamped this age with the greatness of antiquity. His armies were scattered over Europe. In Italy, in Dalmatia, on the Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe; in Prussia, Denmark, Poland, his legions were to be found; over that vast extent, above five hundred thousand disciplined men maintained the supremacy of France. From those bands he drew the imperial guards, the select soldiers of the warlike nation he governed, the terror of the other continental troops; these and the veterans of Jena, of Austerlitz, of Friedland, reduced in number, but of confirmed hardihood, were marched towards Spain; a host of cavalry, unequalled for enterprise and knowledge of war, were also directed against that devoted land, and a long train of gallant soldiers followed, until two hundred thousand men, accustomed to battle, had penetrated the gloomy fastnesses of the western Pyrenees, while forty thousand of inferior reputation, drawn from the interior of France, from Naples, from Tuscany, and from Piedmont, assembled on the eastern ridges of those gigantic hills. The march of this multitude was incessant, and as the troops passed the capi-

* Letter to Murat. Les Cascs.

* Baron Fain's Campaign. 1813.

tal, Napoleon, neglectful of nothing which could excite their courage, and swell their military pride, addressed to them one of his nervous orations. In the tranquillity of peace it may seem inflated, but on the eve of battle it is thus a general should speak.

‘Soldiers! after triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you! The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to avenge! Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you yet equalled the glory of those Romans, who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus? A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours, but a real Frenchman could not, ought not, to rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! all that you have done, all that you will do, for the happiness of the French people, and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart!’

Thus saying, he sent his army towards the frontiers of Spain, and himself hastened to meet the emperor Alexander at Erfurth. Their conference, conducted upon the footing of intimate friendship, produced a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive, and the fate of Spain was, by the one, with calm indifference, abandoned to the injustice of the other; but the accession of strength with this treaty, and the manifest personal partiality of Alexander, gave to the French emperor, inspired him perhaps with the idea, that the English cabinet would, if a fair occasion offered, gladly enter into negotiations for a general peace.

The two emperors wrote a joint letter to the king of England. ‘The circumstances of Europe had,’ they said, ‘brought them together; their first thought was to yield to the wish and the wants of every people, and to seek, in a speedy pacification, the most efficacious remedy for the miseries which oppressed all nations. The long and bloody war which had torn the continent was at an end, without the possibility of being renewed. If many changes had taken place in Europe, if many states had been overthrown, the cause was to be found in the state of agitation and misery in which the stagnation of maritime commerce had placed the greatest nations; still greater changes might yet take place, and all of them contrary to the policy of the English nation. Peace, then, was, at once, the interest of the people of the continent, as it was the interest of the people of Great Britain. We entreat your majesty,’ they concluded, ‘we unite to entreat your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, to silence that of the passions, to seek, with the intention of arriving at that object; to conciliate all interests, and thus, preserving all powers which exist, insure the happiness of Europe and of this generation, at the head of which Providence has placed us.’

To this joint letter Mr. Canning replied by two letters addressed to the French and Russian ministers, accompanied by an official note. In that addressed to the Russian, he observed that, ‘however desirous the king might be to reply personally to the emperor, he was prevented by the unusual mode of communication adopted, which had deprived it of a private and personal character. It was impossible to pay that mark of respect to the emperor, without at the same time acknowledging titles which he had never acknowledged. The proposition for peace would be communicated to Sweden, and to the existing government of Spain. It was necessary that his majesty should receive an immediate assurance, that France acknowledged the government of Spain as a party to the negotiation.’

VOL. I.—I.

That such was the intention of the emperor could not be doubted; when the lively interest manifested by his imperial majesty for the welfare and dignity of the Spanish monarchy was recollected. No other assurance was wanted, that the emperor could not have been induced to sanction by his concurrence or approbation, usurpations, the principles of which were not less unjust than their example was dangerous to all legitimate sovereigns.

The letter addressed to Mons. de Champagny, duke of Cadore, merely demanded that Sweden and Spain should be admitted as parties to the negotiation. The official note commenced by stating the king’s desire for peace, on terms consistent with his honour, his fidelity to his engagements, and the permanent repose of Europe. ‘The miserable condition of the continent, the convulsions it had experienced, and those with which it was threatened, were not imputable to his majesty. If the cause of so much misery was to be found in the stagnation of commercial intercourse, although his majesty could not be expected to hear with unqualified regret, that the system, devised for the destruction of the commerce of his subjects, had recoiled upon its authors or its instruments; yet, as it was neither the disposition of his majesty, nor in the character of the people over whom he reigned, to rejoice in the privations and unhappiness even of the nations which were combined against him, he anxiously desired the termination of the sufferings of the continent.’ The note then, after stating that the progress of the war had imposed new obligations upon Great Britain, claimed for Sicily, for Portugal, for Sweden, and for Spain, a participation in the negotiations. ‘Treaties, it stated, existed with the three first, which bound them and England in peace and war. With Spain indeed no formal instrument had yet been executed, but the ties of honour were, to the king of England, as strong as the most solemn treaties; wherefore it was assumed, that the central junta, or government of Spain, was understood to be a party to any negotiation in which his majesty was invited to engage.’

The reply of Russia was peremptory. The claims of the sovereigns, allies of Great Britain, she would readily admit. But the insurgents of Spain, Russia would not acknowledge as an independent power. The Russians, and England it was said could recollect one particular instance, had always been true to this principle; moreover, the emperor had acknowledged Joseph Buonaparte as king of Spain, and was united to the French emperor for peace and for war; he was resolved not to separate his interests from those of Napoleon. After some further arguments touching the question, the reply concluded by offering to treat upon the basis of the ‘*uti possidetis*,’ and the respective power of the belligerent parties, or upon *any basis*, for the conclusion of an honourable, just, and equal peace.

The insulting tone of Mr. Canning’s communication produced an insulting reply from Mons. de Champagny, which also finished by proposing the ‘*uti possidetis*’ as a basis for a treaty, and expressing a hope, that without losing sight of the inevitable results of the force of states, it would be remembered, that between great powers there could be no solid peace but that which was equal and honourable for both parties. Upon the receipt of these replies, the English minister broke off the negotiations, and all chance of peace vanished; but previous to the conclusion of this remarkable correspondence, Napoleon had returned to Paris.

What his real views in proposing to treat were, it is difficult to determine. He could not have expected that Great Britain would relinquish the cause of Spain; he must therefore have been prepared to make some arrangement upon that head, unless the whole proceeding was an artifice to sow distrust among his enemies. The English ministers asserted that it was so, but

what enemies were they among whom he could create this uneasy feeling? Sweden, Sicily, Portugal! the notion as applied to them was absurd; it is more probable that he was sincere. He said so at St. Helena, and the peculiar circumstances of the period at which the conferences of Erfurth took place, warrant a belief in that assertion.* The menacing aspect of Austria, the recent loss of Portugal, the hitherto successful insurrection of Spain, the secret societies of Germany, the desire of consolidating the Polish dominions, and placing, while he might, a barrier to the power of Russia on that side, the breach which the events of the Peninsula made in his continental system of excluding British goods, and the commercial distresses of Europe, were cogent reasons for a peace; they might well cause him to be suspicious of the future, and render him anxious for an excuse to abandon an unjust contest, in which he could not fail to suffer much, and to risk more than he could gain. In securing the alliance of Russia, he only disentangled a part of the Gordian knot of politics; to cut the remainder with his sword was, at this conjuncture, a task which even he might have been doubtful of. The fact that his armies were marching upon Spain, proves nothing to the contrary of this supposition. Time was to him of the utmost consequence. His negotiations proving abortive, it would have been too late to have reinforced his troops on the Ebro, and the event evinced the prudence of his measures in that respect.

The refusal to admit the Spaniards as a party to the conferences for peace is scarcely more conclusive; to have done that would have been to resign the weapon in his hands before he entered the lists. That England could not abandon the Spaniards is unquestionable, but that was not a necessary consequence of continuing the negotiations. There was a bar put to the admission of a Spanish diplomatist, but no bar was thereby put to the discussion of Spanish interests; the correspondence of the English minister would not of necessity have compromised Spanish independence, it need not have relaxed in the slightest degree the measures of hostility, nor retarded the succours preparing for the patriots. And when we consider the great power of Napoleon's arms, the subtlety and force of his genius, the good fortune which had hitherto attended his progress in war, the vast additional strength which the alliance of Russia conferred at the moment; and when, to oppose all this, we contrast the scanty means of Spain, and the confusion into which she was plunged, it does appear as if her welfare would have been better consulted by an appeal to negotiation rather than to battle. It is true that Austria was arming, yet Austria had been so often conquered, was so sure to abandon the cause of the patriots, and every other cause when pressed; so certain to sacrifice every consideration of honour or faith to the suggestions of self-interest, that the independence of Spain, through the medium of war could only be regarded as the object of uncertain hope; a prize to be gained, if gained at all, by wading through torrents of blood, and sustaining every misery that famine and the fury of devastating armies could inflict. To avoid, if possible, such dreadful evils by negotiating was worth trial, and the force of justice, when urged by the minister of a great nation, would have been difficult to withstand; no power, no ambition, can resist it and be safe.

But such an enlarged mode of proceeding was not in accord with the shifts and subterfuges that characterized the policy of the day, when it was thought wise to degrade the dignity of such a correspondence by a ridiculous denial of Napoleon's titles; and praiseworthy to render a state paper, in which such serious interests were discussed, offensive and mean, by miserable sar-

casm, evincing the pride of an author rather than the gravity of a statesman. There is sound ground also for believing that hope, derived from a silly intrigue, carried on through the princess of Tour and Taxis, with Talleyrand and some others, who were even then ready to betray Napoleon, was the real cause of the negotiation having been broken off by Mr. Canning. Mr. Whitbread declared in the House of Commons, that he saw no reason for refusing to treat with France at that period, and although public clamour afterwards induced him to explain away this expression, he needed not to be ashamed of it; for if the opinion of Cicero, that an unfair peace is preferable to the justest war, was ever worthy of attention, it was so at this period, when the success of Spain was doubtful, her misery certain, her salvation only to be obtained through the baptism of blood!

Upon the 18th of October Napoleon returned to Paris, secure of the present friendship and alliance of Russia, but uncertain of the moment when the stimulus of English subsidies would quicken the hostility of Austria into life; yet, if his peril was great, his preparations to meet it were likewise enormous. He called out two conscriptions. The first, taken from the classes of 1806, 7, 8, and 9, afforded eighty thousand men arrived at maturity; these were destined to replace the veterans directed against Spain. The second, taken from the class of 1810, also produced eighty thousand, which were disposed of as reserves in the dépôts of France.* The French troops left in Germany were then concentrated on the side of Austria; Denmark was evacuated, and one hundred thousand soldiers were withdrawn from the Prussian states. The army of Italy was powerfully reinforced, and placed under the command of prince Eugene, who was assisted by marshal Massena. Murat also, who had succeeded Joseph in the kingdom of Naples, was directed to assemble a Neapolitan army on the shores of Calabria, and to threaten Sicily. In short, no measures that prudence could suggest were neglected by this wonderful man, to whom, the time required by Austria for the mere preparation of a campaign seemed sufficient for the subjection of the whole Peninsula.

The session of the legislative body was opened on the 24th of October; the emperor, in his speech from the throne, after giving a concise sketch of the political situation of Europe, touched upon Spain. 'In a few days I go,' said he, 'to put myself at the head of my armies, and, with the aid of God, to crown the king of Spain in Madrid! to plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon!' Then departing from Paris he repaired to Bayonne, but the labours of his ministers continued; their speeches and reports more elaborately explicit than usual, exposed the vast resources of France, and were well calculated to impress upon the minds of men the danger of provoking the enmity of such a powerful nation. From those documents it appeared that the expenses of the year, including the interest of the national debt, were under thirty millions sterling, and completely covered by the existing taxes, drawn from a metallic currency; † that no fresh burthens would be laid upon the nation; that numerous public works were in progress; that internal trade, and the commerce carried on by land were flourishing, and nearly one million of men were in arms!

The readiness with which Mr. Canning broke off the negotiation of Erfurth, and defied this stupendous power, would lead to the supposition that on the side of Spain at least he was prepared to encounter it with some chance of success; yet no trace of a matured plan is to be found in the instructions to the generals commanding in Portugal previous to the 25th of Sep-

* O'Meara. Voice from St. Helena, vol. ii.

* Imperial Decree, 11th Sept. 1808.

† Exposé de l'Empire, 1809.

tember, nor was the project then adopted, one which discovered any adequate knowledge of the force of the enemy, or of the state of affairs: indeed the conduct of the cabinet relative to the Peninsula was scarcely superior to that of the central junta itself. Several vague projects, or rather speculations, were communicated to the generals in Portugal, but in none of them was the strength of the enemy alluded to, in none was there a settled plan of operations visible! it was evident that the prodigious activity of the emperor was not taken into consideration, and that a strange delusion relative to his power, or to his intentions, existed among the English ministers.

It was the 6th of October before a despatch, containing the first determinate plan of campaign, arrived at Lisbon.* Thirty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry were to be employed in the north of Spain, of which ten thousand were to be embarked at the English ports, and the remainder to be composed of regiments, drafted from the army then in Portugal; sir John Moore was appointed to command the whole, and he was authorised, at his own discretion, to effect a junction by a voyage round the coast, or by a march through the interior. He chose the latter, 1. because a voyage at that season of the year would have been tedious and precarious; 2. because the intention of sir Hew Dalrymple had been to enter Spain by Almeida, and the few arrangements which that general had power to make were made with a view to such a march; 3. because he was informed that the province of Galicia would be scarcely able to equip the force coming from England, under the command of sir David Baird. But Moore was directed to take the field immediately, to fix upon some place, either in Galicia or on the borders of Leon, for concentrating the whole army, and the specific plan of operations was to be concerted afterwards with the Spanish generals! This was a light and idle proceeding, promising no good result, for the Ebro was to be the theatre of war, and the head of the great French host coming from Germany, was already in the passes of the Pyrenees; the local difficulties impeding the English general's progress were also abundant, and of a nature to make that which was ill begun, end worse, and that which was well arranged, fail. To be first in the field is a great and decided advantage, yet here the plan of operations was not even arranged, when the enemy's first blows were descending.

Sir John Moore had much to execute, and with little help.† He was to organize an army of raw soldiers, and in a poor and unsettled country; just relieved from the pressure of a harsh and griping enemy, he was to procure the transport necessary for his stores, ammunition, and even for the conveyance of the officers' baggage. Assisted by an experienced staff, such obstacles do not very much impede a good general, but here, few of the subordinate officers had served a campaign, and every branch of the administration, civil and military, was composed of men, zealous and willing indeed, yet new to a service, where no energy can prevent the effects of inexperience from being severely felt. The roads through Portugal were very bad, and the rainy season, so baleful to an army, was upon the point of setting in; time pressed sorely when it was essential to be quick, and gold, which turneth the wheels of war, was wanting. And this, at all times a great evil, was the more grievously felt at the moment, inasmuch as the Portuguese, accustomed to fraud on the part of their own government, and to forced contributions by the French, could not readily be persuaded that an army of foreigners, paying with promises alone, might be trusted: nor was this natural suspicion allayed by

observing that, while the general and his troops were thus kept without money, all the subordinate agents dispersed throughout the country were amply supplied. Sir David Baird, who, with his portion of troops, was to land at Coruña, and to equip in a country already exhausted by Blake's army, was likewise encompassed with difficulties; for from Coruña, to the nearest point, where he could effect a junction with the forces marching from Lisbon, was two hundred miles, and he also was without money.

No general-in-chief was appointed to command the Spanish armies, nor was sir John Moore referred, by the English ministers, to any person with whom he could communicate at all, much less concert a plan of operations for the allied forces. He was unacquainted with the views of the Spanish government; and he was alike uninformed of the numbers, composition, and situation of the armies with whom he was to act, and those with whom he was to contend. Twenty-five thousand pounds in his military chest, and his own genius, constituted his resources for a campaign, which was to lead him far from the coast, and all its means of supply. He was first to unite the scattered portions of his forces by a winter march of three hundred miles; another three hundred were to be passed before he reached the Ebro; there he was to concert a plan of operations with generals acting each independent of the other, their corps reaching from the northern sea-coast to Zaragoza, themselves jealous and quarrelsome, their men insubordinate, differing in customs, discipline, language, and religion from the English, and despising all foreigners; and all this was to be accomplished in time to defeat an enemy who was already in the field, accustomed to great movements, and conducted by the most rapid and decided of men. It must be acknowledged that the ministers' views were equally vast and inconsiderate, and their miscalculations are the more remarkable, as there was not wanting a man, in the highest military situation, to condemn their plan at the time, and to propose a better.

The duke of York, in a formal minute, drawn up for the information of the government, observed, that the Spanish armies being unconnected and occupying a great extent of ground, were weak; that the French being concentrated, and certain of reinforcement, were strong; that there could be no question of the relative value of Spanish and French soldiers, and that, consequently, the allies might be beaten before the British could arrive at the scene of action; the latter would then unaided have to meet the French army, and it was essential to provide a sufficient number of troops to meet such an emergency. That number he judged should not be less than sixty thousand men, and by a detailed statement, he proved that such a number could have been furnished without detriment to any other service, but his advice was unheeded.

At this period, also, the effects of that incredible folly and weakness, which marked all the proceedings of the central junta, were felt throughout Spain. In any other country, the conduct of the government would have been attributed to insanity. So apathetic with respect to the enemy as to be contemptible, so active in pursuit of self-interest as to become hateful; continually devising how to render itself at once despotic and popular, how to excite enthusiasm and check freedom of expression; how to enjoy the luxury of power without its labour, how to acquire great reputation without trouble, how to be indolent and victorious at the same moment.* Fear prevented the members from removing to Madrid after every preparation had been made for a public entrance into that capital. They passed decrees, repressing the liberty of the press on the ground of the deceptions practised upon the public,

* Lord Castlereagh's Despatch. Parl. Pap.

† Sir John Moore's Papers.

* Mr. Stuart's Letters, MS.

yet themselves never hesitated to deceive the British agents, the generals, the government, and their own countrymen, by the most flagitious falsehoods upon every subject, whether of greater or less importance. They hedged their own dignity round with ridiculous and misplaced forms, opposed to the vital principle of an insurrectional government, devoted their attention to abstract speculations, recalled the exiled Jesuits, and inundated the country with long and laboured state papers, while the pressing business of the moment was left uncared for. Every application on the part of lord William Bentinck and Mr. Stuart, even for an order to expedite a common courier, was met by difficulties and delays, and it was necessary to have recourse to the most painful solicitations to obtain the slightest attention; nor did that mode always succeed.

Sir John Moore strenuously grappled with the difficulties besetting him, and well knowing the value of time in military transactions, urged forward the preparations with all possible activity. He was very desirous that troops who had a journey of six hundred miles to make previous to meeting the enemy, should not, at the commencement, be overwhelmed by the torrents of rain, which, in Portugal, descend at this period with such violence as to destroy the shoes, ammunition, and accoutrements of a soldier, and render him almost unfit for service. The Spanish generals recommended that the line of march should be conducted by Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Valladolid, and Burgos; and that the magazines for the campaign should be formed at one of the latter towns. This coincided with the previous preparations, and the army was therefore organized in three columns, two of which were directed upon Almeida, by the routes of Coimbra and Guarda, while the third, comprising the artillery, the cavalry, and the regiments quartered in the Alemtejo, was destined to move by Alcantara, upon Ciudad Rodrigo. Almeida itself was chosen for a place of arms, and all the reserve-stores, and provisions, were forwarded there, as time and circumstances would permit; but the want of money, the unsettled state of the country, and the inexperience of the commissariat, rendered it difficult to procure the means of transport even for the light baggage of the regiments, although the quantity of the latter was reduced so much as to create discontent. One Saturo, the same person who has been already mentioned as an agent of Junot's in the negotiation with sir Charles Cotton, engaged to supply the army, but dishonestly failing in his contract, so embarrassed the operations, that the general resigned all hope of being able to move with more than the light baggage, the ammunition necessary for immediate use, and a scanty supply of medicines; the formation of the magazines at Almeida was also retarded, and the future subsistence of the troops was thus thrown upon a raw commissariat, unprovided with money. The general, however, relying upon its increasing experience, and upon the activity of Lord William Bentinck and Mr. Stuart, did not delay his march, and he sent agents to Madrid and other places to make contracts, and to raise money; for such was the policy of the ministers, that they supplied the Spaniards with gold, and left the English army to get it back in loans.

Many of the regiments were actually in movement when an unexpected difficulty forced the commander-in-chief to make a fresh disposition of the troops. The state of the Portuguese roads north of the Tagus was unknown, but the native officers and the people had alike declared that they were impracticable for artillery; the opinion of colonel Lopez, a military commissary sent, by the Spanish government, to facilitate the march of the British, coincided with this information; and the report of captain Delancey, one of the most intelligent and enterprising of those officers of the quarter-master-general's department, who were employed

to examine the lines of route, corroborated the general opinion. Junot had indeed, with infinite pains, carried his guns along these roads, but his carriages had been broken, and the batteries rendered unserviceable by the operation; wherefore Moore reluctantly determined to send his artillery and cavalry by the south bank of the Tagus, to Talavera de la Reyna, from whence they might gain Naval Carneiro, the Escorial, the pass of the Guadarama mountains, Espinar, Arealo, and Salamanca. He would have marched the whole army by the same route, if this disagreeable intelligence respecting the northern roads had been obtained earlier; but when the arrangements were all made for the supplies to go to Almeida, and when most of the regiments were actually in movement towards that town, it was too late to alter their destination.

This separation of the artillery, although it violated a great military principle, which prescribes that the point of concentration for an army should be beyond the reach of the enemy, was here a matter of apparent necessity; and no danger was apprehended from the offensive operations of an adversary, represented to be incapable of maintaining his own line of defence. Valladolid and Burgos were considered by the Spaniards as safe places for the English magazines; Moore shared so much of the universal confidence in the Spanish enthusiasm and courage, as to suppose, that Salamanca would not be an insecure point of concentration for his columns, while covered by such numerous patriotic armies as were said to be on the Ebro. One brigade of six-pounders he retained, with the headquarters, but the remainder of his artillery, consisting of twenty-four pieces, the cavalry, amounting to a thousand troopers, the great part of the army, containing many hundred carriages and escorted by three thousand infantry, he sent by the road of Talavera, under the command of sir John Hope, an officer qualified by his talents, firmness, and zeal, to conduct the most important enterprises.

The rest of the army marched in three columns. The first by Alcantara and Coria, the second by Abrantes, the third by Coimbra, all having Ciudad Rodrigo as the point of direction; and with such energy did the general overcome all obstacles, that the whole of the troops were in movement, and head-quarters quitted Lisbon the 26th of October, just twenty days after the receipt of the despatch which appointed him to the chief command; a surprising diligence, but rendered necessary by the pressure of circumstances. 'The army,' to use his own words, 'run the risk of finding itself in front of the enemy with no more ammunition than the men carried in their pouches: 'but had I waited,' he adds, 'until every thing was forwarded, the troops would not have been in Spain until the spring, and I trust that the enemy will not find out our wants as soon as they will feel the effects of what we have.'

The Spaniards, however, who expected 'every body to fly, except themselves,' thought him slow, and were impatient, and from every quarter indeed letters arrived, pressing him to advance. Lord William Bentinck and Mr. Stuart, witnesses of the sluggish incapacity of the Spanish government, judged that such a support was absolutely necessary to sustain the reeling strength of Spain. The central junta was awakened for a moment. Hitherto, as a mask for its ignorance, it had treated the French power with contempt, and the Spanish generals and the people echoed the sentiments of the government; but now, a letter addressed by the governor of Bayonne to general Jourdan, stating that sixty thousand infantry, and seven thousand cavalry, would reinforce the French armies between the 16th of October and the 16th of November, was intercepted, and made the junta feel that a crisis for which it was unprepared was approaching: then with the folly usually attendant on improvidence, these men, who had been

so slow themselves, required that others should be supernaturally quick as danger pressed.

In the mean time sir David Baird's forces arrived at Coruña. Lord William Bentinck had given intimation of their approach, and the central junta had repeatedly assured him, that every necessary order was given, and that every facility would be afforded, for their disembarkation and supply. This was untrue; no measures of any kind had been taken, no instructions issued, no preparations made; the junta of Coruña disliked the personal trouble of a disembarkation in that port, and in the hope that Baird would be driven to another, refused him permission to land, until a communication was had with Aranjuez;* yet fifteen days elapsed, before an answer could be obtained from a government, who were daily pestering sir John Moore with complaints of the tardiness of his march.

Sir David Baird came without money; sir John could only give him £8000, a sum which might have been mistaken for a private loan, if the fact of its being public property were not expressly mentioned;† yet at this time Mr. Frere, the plenipotentiary, arrived at Coruña, with two millions of dollars, intended for the use of the Spaniards; and while such large sums contrary to the earnest recommendations of Mr. Stuart and major Cox, were lavished in that quarter, the penury of the English general obliged him to borrow the funds in Mr. Frere's hands. Thus assisted the troops were put in motion, but wanting all the equipments essential to an army, they were forced to march by half battalions, conveying their scanty stores on country cars, hired from day to day; nor was that meagre assistance obtained but at great expense, and by compliance with a vulgar mercenary spirit predominant among the authorities of Galicia. The junta frequently promised to procure the carriages, but did not; the commissaries, pushed to the wall by the delay, offered an exorbitant remuneration; the cars were then forthcoming, and the procrastination of the government proved to be a concerted plan to defraud the military chest. In fine, the local rulers were unfriendly, crafty, fraudulent, the peasantry suspicious, fearful, rude, disinclined toward strangers, and indifferent to public affairs; a few shots only were required to render theirs a hostile instead of a friendly greeting.

With Mr. Frere came a fleet, conveying a Spanish force, under the marquis of Romana. When the insurrection first broke forth, that nobleman commanded fourteen or fifteen thousand troops, who were serving with the French armies, and how to recover this disciplined body of men from the enemy was a subject of early anxiety with the junta of Seville.‡ Castaños, in his first intercourse with sir Hew Dalrymple, signified his wish that the British government should adopt some mode of apprising Romana, that Spain was in arms, and should endeavour to extricate him and his army from the toils of the enemy, and finally a gentleman named M'Kenzie was employed by the English ministers to conduct the enterprise. The Spanish troops were quartered in Holstein, Sleswig, Jutland, and the islands of Funen, Zealand, and Langeland; Mr. M'Kenzie, through the medium of one Robertson, a catholic priest, opened a communication with Romana, and as neither the general, nor the soldiers he commanded, hesitated, a judicious plan was concerted. Sir Richard Keats, with a squadron detached from the Baltic fleet, suddenly appeared off Nyborg, in the island of Funen, and a majority of the Spanish regiments quartered in Sleswig immediately seized all the craft in the different harbours of that coast, and pushed across the channel to Funen; Romana, with the assis-

tance of Keats, had already seized the port and castle of Nyborg without opposition, save from a small Danish ship of war that was moored across the mouth of the harbour, and from thence the Spaniards passed to Langeland, where they embarked above nine thousand strong, on board the English fleet commanded by sir James Saumarez. The rest of the troops either remained in Sleswig or were disarmed by the Danish force in Zealand. This enterprise was conducted with prudent activity, and the unhesitating patriotism of the Spanish soldiers was very honourable, but the danger was slight to all but Mr. Robertson. Romana, after touching at England, repaired to Coruña; his troops did not, however, land at that port, but at St. Andero, where they were equipped from the English stores, and proceeded by divisions to join Blake's army in Biscay.

Among the various subjects calling for sir John Moore's attention, there was none of greater interest than the appointment of a generalissimo to the Spanish armies. Impressed with the imminent danger of procrastination or uncertainty in such a matter, he desired lord William Bentinck and Mr. Stuart to urge the central government with all their force upon that head; to lord Castlereagh he represented the injury that must accrue to the cause, if the measure was delayed; and he proposed to go himself to Madrid, with a view of adding weight to these representations. Subsequent events frustrated this intention, and there seems no reason to imagine, that his personal remonstrances would have influenced a government described by Mr. Stuart, after a thorough experience of its qualities, as 'never having made a single exertion for the public good, neither rewarding merit nor punishing guilt,' and being for all useful purposes 'absolutely null.' The junta's dislike to a single military chief was not an error of the head, and reason is of little avail against the suggestions of self-interest.

The march of the British troops was as rapid as the previous preparations had been; but general Anstruther had, unadvisedly, halted the leading column in Almeida, and when Moore reached that town on the 8th of November, he found the whole of the infantry assembled there, instead of being on the road to Salamanca. The condition of the men was, however, superb, and their discipline exemplary; on that side all was well, yet from the obstacles encountered by sir David Baird, and the change of direction in the artillery, it was evident that no considerable force could be brought into action before the end of the month. Meanwhile, the Spaniards were hastening events. Despatches from lord William Bentinck announced that the enemy remained stationary on the Ebro, although reinforced by ten thousand men; that Castaños was about to cross that river at Tudela; and that the army of Aragon was moving by Sor upon Roncevalles, with a view to gain the rear of the French, while Castaños assailed their left flank. Moore, judging that such movements would bring on a battle, the success of which must be very doubtful, became uneasy for his own artillery. His concern was increased by observing, that the guns might have kept with the other columns; 'and if any thing adverse happens, I have not,' he wrote to general Hope, 'necessity to plead; the road we are now travelling, that by Villa Velha and Guarda, is practicable for artillery; the brigade under Wilmot has already reached Guarda, and, as far as I have already seen, the road presents few obstacles, and those easily surmounted; this knowledge was, however, only acquired by our own officers, when the brigade was at Castello Branco, it was not certain if it could proceed.' He now desired Hope no longer to trust any reports, but seek a shorter line, by Placentia, across the mountains to Salamanca.

Up to this period, all reports from the agents, all information from the government at home, all communi-

* Capt. Kennedy's Letter, Parl. Pap.

† Sir John Moore to Lord Castlereagh. 27th Oct.

‡ Sir Hew Dalrymple's Correspondence.

cations public and private, coincided upon one subject. *The Spaniards were an enthusiastic, an heroic people, a nation of unparalleled energy! their armies were brave, they were numerous, they were confident! one hundred and eighty thousand men were actually in line of battle, extending from the sea-coast of Biscay to Zaragoza; the French, reduced to a fourth of this number, cooped up in a corner, were shrinking from an encounter; they were deserted by the emperor, they were trembling, they were spiritless!* Nevertheless, the general was somewhat distrustful; he perceived the elements of disaster in the divided commands, and the lengthened lines of the Spaniards, and early in October he had predicted the mischief that such a system would produce. "As long as the French remain upon the defensive," he observed, "it will not be so much felt, but the moment an attack is made, some great calamity must ensue:" however, he was not without faith in the multitude and energy of the patriots, when he considered the greatness of their cause.

Castañõs was at this time pointed out by the central junta as the person with whom to concert a plan of campaign, and sir John Moore, concluding that it was a preliminary step towards making that officer generalissimo, wrote to him in a conciliatory style, well calculated to ensure a cordial co-operation. It was an encouraging event, the English general believed it to be the commencement of a better system, and looked forward with more hope to the opening of the war, but this favourable state soon changed; far from being created chief of all, Castañõs was superseded in the command he already held, the whole folly of the Spanish character broke forth, and confusion and distress followed. At that moment also clouds arose in a quarter, which had hitherto been all sunshine; the military agents, as the crisis approached, lowered their sanguine tone, and no longer dwelt upon the enthusiasm of the armies; they admitted, that the confidence of the troops was sinking, and that even in numbers they were inferior to the French. In truth, it was full time to change their note, for the real state of affairs could no longer be concealed; a great catastrophe was at hand; but what of wildness in their projects, or skill in the enemy's, what of ignorance, vanity, and presumption in the generals, what of fear among the soldiers, and what of fortune in the events, combined to hasten the ruin of the Spaniards, and how that ruin was effected, I, quitting the English army for a time, will now relate.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF VENICE, AND THE SPLENDID ENTRANCE OF BUONAPARTE INTO THAT CITY, IN DECEMBER, 1807.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

ON Saturday November 20, at midnight, I sat off from Trieste accompanied by captain S. with a black servant. We were in a handsome close phaeton, which had been politely offered us by a gentleman in Trieste, and we were to take post horses on the road. Here let me remark this one convenience in travelling in this country, and as it is the only one, I will not let the opportunity escape of giving all the merit due to it. Post houses are established along the road every eight or ten miles, and the post masters are obliged to have horses and postillions always ready for the accommodation of travellers; it is only necessary to have a carriage, and provided you have a passport, horses and drivers are furnished you at each post; and the post-master is under penalty of 50 livres if horses are not to be had.

For two horses and the postillion we paid something less than two dollars each post.

We started however from Trieste with three private horses ; we were advised to do this as the post horses at Trieste were very poor, and the first post ten miles to St. Croce, the road moreover bad, leading over the mountains which surround Trieste. These mountains are the continuation of the Alps, and terminate in Istria about 25 or 30 miles to the S. E. of Trieste.

The weather had been wet and boisterous for several days, and the storm was not yet abated ; the night was dark, and in this high latitude (46) it was long and disagreeable. The day did not appear till after six o'clock. About eight miles from Trieste we crossed a small river by a rope ferry ; the boat was convenient and we drove into it without taking out our horses, or dismounting ourselves ; the boatmen however scolded very hard at being called out in a cold stormy night, and asked five florins for putting us over, although they were not five minutes about it : we gave them three and left them grumbling.

In crossing this river we passed from the Austrian, to the French Italian territories, and were received by the French frontier guards who demanded our passports ; a very necessary document in this country, and without which one cannot go ten miles ever so peaceably before he is arrested. On producing our passports, with which we had been furnished from the governor of Trieste, we were permitted to go on. About a mile further, and before day light, we were again stopt by the officers of the *Dogana*, (custom house) who routed us out in the rain, took our trunks into their guard room, and after examining them, put the imperial seal on the locks, and we were not permitted to open them again until we should arrive at another custom house and have the seals broken by the proper officer.

We had now descended from the high ground which we had been travelling over during the night, and were arrived upon a fine and vast extended plain which stretches to Venice a distance of more than one hundred miles, bounded on our left by the Adriatic, and on the right by the lofty Alps. These mountains do not tower to the same sublime altitude as in the western parts of Italy, but still they are magnificent. They present an imposing aspect, and their hoary summits display the regions of eternal frost.

We are now in one of the finest countries in the world. This extensive plain is rich by nature, ornamented by art, and beautifully improved by the hand of culture ; at this season however, and especially in such rainy and gloomy weather we do not see it in all its glory, nor enjoy the fine prospects it must afford in the summer. It is finely laid out in vineyards, fields and gardens. The fields are covered with thrifty grain which promises to yield in the spring abundantly the gifts of Ceres ; whilst the luxuriant vine, whose wandering branches are still fresh, declare the bounties lately supplied by the rosy god.

As we had come from Trieste with three fresh horses, we did not change them till we reached Malfaconde, the second post: here we took post horses and sent the private ones back.

It was now about eight o'clock, it was a cold and rainy morning, and although we wanted refreshment, we could get none; for notwithstanding the country is so rich, the inhabitants appear to be miserably poor. The post-houses are not like our good New England taverns, where you see the inviting inscription of *Entertainment for man and horse* in gilt capitals hung up over the door: it is only the horses that find entertainment here, and you search in vain for any thing but straw and provender. As soon therefore as we could have our horses shifted, we drove on, and in a few miles came up with the Isonzo, which in a dry season is but a small river, but which had been so swelled by the late rains as to be scarcely passable. We were detained half an hour for the ferrymen to prepare; the boat was not constructed to drive the carriage into it; we were obliged to dismount, take the horses out, and drag it in by hand. It rained very hard all this time, the river was wide and very rapid, and the high wind had made considerable sea; the agitation of the waves and the impetuosity of the current rendered the boat unmanageable, and had we struck upon a shoal which appeared a little below us, our situation would have been perilous: I did not feel safe myself, and one poor woman, among the rest of the passengers, in doleful accents cried *Jesu Maria!* all the way over. Here the ferrymen demanded fifteen florins.

We were wet, fatigued, and hungry, but as we could get nothing to eat in midst of all the bounties of nature, we drove on and occasionally regaled on the small stock we had providently brought along with us.

About noon we were stopped by another branch of the Isonzo; this had overflowed its banks, filled the road for a mile before we came up with it, and the inundation would have spread over all the adjoining fields and vineyards had they not been dyked, or banked to prevent it. It was impossible to pass here, and we were obliged to return about a mile, to a small village, and there take up our quarters for the night. The inn was sufficiently large, but it was intolerably dirty, and our accommodation and entertainment none of the best.

We were conducted to a chamber in which was a bed of husks, two old chairs, and an oak table. The chamber opened into a large hall, which was decorated with several portrait paintings in a villainous style enough, and these were every thing of furniture to be found in it; it was an empty court or anti-chamber through which you passed to several smaller apartments round it. Our hostess was a good-natured woman and did every thing she could to please us, but being entirely ignorant of our tastes and manner of living, she succeeded very ill in her endeavours. She made us some coffee, but insisted upon stirring it up, and said the thick of it was the best; I told her if she would only let

it rest a while and give me the thin, she should be very welcome to the best of it herself.

The kitchen was the greatest curiosity in the house, as well for its furniture as for its construction and variety of its tenants. The fire-place was detached from the sides of the room, and benches placed all round it. As we could not be accommodated with fire in any other part of the house, we were glad to mix with the motley company here, and wet and cold as we were, to enjoy the comfort of fire, though incommoded in other respects. Besides the family, some neighbour gossips, village peasants, ostlers and postillions, assembled round the fire; all the domestick animals resorted here with the utmost ease and freedom; the pigs and poultry seemed to enjoy a common right in this apartment, and if at any time that right was denied them, they disputed for the privilege with a true spirit of democrattick equality. They run their busy noses into every pail, kettle, and cooking utensil, in search of booty, and in blowing the contents of them about the floor contributed their share in rendering our retreat not the most cleanly place in the world. The flooring was of stone, the wet and filth made it extremely slippery, and the depth and density of the nauseous fluid was sufficient to resist the efforts of any instrument of cleanliness less powerful than a shovel. This description will serve for Italian kitchens in general.

We slept the night at this inn, and at eight o'clock the next morning past with ease the river which the day before had stopt our progress. The inundation had subsided, and the river was contracted within its natural banks.

Before we arrived at the next post we crossed another branch of the Isonzo, and this was the last water we had to cross by boat, until we got to Mestre, opposite to Venice.

On the western bank of this branch we met a troop of French light dragoons conducted by an officer with large whiskers, and the cordon d'honneur at his button hole. Whether the appendage to his face or to his lappel did him most honour I cannot pretend to say. Beards, we know, were once considered honourable; in scripture times it was a disgrace to be without them; and that of Hudibras we are told

——— was the equal grace
Both of his honour and his face.

And I doubt whether so much can be said in favour of this upstart badge of the red ribbon, though so many princes in Europe have lately put it on, and put off their independence and such like dignities as a condition of wearing it. We left this doughty knight with his troop in a heavy rain, waiting to get over by three horses at a time in the ferry boat.

A few miles from this river we arrived at the fourth post, a village called Nagaredo; we only stopt to change horses, and

then proceeded on to Udine. Here we were to change horses again, and it being about two o'clock, we concluded to rest a little, and take dinner. We found very good accommodations, had a decent room, a good dinner served up in a handsome style, and genteel attendance.

Udine is a considerable city, and claims its origin in remote antiquity. It is said to be five miles in circuit, though I should not judge it to exceed three. It is populous, and carries on a considerable trade in silk. There are some handsome buildings; the streets are clean and well paved, and one remarkable convenience is that the side walks for foot passengers are covered. The lower or basement stories retire back and leave a space of five or six feet without the walls, covered by the floor of the next story, supported by alcoves, and this forms a fine walk like a piazza through all the principal streets of the city. People on foot are thus sheltered in winter from the rain, and accommodated with an agreeable shade in a warmer season.

It was nearly night before we were ready to start from Udine, and there was a river to cross about two miles onwards; the bridge had lately been broken down, and we expected to ford it, but in this attempt we failed. Our postillion after harassing us about the wet and muddy fields (for we had left the road in search of a place to ford) declared that it was impossible to get over that night, and so returned with us again to Udine. I did not so much regret this delay as we had fallen into so good quarters. We passed the night comfortably at the *Cross of Malta*, where we had dined, and early next morning resumed our journey.

Before we left this house, the landlord, understanding we were Americans, brought to us a bottle of molasses, which he said was lately left there by one of our countrymen; he was curious to know what it was, its qualities, use, &c. and seemed to be afraid of it. *E veleno?* said he, is it poison? I however soon quieted his fears by tasting it, and assuring him it was not only harmless, but was a delicious and salubrious fluid, and of great use and esteem in America. The man appeared then pleased with the acquisition; but who this traveller was who had left his yankee coat of arms behind I could not understand.

About nine o'clock we crossed the river which we could not get over the night before; it was now as deep as our axletree, and pretty rapid, but as it was narrow we forded it without much difficulty.

The weather had now become pleasant, the road was good, and the country we were passing through delightful.

At Udine we were not half way to Venice, and as we wished to get there the next day, we concluded, for the better despatch, to make no stops on the road, and to ride all night. Accordingly we pursued this plan, stopt only to change horses at the several posts, viz. Colroipo fifteen miles, Valvasone ten miles, till we came to Perdenone, fifteen miles more. Here we took supper,

and after a hearty meal made our arrangements to pass the night in our carriage.

We left Perdinone about six o'clock, and travelled very steady all night, changing horses and postillions at each post, which were nine or ten miles from each other, except one or two which were fifteen miles, or a post and a half. At each of these posts we found persons ready to receive us with lanthorn light; the horses were taken off and changed in a few minutes.

During the night we passed through Saule, Conegliano, Locidina, and Treviso, all small villages, except Treviso, which is a city of some consideration, and about nine o'clock in the morning arrived at Mestre.

Mestre is a large village on the borders of the Adriatick, or rather at the head of it, N. W. from Venice about five miles; this was our last stage by land, and we immediately embarked in a gondola for the capital. There is a broad canal leading into the heart of this village, and is a mile or more in extent. We were rowed down this canal, the banks of which were extremely pleasant; we passed some fine gardens, beautiful villas, and then opened into a smooth bay, across which the eye was immediately directed to the domes, palaces, and glittering spires of Venice. The morning was fine, the prospect around us highly interesting, and it was a pleasant transition from the noise and jostling of our carriage to the ease and pleasurable conveyance of a gondola.

As these gondolas are a kind of boat peculiar to Venice, are of great use and convenience here, and have something singular in their construction, and manner of manœuvring them, they may bear a description. Some thousands of them are employed in and about this city. They are in shape and form somewhat like an Indian canoe, very long, from twenty to twenty-four feet, terminating extremely sharp at each end, and both stem and stern turn up in a curve, and rise high above the water. The sides of the boat are low. The stern ends in a point, but on the stem is raised a steel plate three inches wide, which is erect about a foot, then turns forward, and its width is suddenly dilated to the size and shape of a large broad axe. There are five other flat pieces of steel of two inches wide that project forward from the stem horizontally, these are arranged one above another, with their planes vertical, and their ends forming a line with the edge of the broad axe above, which edge is straight and perpendicular. The uppermost of these five transverse plates goes through the one that rises from the stem, and projects aft as well as forward. I never could learn the origin or use of this figure. The turn in the upper part of it appears something like the neck of a stately bird, but whether or not it was meant to represent this or any other appearance of nature or art, I know not. The figure is however universal and invariable with these gondolas. The whole of this mass of steel is of con-

siderable weight, and is always kept bright and polished. The boat is wide in the middle, and has a little coach-house erected in it, which will admit four persons to set comfortably, or six with a little squeezing. At each side there is a glass window, as in a coach, with blinds, shutters and curtains; the back is closed, and the fore part is the entrance, which is opened and closed by a door. The outside of this little cabin is always covered with black cloth, coarse or fine as the owner chooses to apply expense, and is ornamented with fringe, tags, and tassels of the same colour. The inside is lined with cloth, silk, or velvet, generally black also. There is a large cushion of down or feathers for the back seat, and stuffed stools for those at the sides. They are always kept extremely clean, and thus equipt they are certainly very pleasurable conveyances. Here you may lay, or sit at your ease, and amuse yourself with a book or your mistress, while you glide along the canals through the city, or take the fresh air on the bosom of the fine bay which surrounds it. On a summer evening a gondola is a tempting resort, and they are not unfrequently, it is said, converted to the purposes of intrigue, assignations, and secret amours. This may well be expected from the loose and dissolute manners of the Venetians; and the gondoliers, who have obtained the reputation of fidelity and inviolable secrecy, contribute their share also to favour and encourage the trade.

Although these boats are sometimes rowed with three or four oars, they are more frequently managed with one, and with one only they are managed with great dexterity. The man stands aft upon a little deck, which covers seven or eight feet of that part of the boat, and rows with his oar always on the same side, and it is surprising to see with what facility and exactness he guides his little bark to the right or left, with the same sweep of the oar which impels her forward. In passing along the canals, though they are continually meeting, they seldom touch each other; and when they are to pass a corner or turn into another canal, they call out, and are answered, if another happens to be coming that way; by this they avoid falling suddenly upon each other, and although they go rapidly along, each guides his bark so as to go clear.

When we embarked at Mestre our gondolier asked us what part of the city we would be carried to. We told him we should lodge at the Queen of England hotel, and he brought us to the very door, so that we stepped out of the boat on one of the marble steps of the entrance to the house. This is a peculiarity at Venice; the city is built in the water, and the boats go to the doors of every house in it: in this manner you are transported about the town, you have only to call a gondola and it comes to your door to receive you, and carries you to the door you want to enter.

And now behold us arrived in Venice. It is a noble city, and

the circumstance of its rising as it were from the bosom of the water, makes it curious and interesting. We have taken lodgings at the Queen of England hotel; the house is large, but as there is much company here we could not get a very handsome apartment. The best chamber unoccupied was offered us, and as we did not know where to look for a better, we accepted it.

As soon as I had dined I was asked if I wanted a valet de place, and a man presented to me who offered his services. They are generally employed by gentlemen who visit here, and are useful and necessary, not so much to clean your shoes, or wait upon you in the house, as to attend you as a guide about the city. I did not hesitate to employ the first that was recommended, and as it happened he spoke good French and some English, so he is useful also as an interpreter. He charges a dollar a day; this is considered however, as high wages, lately they did not get half that amount; this increase is occasioned by the numerous company of strangers now collecting in Venice.

When we were a little refreshed by our repast, we dressed and took a turn into the city. We were conducted immediately to St. Mark's Place. This is a most superb view certainly! a very spacious square, inclosed on three sides by magnificent palaces, and the noble edifice of St. Mark's church on the other. The whole area, a square of two or three acres, is paved with marble, the surrounding palaces are marble, and directly in front, as we entered the square, the lofty tower of St. Mark's rears its stately head to the skies.

The tower of St. Mark's is three hundred feet high, and you may ascend to the walk in the belfry, not by steps, but on an inclined plane; it is quadrangular, each side perhaps thirty feet, and the inclined plane or walk winds up the sides within. The belfry is a handsome balcony with a marble balustrade. From this elevated station Galileo frequently made his astronomical observations.

The fronts of the palaces on this square form colonnades of lofty marble columns, supporting galleries which project from the second story; the space within the columns, which is covered by the galleries, affords a spacious walk where company usually resort. Along these walks opposite the columns, on one side of the square, there are a range of rich and showy shops, principally watch-makers and jewellers; on the other side the square are coffee houses. We passed through this square on our way to the exchange, where I expected to find a gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction; we found him there, and he received us with great civility. From him we understood that the emperor Napoleon was expected here in a few days, and that every body was occupied in making preparations to receive him. The spectacle on the water upon this occasion he said, would be highly worth seeing, as well as the theatrical entertainments, and he very politely assured us that he should

secure us places where we might enjoy both. Great numbers of boats with rich and shining ornaments are preparing to go out to meet the emperor and conduct him into the city. The Venetians are a kind of aquatic animals: they are born in the water, and as they have great pride as well as skill in preparing entertainments upon this element, we may expect that upon this occasion it will be brilliant indeed.

In coming to the exchange we past over the Rialto, the famous bridge so called, and which is the only one that crosses the grand canal; those that cross the other canals are very numerous. This is a very high arch of masonry, the chord of which is eighty-nine feet, being less than the width of the canal by the abutments. The walk on the bridge is paved, and there are a range of shops on each side of you as you go over it. This conceals the sight of the bridge from a passenger on it, but seen from the canal, it has a noble effect.

At the exchange, which is on the grand canal, we took a gondola and returned to our hotel. On our way we passed under the Rialto; it is a handsome piece of architecture, and we now had an opportunity of viewing all its beauties.

From every part of the grand canal you have a fine prospect; the sumptuous palaces which rise along its borders, the balconies which hang over it, their reflected images in the water, and the numerous boats which are passing swiftly along in every direction, render the scene extremely lively and beautiful.

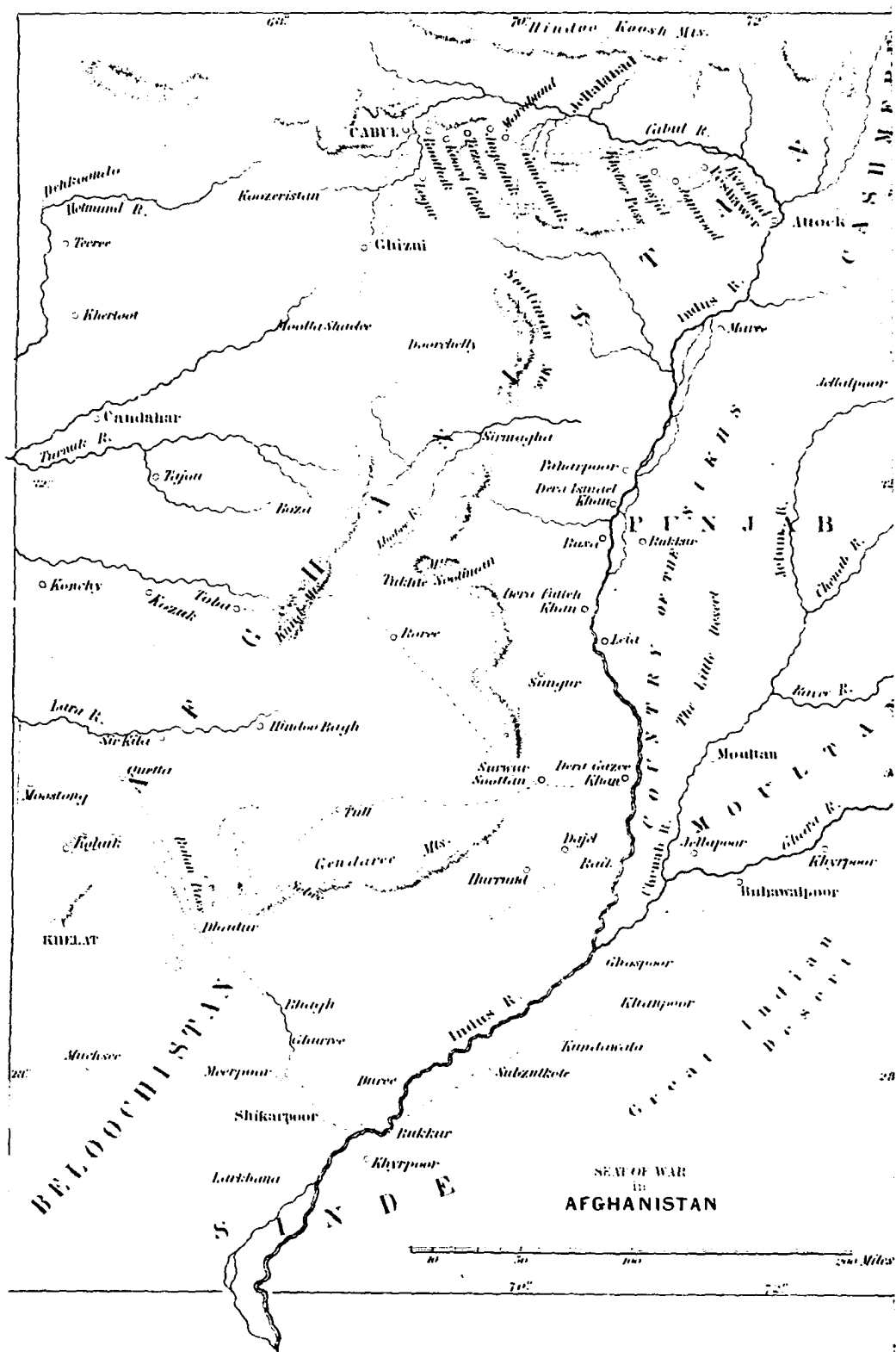
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

M I S C E L L A N Y .

THE APOCRYPHAL NAPOLEON.*

No one ever reads history without thinking with wonder how small are the contingencies on which its most important events turn. The hesitation of a moment has been enough to decide the fate of empires for years. It is natural that we should pause sometimes to imagine

* *Napoléon Apocryphe.* Histoire de la Conquête de la Monde et de la Monarchie Universelle, par Louis Geoffroy. *Poussons jusqu'au bout la gloire humaine par cet exemple.* BOSSUET. Paulin, Paris.



what might have happened, if one of these little stones in the current of time had not turned the direction of the stream. A small majority only in the councils of the pilgrim fathers of New England voted for the emigration to "Virginia," against a minority which wished to turn to the sunnier savannahs of Guiana. Where and what should we of New England be now if they had been disposed to vote on the other side? The dauphin of France, a prince, himself the heir of the finest kingdom of Europe, was married to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. That dauphin, had he lived, would have been the head of a race of princes, who would have ruled by hereditary right France, England, Scotland, and Ireland. *If* he had lived, what would be the European history of the last two hundred and fifty years? A British minister happened to see a wealthy Virginian risk large sums at play, and he conceived the idea of recruiting his suffering exchequer by the taxation of his transatlantic colonies. Where would the United States of America be now, if he had spent that evening at a cabinet dinner, instead of sitting by a hazard-table? Such questions are readily asked. No one can read history attentively, without being constantly tempted to ask them. They are not so easily answered, however; answered, we mean, so as to preserve the appearance of consistency or plausibility. We have but very few instances of what can properly be called imaginary history; of an historical account following directly after real history, and preserving its appearance.

The curious French book, the name of which stands at the head of this article, is one of these few instances. Actuated, as he tells us, by a desire to show of what man's genius is capable, what he might effect were he not constantly thwarted by the caprices of fate, the author has given us the history of some of the leading events in the world's history, as he supposes *they would have happened*, if Napoleon had been victorious over the Russian arms after the fall of Moscow. The attempt is a bold one, and bravely executed. M. Geoffroy, without the advantage of having piles of facts for reference at his elbow, has written a history much more plausible and consistent than many books, which have been founded on a more tangible basis.

As we have said, M. Geoffroy makes Napoleon conquer Russia. Spain and Portugal are next subdued, and the conquest of England crowns the next year's campaign. The expulsion of Mahmoud and his army from European Turkey, and the nomination of a mayor of the commune of San Marino, in the arondissement of Rimini, make Napoleon sovereign of Europe. Those parts of Asia which had not been dependent on Russia and England are next made to submit by a religious crusade led by the Emperor in person; his immense fleet makes him master of the Ocean and its islands; corps d'armée under his most noted generals march through Africa almost without opposition, and finally the States of America, wearied by their constant internal dissensions, agree in congress at Panama to submit themselves and their constitutions to Napoleon, who is thus, fifteen years after the conflagration of Moscow, made *sovereign of the world*. Such is a gen-

eral account of the progress of his conquest. We prefer to let the book speak for itself, than to attempt to make any analysis of its contents. We shall, therefore, trust to our translations of different passages from it to give an idea of the details of the advances towards universal monarchy, and of the results which attended it.

The following chapter, from the opening of the book, is spirited ; the prediction with which it closes, tallies but too well with the results of more authentic history. The account begins immediately after Napoleon's entrance into the deserted Moscow.

"Napoleon was always glad to sleep in the beds of other kings, and establish himself in palaces, from which his appearance had driven them. Having ordered the army to take up its quarters in the suburbs, he went himself directly to the Kremlin, and there, in the evening, he walked on the highest towers, silent and alone, contemplating the deathlike quiet of the city at night. All was depressing and sad to so active a mind as his. He saw his army stretched along in the suburbs, a deep silence reigning in the city, and repose every where, excepting in a few palaces, which seemed animated by the presence of generals who had taken up their quarters in them. All that could be heard was an occasional Scythian cry, sounding from place to place at intervals, as if of persons replying to each other.

"The clocks struck midnight. The horizon grew red ; flames rose from the midst of the town ; the bazaar had taken fire, then the churches, the houses, the suburbs ; the fires shot up every where ; Moscow reappeared in the night all glowing with fiery domes and spires of flame.

"The Emperor understood this disaster ; he remembered Wilna, Smolenska, and the burning villages which had lighted up his march. "Let it die then," he cried ; and gave orders that the army should immediately leave the infernal city. The soldiers had been roused before. The cry of "fire" resounded on all sides, but only from French lips. The first night's sleep in the conquered town was disturbed by the terrors of a conflagration.

"His orders were executed. At five o'clock in the morning, the troops filed out of Moscow, and reascended the slope of Mount Salvation. The videttes, having advanced as far as Petrowski, the palace of the Czars, prepared it for the Emperor, who proceeded thither with his staff ; and, observing a large chateau half a league further on, he sent forward General Kirgener with his engineers to fortify this position.

"But, while in full sight of the chateau, and only a few musket shots from it, they saw clouds of smoke bursting from it, followed by flame, with slight explosions. This magnificent dwelling, enveloped in every part, became at once only one immense body of fire. In the distance, carriages were observed hastening from it with all speed. General Kirgener gave orders that they should be pursued, but they were so far in advance that the attempt failed ; and they had escaped his troops when they fell in with a body of French. These surrounded them, and took them to the General.

"In the first carriage was an old man, of middle age, large, thin, of a dignified figure, and fine countenance. At the first attack he attempted to defend himself; but, seeing that resistance was useless, he yielded and proceeded to General Kirgener, who, seeing no distinguishing mark on the stranger, asked him his name.

"'What is that to you?' replied the unknown.

"The general, irritated at this almost impertinent reply, was about to threaten some punishment for it, when the unknown added, 'My rank, Sir, is such that I have a right to claim to speak and to disclose myself to the Emperor only.' The General hesitated; but the man's coolness made him yield the point, and he led him to Petrowski.

"The Emperor was visiting the posts of this residence, and was crossing one of the courts, when the carriage of the unknown entered. An officer who followed him dismounted, and explained the circumstances of the capture, and the determination of the prisoner to disclose himself to none but the Emperor. Napoleon looked steadily upon the stranger, then ordered the court to be cleared, and when they two were alone with Duroc, asked,

"'Who are you?'

"'A man, who had hoped to escape the vengeance of your Majesty, but who, charged as he has been with a great undertaking, does not fear to assume the responsibility of it, and to avow himself. I am Rastopchin, Governor of Moscow.'

"'What is this undertaking?' said the Emperor, growing pale.

"'Your Majesty knows it and sees it,' said Rastopchin, pointing at the lake of fire, in which the holy city was sinking.

"'The conflagration!'

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'Sir, it is the work of a barbarian. Your consciousness of crime forewarns you of punishment.'

"'It will be my last sacrifice, Sire. I shall await it calmly.'

"'Sacrifice? What do you mean?'

"'All my fortune was at Moscow and in my chateau. The fire originated in my dwellings. I have sacrificed every thing to my country, and my life may follow.'

"'Say, rather, that you have sacrificed your country, ravaging it with fire, and reducing it to ashes.'

"'Has your Majesty, then, been able to conquer nothing but flames and ashes?'

"The Emperor walked rapidly to and fro, his lips pale and quivering. 'What madness!' said he, 'what folly! You wish, Sir, to be the Russian Brutus; but are these your children, which you have destroyed?'

"'My country will judge me, Sire.'

"'Your country?' and he stopped, looking at him with a searching look. 'Your country? You have only offered a terrible holocaust to your sovereign. I can see that your sacrifice is nothing but the sacrifice of Moscow to Petersburg; of old Muscovy to new Russia!' Then,

approaching him, he added, with a bitter smile, 'How much have they paid you for your conflagration?'

"Rastopchin frowned and turned pale; perhaps with anger. 'Russia will judge me as well as your Majesty, and I shall be differently spoken of, Sire, when I have been shot.'

"'Shot! that, Sir, is the punishment of brave men, and an incendiary ——'

"'Cannot be a coward.'

"'Infernal mystery!' muttered Napoleon, turning from him in surprise. A few minutes after, he added; 'If this is only a blind patriotism ——' He did not conclude the sentence.

"'Your Majesty is right,' said Rastopchin, joyfully. 'I can die?'

"'No, you do not deserve to. It would be, perhaps, hardly worth the while. Give him a safe conduct. Go, Sir. Your *undertaking* is still all your own; but, whatever the honor of it, doubt shall tarnish it. Go.'

"Rastopchin departed, and the Emperor returned to the palace."

The following passage, in quite a different strain, is characteristic and amusing. Napoleon, before beginning his Spanish campaign, had settled all his differences with the Pope, and was on the best terms with the Catholic Church.

"Pius VII. died on the 15th of September, 1814. Napoleon was anxious about the nomination of his successor.

"It was said that he wished to proclaim himself sovereign pontiff of the Catholic Church, that his plans would end in his proclaiming himself religious chief of Christendom. Under this new power all the various sects of Christianity would be united, free and independent in their worship, and all adhering to the unity of a supreme pontiff; but he hesitated about this scheme, and thought that the time for it had not come. The nomination of a pope, however, could not be indifferent to him. He knew how much weight religion and the influence of its ministers has on the hearts of mankind, and that this force ought not to be despised in state policy, either as an obstacle or an instrument.

"He must have reflected deeply at this time on this curious exception of an elective monarchy preserved alone in Europe. And these relics of a kind of republican system so strangely mingled with the customs of the Catholic Church, a religion wholly of authority and power, surprised, and perhaps offended him.

"In giving its new constitution to Poland, he had destroyed the right of election, and proclaimed that of hereditary sovereignty. But the innumerable difficulties which opposed the destruction of the principle of the election of popes, and of the cardinals' privileges, restrained him. He did not yet dare to take the only step which his genius thought proper, that of assuming to himself all the pontifical power. He doubted also, whether like Charlemagne he would not choose himself pope; and, although he did not long retain this idea, he still desired to control the election of this sovereign, to whom he had lately

restored his states and a part of his temporal power. With this view, in continuing to the cardinals their great privilege of choosing their pope, he wrote to them the following letter :

“ **ILLUSTRIOUS CARDINALS :**

“ ‘The Lord has taken from you the venerable and sacred pontiff, Pius VII. Your Eminences are about to choose his successor.

“ ‘Our respectful love for our holy religion makes it a duty to us, to join by our wishes in this pious and solemn election.

“ ‘We have considered that the interests of religion and those of the empire, as well as our own private inclinations, call to this distinguished station our venerable uncle, His Eminence Cardinal Fesch.

“ ‘We pray the Lord to enlighten and inspire your Eminences in the performance of your sacred duty.

“ ‘At our imperial palace of St. Cloud, Oct. 7, 1814.

“ ‘**NAPOLEON.**’

“ All the cardinals of Europe were assembled, and the conclave was held in the imperial palace at Lyons.

“ The letter of Napoleon contained more than wishes, it disclosed his orders. Every cardinal replied to it with the assurance of his respect and submission. Twenty-nine cardinals were present at the conclave ; Cardinal Alexander Mattei of Rome presided over the assembly, and the operations of the ballot began.

“ They did not evince that unanimity in obedience which had been promised. The Italian prelates were displeased at seeing the tiara leave Italy, to be worn by a Frenchman ; this had not taken place since the time of Urban VI., in 1378. Some of them, moved by conscientious scruples, thought that they ought to oppose the abolition of this custom, which had indeed been consecrated by the apostolic constitutions. They knew, also, that the right of exclusion, which the sovereigns of Austria and of Spain enjoyed, had been taken from them by a secret decision, and these violations of the forms of election appeared to them like sacrilege. For these reasons eight votes were given for Cardinal Bethelémy Pacca of Benevento, as the signs of an energetic protest, but the twenty-one other voices in the first session called Cardinal Fesch to the chair of St. Peter.

“ The new pope was proclaimed at Lyons, then at Paris, and finally at Rome, whither he went in the month of December following, under the name of Clement XV. He took for his arms the imperial eagle of France.

“ Napoleon was greatly irritated by the division of the cardinals in this election ; but far from showing it, he wrote to Cardinal Pacca the following letter :

“ ‘The votes which you received for the chair of Saint Peter have shown to me the esteem with which the sacred College regards you.

“ ‘Their esteem is the guide to mine.

“ ‘Let me inform your Eminence that I have transmitted to you the insignia of the grand eagle of the legion of honor, and that I present

you to his Holiness the Pope Clement XV. for the vacant seat of the archbishopric of Milan.

“ I pray God that he may hold your Eminence in his high and holy keeping.”
NAPOLEON.’

“ The Emperor had thought for a moment that the new pope would assume the name of Napoleon I. ; but he soon abandoned this idea, which was based in other plans, which he reserved for the future.”

The following chapter, describing the submission of the whole western continent, is interesting to an American reader :

“ The Emperor had only alluded to the last American revolution in his public address, (to the assembled kings and people of the world, when he proclaimed himself universal sovereign) ; the circumstances were published the next day ; they were read with lively interest, for this submission made Napoleon’s power a universal power, and completed his world.

“ For more than twenty years, America, the land which has no history, no ancestry, no tradition ; which, to supply the places of her plundered children, had begged from Europe her superabundant population, and from Africa the purchase of her captives ; the land, which, without knowing any youth, had passed through innumerable revolutions to the decrepitude of age ; America, was falling to pieces, was sinking to complete ruin. It was naturally divided into two distinct portions : Spanish and Portuguese America, and the America of the United States. The rest of the continent, what had been the Russian and English possessions at the north, and all the West Indies, except St. Domingo, was already under the power of the Emperor.

“ As early as the first wars of Spain and Portugal, Brazil and the other States of South America had raised the standard of independence, and attempted to throw off the yoke of their mother countries ; but these attempts, weakly undertaken by men of slight talent, had only produced in those regions a chronic state of civil war, without inducing either decisive defeats or victories.

“ Bolivar alone, a man of high talent and admirable character, had in 1820 and 1821 liberated New Grenada in two victories, and founded in the heart of America a new republic, which he called Colombia, after the great Columbus. As great a statesman as warrior, he had organized the new republic, and for two years had governed it with remarkable success ; but, harassed by the ingratitude and sedition of his citizens, he had become disgusted with his country and with power, had given up both of them and retired to Jamaica, where he lived tranquil and unknown. So Colombia, like Brazil, Mexico, Peru, Paraguay, where the mysterious Dr. Francia had just died, Chili and the other Spanish possessions fell back into a sea of anarchy, misery, and civil war, and all these nations destroyed themselves, piecemeal, as it were, like bodies dying of gangrene and fever.

“ At the north, the United States displayed a spectacle no less deplorable. This nation, which was so strongly united when obliged to

conquer a common enemy, in peace and repose felt selfishness insinuate itself into its several varying interests and separate the parts of this so powerful confederacy. Certain regulations of commerce and finance desired by the northern and refused by the southern states, were the origin of this dissension among interests, which was so long protracted that it resulted in furious hate and wars, the more horrible because the combatants were brothers, whose selfishness excited them. The American Congress divided, two or three new confederations were attempted; various seats of government were established, and the young republic of Franklin and Washington perished.

“St. Domingo, the great rebel of the West Indies, which had been strong enough to resist a French expedition in the earlier days of the empire, had actually sunk under the multitude of its rulers; there were emperor, president, chief and king in this African America, and the negroes, having passed too rapidly from slavery to self-government, were ruined by gaining civilization.

“In spite of all these symptoms of dissolution in this continent, the Emperor, occupied with the conquest of the old world, appeared to have quite forgotten the new; no movement, word, or act, ever revealed his thoughts with regard to America. Doubtless, his searching mind considered from the distance the agony of these nations, and his wisdom awaited the result. Perhaps, too, there were unknown agents scattered in these countries, who pointed out the horrible state of things, and the only possible remedy, alliance with the old world, submission to the Emperor. Such language as this now began to be heard in all parts of the continent; — ‘Napoleon alone can save America: at least, let us anticipate the conquest which must come. America can, by a voluntary and seasonable submission, secure to herself advantages which she will lose, if conquered. In any case, there is no safety for her, in opposition to Napoleon’s monarchy.’ Such were the words and thoughts which might be found in every quarter. Either germinating themselves, or sown by others, they became so evident that the governments could not oppose them. Soon senates and conventions assembled in all quarters; a rapid and ready diplomacy harmonized their deliberations. Finally, a general congress of all the sovereigns, presidents, and legislatures of the American states, was called at Panama, and met on the 7th of March, 1827. The independent island of the West Indies was summoned, as well as the chiefs of the scattered savage tribes which still existed on the continent.

“Six sessions sufficed for a great decision. Seven hundred and forty members of legislatures, kings, chiefs, or generals, were present at this congress.

“The deliberation was short. It was consent without dispute, enthusiasm without debate.

“On the 17th of March, General Jackson of the United States, the president of the congress, read, in a loud voice, the unanimous decree which placed the constitutions, the possession and government of America and St. Domingo in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon, sovereign of Europe, Asia, and the isles of the Ocean.

“ This decision reached Napoleon only a few days before the 4th of July, 1827, and he kept it secret, that he might proclaim it with the more pomp in the great assembly of the Champ du Mars.

“ The states of the Pacific sea had, as we have said, been conquered and overrun by the vessels of the Asiatic expedition. There was, therefore, in the whole world, no point which did not acknowledge the power of Napoleon, and the entire surface of the globe was compassed in these words, ‘ UNIVERSAL MONARCHY.’ ” .

With this, the climax of Napoleon's conquests, we must, for the present, at least, leave M. Geoffroy's interesting book. The reader will readily see how wide a field is opened to the imagination, which attempts to suggest the uses which the universal sovereign would make of his terrestrial omnipotence. It is a field, which, to a certain extent, every one has travelled. It has given a foundation to innumerable air castles. The chapters which M. Geoffroy gives in this section of his work are by no means the least interesting part of it. At some future time, perhaps, we may allude to the volume again.

Remarks on Bonaparte.

It is now time that the people of this country should be made acquainted with the real character of that extraordinary man. In Europe, no one, until lately, has ventured to speak the truth of him. All, on one side, has been extravagant, indefinite, eulogy; and on the other, mean, malicious, self-contradictory calumny. Amongst his friends an adoration enthusiastic, and incapable of portraying his qualities: while amongst his enemies there was but one single consideration—that was, not what he might be, but what it might be expedient to represent him as being. Thus was it that our language, so copious in terms of abuse, had its ribaldry exhausted, so that it became necessary to invent new words, and combine new titles, to express the horror that was felt, or affected, at the mention of his name. In America the fate of his character was worse, because there were some found to countenance, and retail, every aspersion cast upon him, that had consistency enough to bear repetition; and there seemed no party,—no individual, disposed to defend him.—It is not improbable but the motives, which I know

governed many in this matter, might have had their influence on others who felt and thought as we did. We could pardon the frailty of heart which led a man to aim at uncontrolled dominion; but we could never countenance the example. But, chiefly, we thought it improper to give any pretext to those who found it convenient to raise a clamor about French influence; we, therefore, suffered the nonsense to pass in those matters that did not concern us. Now, that the political cause of their outcry, and the object of their calumny, are gone—we trust never to return—let every one have his due.

Hundreds of portraits of Napoleon's character have been given, by persons that pretended to know him; but they are all as unlike him as they are unlike one another. For a while it was the fashion to represent him as stern, haughty, repulsive and reserved, but when it was discovered that he was, perpetually, the reverse of all this, his abusers began to speak of the "vulgar familiarity" of his manners. People, who had been accustomed to view the means by which the dignity of hereditary rank was supported; the caution with which it guarded

against the rude encounter of superior minds; the insolent parade of condescension, called graciousness, were astounded at Napoleon's plain, unaffected affability. Sir Niel Campbell could not imagine him to be a hero, because he ate, and drank, and laughed, and chatted, like other people. And, instead of cutting off the heads of his followers for every provocation, he did not, during his stay at Elba, shew a single specimen of pride, of rage, of melancholy, or any of the sublime, tragic passions. It reminds one of the simple rustic who visited the Belvidere Apollo, after hearing it mentioned as the great master-piece and wonder of art. He went away in disgust, seeing that it looked only like a naked man.

He, whose policy it is to maintain the reputation of wisdom, should affect what the world calls dignity. There is no true dignity but that of virtue and talent; but there are certain appearances, which have obtained the name, and those may be assumed by such as want to command the respect, without winning the affection of the public; but for a ruler, as it is essential for his happiness and security that he be beloved, it is necessary that he divest himself of all sternness and reserve. Nothing appears more evident than this in examining the characters of kings and military commanders.

No fact distinguishes the life Bonaparte more than this one, that he has had more friends—friends more inflexibly and enthusiastically attached to him, than any man that has hitherto lived in the world; and to this circumstance, more than to his genius, his skill, or his courage, is he indebted for his astonishing success. As it arose from the leading trait in the character we must give, whether we consider him as an emperor, a general, or a man; and as it is the key to unlock the mystery of twenty-five years of miracles, there is no man in society who has not an immediate and important interest in the examination of the matter.

I will not undertake to assert that Bonaparte was popular in France, during the last years of his reign, or at his return from Elba; though it may seem difficult to account for the wonderful circumstances of that return, except upon the presumption of his popularity. Yet such means never before accomplished such an event; and we believe that such means were not sufficient, or necessary, for its accomplishment. Bonaparte had in France a great number of real friends, chiefly of the military class; men whose whole souls were devoted to him through every vicissitude. In the number of his friends was included almost every one of those upon whom he had practiced his art of fascination: which seems to have been an art as simple as it was infallible. By it must we account for what never happened in the world before—that thousands should have no higher ambition than to live and die for the glory of a man, whom fortune had crushed to the dust; who had become an outcast from the world. A certain British writer, amidst the outpouring of his abuse, seems to have perceived what few people have hitherto suspected, when he says, that Napoleon was a man whom no one could, without indescribable danger, listen to for a moment. What then was the seduction which all felt who approached him, and which none could describe, and of which the influence never could be imagined by those who had not seen him? There is a method by which all men may be won who can be brought under the sphere of its operation: but let not the ambitious in humble life feel new hope from this remark—it consists in the power of being *gracious*. This is the epithet appropriate to the idea, but, as it is gene-

rally misapplied, it will no doubt be much misunderstood. This art, in Bonaparte, was called "vulgar familiarity;" but let no one cheat himself, or others, in the matter. Who is so ignorant of human nature as not to know, that vulgar familiarity can never, in any person, excite other sentiments than disgust and contempt. Every man can be familiar with his inferiors; but to shew delicate, friendly familiarity is excessively difficult, and always requires a knowledge of the disposition and characters of those to whom it is addressed. There is a point inconceivably fine, between the offence and the charm of familiarity; and Bonaparte, though so great a master in his art, on one occasion missed that point. On the result of that occasion stood the decision, not only of his fate, but also the fate of Europe. This opinion might seem chimerical, but as it comes from some of the most profound politicians of Europe, it deserves consideration.

In the campaign of 1813, Austria expressed a wish to be neutral. Metternich, to whom the negotiation of the affair had been committed, was supposed to have been bribed, and his conduct seems to have confirmed the suspicion. Bonaparte, ever confident of his skill, told his friends that he had Metternich in his hands, and Metternich had the emperor of Austria in his pocket. Metternich undecided—probably wishing to be decided by Bonaparte, obtained an audience at Dresden. The latter, as usual, trusted to his address, but "mistook his man"—he opened the conference abruptly, by saying, "come Metternich, tell me how much they have given you." Metternich turned pale, made no answer, and soon withdrew; and from that moment, said the duke of Bassano (who was at the interview), we never could get him to treat.*—Soon after Napoleon was apprised, that his father-in-law had joined the allies. The hopes of all his preparations were blasted at once—and his ruin followed.

It is impossible, in general terms, to describe Napoleon's manner; because it was perpetually varied, though the principle was ever the same—*alias et idem*. What rules shall direct people without the natural talent, to introduce, on every occasion, the subject best suited to the occasion, and use the language best suited to the time, to the person, and above all, to the purpose. An immense number of anecdotes of Napoleon have, within the last two or three years, been published, which confirm our position even if they do not illustrate the principle; and most of them bear on their face the stamp of their authenticity. He returned from Elba with all his faculties on the alert, and every word and action was an effort of his power of fascination. All his measures were repulsed when his presence was wanting. Wherever he presented himself every opposition, as if by magic, dissolved away. How can people mistake this effect for the influence of popularity?

When his progress was opposed by the garrison of Grenoble; and when, as he advanced alone before his men, the troops were ordered to fire on him, and seemed disposed to obey—for a moment he looked stedfastly at them, and then, throwing open his outer coat, he exclaimed "it is I, recognise me! if there be among you one soldier who would kill his emperor, now is his time." Then advancing to an old grenadier who had his musket presented, and taking hold of one of his mustachios, "*Et toi vieille moustache, tu a ete avec nous a Marengo!* You old whisker, you were with us at Marengo." The

*Hobhouse's letters, 153.

very name had the electricity of enthusiasm in it; the effect was instantaneous and irresistible, and *vive l'empereur*, like the thunder of heaven, rolled along the line.

That kindly freedom of manner which Napoleon always exhibited, was of course returned—not by a familiarity in his bewitching style; for that would have required his talent, but by every one according to his disposition. At Grenoble, for instance, the inhabitants, to atone for the repulse they had attempted to give him, pulled down the gates of the town, and carried them to the windows of the inn where he lodged, exclaiming “Napoleon, we could not offer you the keys of our good town of Grenoble, but now here are the gates and all.” Among his soldiers he was called “*Notre petit tondou*,” our little crop head: and *Jean de l’épée*, Jack of the sword.

Mr. Hobhouse (letters p. 189) in describing a review at the Champ de Mai, makes the following remarks. “A battalion of the guard coming up, Napoleon stepped forward to them, and whilst they were filing, marched, with his hands behind, absolutely confounded with, and amongst the soldiers. Some regiments of the line were then drawn up in front, and presented arms: he walked along close to them, and seeing a grenadier with a petition in his hand, stepped before him, took the paper, talked for two minutes to him, and ended by pulling the man’s nose. A little afterwards, a colonel running up to him with some news which he communicated with a laugh, the emperor raised himself on tip-toe, and interrupted him by giving him a sound box on the ear, with which the officer went away smiling and shewing his cheek, which was red with the blow. I started at the sight, of which I knew neither the cause nor consequence, but was satisfied by a general officer, who informed me that such friendly flaps were not unusual with the emperor, and that he himself had seen other instances of this singular familiarity.” “At his first interview with general Rapp since his return, he gave him that sort of a blow vulgarly called a punch in the stomach, crying “*quoi, coquin, tu voudra me tuer?*” What, you rogue, were you going to kill me?” alluding to this general being named by the king to a military division when the emperor came from Elba.”

All but vulgar souls can at once recognize the difference between vulgar familiarity, the random outbursts of ignorant, unfeeling, indelicate minds, always similar in the same person; and this playfulness of a great mind that “stoops to conquer;” but always with infinite variety of manner, and directed by the most intimate knowledge of the human heart. “I have remarked,” says Hobhouse, “an enthusiasm, an affection, a delight apparent in the countenances of the troops at the sight of their general, which no parent can command in the midst of his family.”

It is related that some seventy years ago, a duke of Alva, in Spain, had by a method similar to that of Napoleon, rendered himself the most popular and formidable man in the kingdom; and yet he possessed neither generosity nor the reputation of any sort of virtue; nor any talent but that happy one. Some person observes, that the king trembled at him, the prime-minister truckled to him; he had a revolution in his power every day that he stepped out of his doors: but how he acquired this miraculous popularity was a mystery to every one.

Between the duke of Alva then, and Napoleon, there is but one point of fair comparison. It has been reserved for our age to present the brilliant example of a genius, generous and brave, making

a complete and successful experiment of the talent of seduction upon the world. To have rendered the success as permanent as it was complete, it had only been necessary to have avoided wrecking his popularity on the rock of royalty.

Generosity, whether the offspring of the head or of the heart, was one of the leading traits of Napoleon’s character. He never could refuse. It is also certain that he subjected himself to the ridicule of his enemies by some extravagant subscriptions that he did not, perhaps could not, discharge. It may be worth while to notice the comparison betwixt him and Louis XVIII. During the eleven months’ reign of the latter, his British creditors came to Paris for payment; but could not obtain even a consideration of their claims, until Napoleon arrived from Elba, and without any obligation undertook to liquidate them: and had actually paid several before his abdication.

Whether it be owing to natural disposition, or habit arising from the perpetual, pressing exigencies of his situation, it is hard to say; but his whole life is marked by an excessive restlessness in retirement, and a resistless impetuosity in action. To this peculiarity he seems to owe more of his success, than to any profundity of military skill. His modes of conducting his battles were not new, otherwise than by the astonishing rapidity of his movements; for such of them as were thought original and characteristic have been traced to the times of the old Romans. There is, however, something of novelty in the skill with which, by manœuvring, he turned into victories the battles he had lost by fighting. “When fatigued he was accustomed at Elba to ride hard for three or four hours—*pour se delasser*—to refresh himself.”

Of his moral character it is, perhaps, unnecessary to speak. He had faults and many “glorious” ones too; but no man that ever lived has been subject to meaner slanders by hired writers than he. These are rapidly passing into contempt. He has been particularly blamed for the execution of the duke d’Enghien, whose eulogies, so utterly false, and insolently blasphemous, we have all heard. Had the situations of Bonaparte and the duke been changed—had the latter been on the throne and the other detected in a plot to hurl him from it—who is there that would have doubted the right, expediency or justice of the procedure, with all its train of circumstances and events?*

*The duke was of the *blood-royal*—*Hinc ille lachrymæ*. Tens of thousands of common men have been put to death by different military leaders for like, or like-imputed offences, and the world said—it was well.

A case which has a decided bearing upon this, occurred during our own revolution. Who is there that is not familiar with the fate—who has not pitied, major *Andre*? His story has been told in so many thousand ways—printed and posted in so many forms, through the same sort of royal-blood influence, that a large majority, even of the *American* people, seem to have the ready tear of tenderness for him at the mention of his name. Here is a strong evidence, indeed, of the effect of books injudiciously placed by parents in the hands of children, of which I have so frequently spoken. *Andre* was engaged in as foul a treason as the history of nations records—he was every way transgressing the public law—and, had he succeeded, our nation and name, just then rising into view, might have been blotted out forever; or, at least, his success might have cost us several years more of war and

The story of Napoleon having poisoned the wounded soldiers at Jaffa, so absurd in itself, might, for the credit of the British government, be forgotten; since sir Robert Wilson, the original inventor and solitary voucher, has abandoned it. Bonaparte de-

the lives, perhaps, of *twenty thousand* men. Yet, there is a multitude amongst us—men and women, exulting in the freedom and consequent prosperity of their country, who have a species of desire that he, who had suffered himself to be made an instrument to bring about the death of thousands—possibly, to have brought WASHINGTON himself to the gallows, should have escaped death! Every feeling of my heart revolts at capital punishments. I am sorry that a man was hung at Tappan, while I rejoice that the agent for so great a mischief finished his career there.

We may dwell on this case a little longer to exhibit more clearly the effect derived from the reading of foreign books, written with foreign feelings, and so thoughtlessly and indiscriminately handed to our youth. While every body has heard of and pitied major Andre, an *Englishman*, that would have ruined the United States—who has heard of captain Nathan Hale, an *American*, who would have saved them,—captured like the other within the enemy's lines, and executed as a spy, in 1776* Hale was engaged in what the military law regards as criminal, but his offence was light compared with Andre's. He was sent out by Washington to obtain information that might enable him to parry the designs of the enemy—the other was engaged in a scheme to destroy his. See the narrative, vol. II, page 129, WEEKLY REGISTER. Hale was young, handsome, brave and devoted to his country, as well as Andre—when detected, he disdained by whining excuses, to excite the feelings of sir William Howe, but frankly owned his purpose, as Andre afterwards, so "magnanimously," as it is called, did. He was ordered to speedy execution—he was refused a clergyman to assist him in preparing himself for his exit—he was denied the use of a bible—the hasty letters that he wrote to his friends were destroyed. Thus treated, and surrounded by ruffians, the last words he uttered were expressive of his regret that he had only one life to devote to his country. How different was the other treated—he had every thing that in his situation he could expect or hope for; nothing was denied to him that was compatible with the condition that he had placed himself in. Yet so it is—that while every one in America is ever ready to lament the fate of Andre, few have heard of, or at least recollect, the case of their gallant countryman HALE. The reason is—that he is not mentioned in the *English* books we read—for the provost marshal, when about to execute him, declared "that the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness."

In adverting to subjects like this, in my attempts to bring things to the level that "nature and nature's God" designed they should have, I know that I strike at many of the darling prejudices of my fellow citizens, and make some of them think me rude and unfeeling, as the subject first presses itself upon their attention; but a moment's consideration being given to it, they see its justice and propriety, and will rather give their tears for such men as HALE, hung as a spy, or the gallant Hart, of Kentucky, wounded and a prisoner, and burnt to death by the allied forces at the river Raisin, than for Andre or d'Engheim.

*Andre was executed in 1780.

manded of the British government an examination of the matter, and a punishment to be inflicted on sir Robert for the libel, while he agreed to admit any proof of the truth of his statement in justification. Sir Robert replied, that his witnesses were in France, under Bonaparte's power, and could not be brought to testify. Bonaparte offered to guarantee the security of all who might be summoned against him. The reply was, that his character was such, that his guarantee could not be confided in: but the equivocating knight pledged himself, that in the event of Napoleon's dethronement, he would produce ample evidence of the correctness of his narrative. That event at last arrived, and he shrunk in silence under the disgrace of his exposed falsehood. That respectable traveller, Dr. Clarke, enquired concerning the matter from the people at Jaffa, of whom Wilson says he obtained the account, but he could find no one there who had ever heard the accusation before.

That strange mass of unprincipled stuff called the "Revolutionary Plutarch," endeavors to draw a parallel between Bonaparte and Robespierre, but is sadly embarrassed to give a face of probability to his inventions. "The names of victims who perished by Robespierrean cruelty," says he, "were published in the daily papers: the names of those victims of Bonaparte's cruelty, who perish by the arms of his military commissions, by poison in his dungeons, by suffering during transportations, or by misery in the wilds of Cayenne, are only known to himself, to his accomplices, and to his executioners." Yes, and strange to tell, after the lapse of so many years—after his dethronement and exile, the names still remain known only to himself; for not one single case has been proved against him. Frightful evidence of despotic power!—Wretched men, who could not even leave behind them a name for the tear of pity to bedew! The brave man might meet death freely, though it glided in secret silence upon him through the dungeon's gloom—but what! to have the very recollection of one's existence eradicated from the minds of men by a ruthless monster! Horrible.

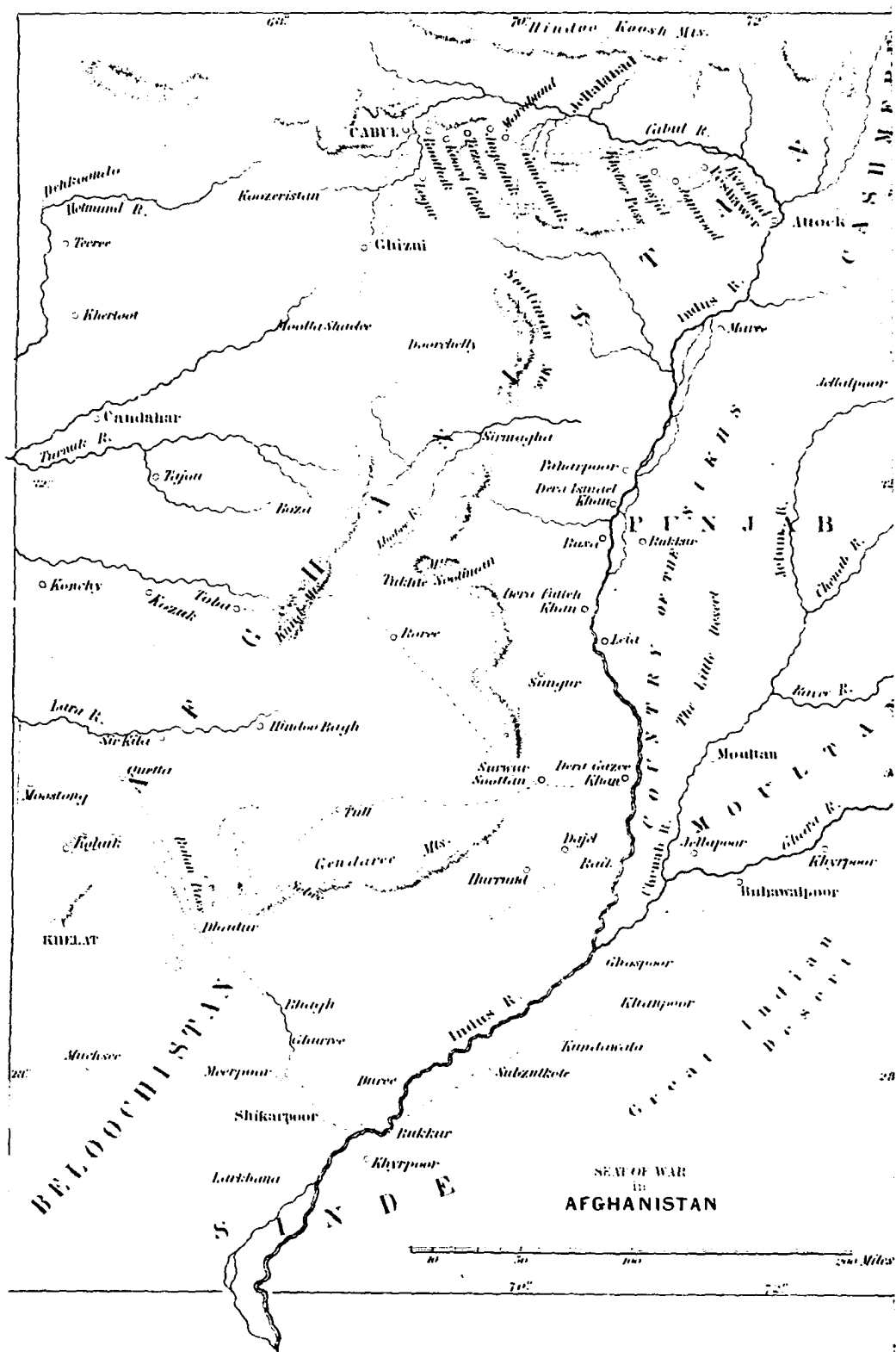
This subject so important, so involved, and so extensive, can only be slightly developed within these our narrow limits; but we intend that the consideration of it shall be resumed at convenient intervals. It deeply concerns all men, but chiefly all rulers, to know the errors of Bonaparte's policy: it therefore seemed to us first necessary that people should cease to trace them to an imputed evil disposition which probably did not exist.

M I S C E L L A N Y .

THE APOCRYPHAL NAPOLEON.*

No one ever reads history without thinking with wonder how small are the contingencies on which its most important events turn. The hesitation of a moment has been enough to decide the fate of empires for years. It is natural that we should pause sometimes to imagine

* *Napoléon Apocryphe.* Histoire de la Conquête de la Monde et de la Monarchie Universelle, par Louis Geoffroy. *Poussons jusqu'au bout la gloire humaine par cet exemple.* BOSSUET. Paulin, Paris.



what might have happened, if one of these little stones in the current of time had not turned the direction of the stream. A small majority only in the councils of the pilgrim fathers of New England voted for the emigration to "Virginia," against a minority which wished to turn to the sunnier savannahs of Guiana. Where and what should we of New England be now if they had been disposed to vote on the other side? The dauphin of France, a prince, himself the heir of the finest kingdom of Europe, was married to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. That dauphin, had he lived, would have been the head of a race of princes, who would have ruled by hereditary right France, England, Scotland, and Ireland. *If* he had lived, what would be the European history of the last two hundred and fifty years? A British minister happened to see a wealthy Virginian risk large sums at play, and he conceived the idea of recruiting his suffering exchequer by the taxation of his transatlantic colonies. Where would the United States of America be now, if he had spent that evening at a cabinet dinner, instead of sitting by a hazard-table? Such questions are readily asked. No one can read history attentively, without being constantly tempted to ask them. They are not so easily answered, however; answered, we mean, so as to preserve the appearance of consistency or plausibility. We have but very few instances of what can properly be called imaginary history; of an historical account following directly after real history, and preserving its appearance.

The curious French book, the name of which stands at the head of this article, is one of these few instances. Actuated, as he tells us, by a desire to show of what man's genius is capable, what he might effect were he not constantly thwarted by the caprices of fate, the author has given us the history of some of the leading events in the world's history, as he supposes *they would have happened*, if Napoleon had been victorious over the Russian arms after the fall of Moscow. The attempt is a bold one, and bravely executed. M. Geoffroy, without the advantage of having piles of facts for reference at his elbow, has written a history much more plausible and consistent than many books, which have been founded on a more tangible basis.

As we have said, M. Geoffroy makes Napoleon conquer Russia. Spain and Portugal are next subdued, and the conquest of England crowns the next year's campaign. The expulsion of Mahmoud and his army from European Turkey, and the nomination of a mayor of the commune of San Marino, in the arondissement of Rimini, make Napoleon sovereign of Europe. Those parts of Asia which had not been dependent on Russia and England are next made to submit by a religious crusade led by the Emperor in person; his immense fleet makes him master of the Ocean and its islands; corps d'armée under his most noted generals march through Africa almost without opposition, and finally the States of America, wearied by their constant internal dissensions, agree in congress at Panama to submit themselves and their constitutions to Napoleon, who is thus, fifteen years after the conflagration of Moscow, made *sovereign of the world*. Such is a gen-

eral account of the progress of his conquest. We prefer to let the book speak for itself, than to attempt to make any analysis of its contents. We shall, therefore, trust to our translations of different passages from it to give an idea of the details of the advances towards universal monarchy, and of the results which attended it.

The following chapter, from the opening of the book, is spirited ; the prediction with which it closes, tallies but too well with the results of more authentic history. The account begins immediately after Napoleon's entrance into the deserted Moscow.

"Napoleon was always glad to sleep in the beds of other kings, and establish himself in palaces, from which his appearance had driven them. Having ordered the army to take up its quarters in the suburbs, he went himself directly to the Kremlin, and there, in the evening, he walked on the highest towers, silent and alone, contemplating the deathlike quiet of the city at night. All was depressing and sad to so active a mind as his. He saw his army stretched along in the suburbs, a deep silence reigning in the city, and repose every where, excepting in a few palaces, which seemed animated by the presence of generals who had taken up their quarters in them. All that could be heard was an occasional Scythian cry, sounding from place to place at intervals, as if of persons replying to each other.

"The clocks struck midnight. The horizon grew red ; flames rose from the midst of the town ; the bazaar had taken fire, then the churches, the houses, the suburbs ; the fires shot up every where ; Moscow reappeared in the night all glowing with fiery domes and spires of flame.

"The Emperor understood this disaster ; he remembered Wilna, Smolenska, and the burning villages which had lighted up his march. "Let it die then," he cried ; and gave orders that the army should immediately leave the infernal city. The soldiers had been roused before. The cry of "fire" resounded on all sides, but only from French lips. The first night's sleep in the conquered town was disturbed by the terrors of a conflagration.

"His orders were executed. At five o'clock in the morning, the troops filed out of Moscow, and reascended the slope of Mount Salvation. The videttes, having advanced as far as Petrowski, the palace of the Czars, prepared it for the Emperor, who proceeded thither with his staff ; and, observing a large chateau half a league further on, he sent forward General Kirgener with his engineers to fortify this position.

"But, while in full sight of the chateau, and only a few musket shots from it, they saw clouds of smoke bursting from it, followed by flame, with slight explosions. This magnificent dwelling, enveloped in every part, became at once only one immense body of fire. In the distance, carriages were observed hastening from it with all speed. General Kirgener gave orders that they should be pursued, but they were so far in advance that the attempt failed ; and they had escaped his troops when they fell in with a body of French. These surrounded them, and took them to the General.

"In the first carriage was an old man, of middle age, large, thin, of a dignified figure, and fine countenance. At the first attack he attempted to defend himself; but, seeing that resistance was useless, he yielded and proceeded to General Kirgener, who, seeing no distinguishing mark on the stranger, asked him his name.

"'What is that to you?' replied the unknown.

"The general, irritated at this almost impertinent reply, was about to threaten some punishment for it, when the unknown added, 'My rank, Sir, is such that I have a right to claim to speak and to disclose myself to the Emperor only.' The General hesitated; but the man's coolness made him yield the point, and he led him to Petrowski.

"The Emperor was visiting the posts of this residence, and was crossing one of the courts, when the carriage of the unknown entered. An officer who followed him dismounted, and explained the circumstances of the capture, and the determination of the prisoner to disclose himself to none but the Emperor. Napoleon looked steadily upon the stranger, then ordered the court to be cleared, and when they two were alone with Duroc, asked,

"'Who are you?'

"'A man, who had hoped to escape the vengeance of your Majesty, but who, charged as he has been with a great undertaking, does not fear to assume the responsibility of it, and to avow himself. I am Rastopchin, Governor of Moscow.'

"'What is this undertaking?' said the Emperor, growing pale.

"'Your Majesty knows it and sees it,' said Rastopchin, pointing at the lake of fire, in which the holy city was sinking.

"'The conflagration!'

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'Sir, it is the work of a barbarian. Your consciousness of crime forewarns you of punishment.'

"'It will be my last sacrifice, Sire. I shall await it calmly.'

"'Sacrifice? What do you mean?'

"'All my fortune was at Moscow and in my chateau. The fire originated in my dwellings. I have sacrificed every thing to my country, and my life may follow.'

"'Say, rather, that you have sacrificed your country, ravaging it with fire, and reducing it to ashes.'

"'Has your Majesty, then, been able to conquer nothing but flames and ashes?'

"The Emperor walked rapidly to and fro, his lips pale and quivering. 'What madness!' said he, 'what folly! You wish, Sir, to be the Russian Brutus; but are these your children, which you have destroyed?'

"'My country will judge me, Sire.'

"'Your country?' and he stopped, looking at him with a searching look. 'Your country? You have only offered a terrible holocaust to your sovereign. I can see that your sacrifice is nothing but the sacrifice of Moscow to Petersburg; of old Muscovy to new Russia!' Then,

approaching him, he added, with a bitter smile, 'How much have they paid you for your conflagration?'

"Rastopchin frowned and turned pale; perhaps with anger. 'Russia will judge me as well as your Majesty, and I shall be differently spoken of, Sire, when I have been shot.'

"'Shot! that, Sir, is the punishment of brave men, and an incendiary ——'

"'Cannot be a coward.'

"'Infernal mystery!' muttered Napoleon, turning from him in surprise. A few minutes after, he added; 'If this is only a blind patriotism ——' He did not conclude the sentence.

"'Your Majesty is right,' said Rastopchin, joyfully. 'I can die?'

"'No, you do not deserve to. It would be, perhaps, hardly worth the while. Give him a safe conduct. Go, Sir. Your *undertaking* is still all your own; but, whatever the honor of it, doubt shall tarnish it. Go.'

"Rastopchin departed, and the Emperor returned to the palace."

The following passage, in quite a different strain, is characteristic and amusing. Napoleon, before beginning his Spanish campaign, had settled all his differences with the Pope, and was on the best terms with the Catholic Church.

"Pius VII. died on the 15th of September, 1814. Napoleon was anxious about the nomination of his successor.

"It was said that he wished to proclaim himself sovereign pontiff of the Catholic Church, that his plans would end in his proclaiming himself religious chief of Christendom. Under this new power all the various sects of Christianity would be united, free and independent in their worship, and all adhering to the unity of a supreme pontiff; but he hesitated about this scheme, and thought that the time for it had not come. The nomination of a pope, however, could not be indifferent to him. He knew how much weight religion and the influence of its ministers has on the hearts of mankind, and that this force ought not to be despised in state policy, either as an obstacle or an instrument.

"He must have reflected deeply at this time on this curious exception of an elective monarchy preserved alone in Europe. And these relics of a kind of republican system so strangely mingled with the customs of the Catholic Church, a religion wholly of authority and power, surprised, and perhaps offended him.

"In giving its new constitution to Poland, he had destroyed the right of election, and proclaimed that of hereditary sovereignty. But the innumerable difficulties which opposed the destruction of the principle of the election of popes, and of the cardinals' privileges, restrained him. He did not yet dare to take the only step which his genius thought proper, that of assuming to himself all the pontifical power. He doubted also, whether like Charlemagne he would not choose himself pope; and, although he did not long retain this idea, he still desired to control the election of this sovereign, to whom he had lately

restored his states and a part of his temporal power. With this view, in continuing to the cardinals their great privilege of choosing their pope, he wrote to them the following letter :

“ **ILLUSTRIOUS CARDINALS :**

“ ‘The Lord has taken from you the venerable and sacred pontiff, Pius VII. Your Eminences are about to choose his successor.

“ ‘Our respectful love for our holy religion makes it a duty to us, to join by our wishes in this pious and solemn election.

“ ‘We have considered that the interests of religion and those of the empire, as well as our own private inclinations, call to this distinguished station our venerable uncle, His Eminence Cardinal Fesch.

“ ‘We pray the Lord to enlighten and inspire your Eminences in the performance of your sacred duty.

“ ‘At our imperial palace of St. Cloud, Oct. 7, 1814.

“ ‘**NAPOLEON.**’

“ All the cardinals of Europe were assembled, and the conclave was held in the imperial palace at Lyons.

“ The letter of Napoleon contained more than wishes, it disclosed his orders. Every cardinal replied to it with the assurance of his respect and submission. Twenty-nine cardinals were present at the conclave ; Cardinal Alexander Mattei of Rome presided over the assembly, and the operations of the ballot began.

“ They did not evince that unanimity in obedience which had been promised. The Italian prelates were displeased at seeing the tiara leave Italy, to be worn by a Frenchman ; this had not taken place since the time of Urban VI., in 1378. Some of them, moved by conscientious scruples, thought that they ought to oppose the abolition of this custom, which had indeed been consecrated by the apostolic constitutions. They knew, also, that the right of exclusion, which the sovereigns of Austria and of Spain enjoyed, had been taken from them by a secret decision, and these violations of the forms of election appeared to them like sacrilege. For these reasons eight votes were given for Cardinal Bethelmy Pacca of Benevento, as the signs of an energetic protest, but the twenty-one other voices in the first session called Cardinal Fesch to the chair of St. Peter.

“ The new pope was proclaimed at Lyons, then at Paris, and finally at Rome, whither he went in the month of December following, under the name of Clement XV. He took for his arms the imperial eagle of France.

“ Napoleon was greatly irritated by the division of the cardinals in this election ; but far from showing it, he wrote to Cardinal Pacca the following letter :

“ ‘The votes which you received for the chair of Saint Peter have shown to me the esteem with which the sacred College regards you.

“ ‘Their esteem is the guide to mine.

“ ‘Let me inform your Eminence that I have transmitted to you the insignia of the grand eagle of the legion of honor, and that I present

you to his Holiness the Pope Clement XV. for the vacant seat of the archbishopric of Milan.

“ I pray God that he may hold your Eminence in his high and holy keeping.”
NAPOLEON.’

“ The Emperor had thought for a moment that the new pope would assume the name of Napoleon I. ; but he soon abandoned this idea, which was based in other plans, which he reserved for the future.”

The following chapter, describing the submission of the whole western continent, is interesting to an American reader :

“ The Emperor had only alluded to the last American revolution in his public address, (to the assembled kings and people of the world, when he proclaimed himself universal sovereign) ; the circumstances were published the next day ; they were read with lively interest, for this submission made Napoleon’s power a universal power, and completed his world.

“ For more than twenty years, America, the land which has no history, no ancestry, no tradition ; which, to supply the places of her plundered children, had begged from Europe her superabundant population, and from Africa the purchase of her captives ; the land, which, without knowing any youth, had passed through innumerable revolutions to the decrepitude of age ; America, was falling to pieces, was sinking to complete ruin. It was naturally divided into two distinct portions : Spanish and Portuguese America, and the America of the United States. The rest of the continent, what had been the Russian and English possessions at the north, and all the West Indies, except St. Domingo, was already under the power of the Emperor.

“ As early as the first wars of Spain and Portugal, Brazil and the other States of South America had raised the standard of independence, and attempted to throw off the yoke of their mother countries ; but these attempts, weakly undertaken by men of slight talent, had only produced in those regions a chronic state of civil war, without inducing either decisive defeats or victories.

“ Bolivar alone, a man of high talent and admirable character, had in 1820 and 1821 liberated New Grenada in two victories, and founded in the heart of America a new republic, which he called Colombia, after the great Columbus. As great a statesman as warrior, he had organized the new republic, and for two years had governed it with remarkable success ; but, harassed by the ingratitude and sedition of his citizens, he had become disgusted with his country and with power, had given up both of them and retired to Jamaica, where he lived tranquil and unknown. So Colombia, like Brazil, Mexico, Peru, Paraguay, where the mysterious Dr. Francia had just died, Chili and the other Spanish possessions fell back into a sea of anarchy, misery, and civil war, and all these nations destroyed themselves, piecemeal, as it were, like bodies dying of gangrene and fever.

“ At the north, the United States displayed a spectacle no less deplorable. This nation, which was so strongly united when obliged to

conquer a common enemy, in peace and repose felt selfishness insinuate itself into its several varying interests and separate the parts of this so powerful confederacy. Certain regulations of commerce and finance desired by the northern and refused by the southern states, were the origin of this dissension among interests, which was so long protracted that it resulted in furious hate and wars, the more horrible because the combatants were brothers, whose selfishness excited them. The American Congress divided, two or three new confederations were attempted; various seats of government were established, and the young republic of Franklin and Washington perished.

“St. Domingo, the great rebel of the West Indies, which had been strong enough to resist a French expedition in the earlier days of the empire, had actually sunk under the multitude of its rulers; there were emperor, president, chief and king in this African America, and the negroes, having passed too rapidly from slavery to self-government, were ruined by gaining civilization.

“In spite of all these symptoms of dissolution in this continent, the Emperor, occupied with the conquest of the old world, appeared to have quite forgotten the new; no movement, word, or act, ever revealed his thoughts with regard to America. Doubtless, his searching mind considered from the distance the agony of these nations, and his wisdom awaited the result. Perhaps, too, there were unknown agents scattered in these countries, who pointed out the horrible state of things, and the only possible remedy, alliance with the old world, submission to the Emperor. Such language as this now began to be heard in all parts of the continent; — ‘Napoleon alone can save America: at least, let us anticipate the conquest which must come. America can, by a voluntary and seasonable submission, secure to herself advantages which she will lose, if conquered. In any case, there is no safety for her, in opposition to Napoleon’s monarchy.’ Such were the words and thoughts which might be found in every quarter. Either germinating themselves, or sown by others, they became so evident that the governments could not oppose them. Soon senates and conventions assembled in all quarters; a rapid and ready diplomacy harmonized their deliberations. Finally, a general congress of all the sovereigns, presidents, and legislatures of the American states, was called at Panama, and met on the 7th of March, 1827. The independent island of the West Indies was summoned, as well as the chiefs of the scattered savage tribes which still existed on the continent.

“Six sessions sufficed for a great decision. Seven hundred and forty members of legislatures, kings, chiefs, or generals, were present at this congress.

“The deliberation was short. It was consent without dispute, enthusiasm without debate.

“On the 17th of March, General Jackson of the United States, the president of the congress, read, in a loud voice, the unanimous decree which placed the constitutions, the possession and government of America and St. Domingo in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon, sovereign of Europe, Asia, and the isles of the Ocean.

“ This decision reached Napoleon only a few days before the 4th of July, 1827, and he kept it secret, that he might proclaim it with the more pomp in the great assembly of the Champ du Mars.

“ The states of the Pacific sea had, as we have said, been conquered and overrun by the vessels of the Asiatic expedition. There was, therefore, in the whole world, no point which did not acknowledge the power of Napoleon, and the entire surface of the globe was compassed in these words, ‘ UNIVERSAL MONARCHY.’ ” .

With this, the climax of Napoleon's conquests, we must, for the present, at least, leave M. Geoffroy's interesting book. The reader will readily see how wide a field is opened to the imagination, which attempts to suggest the uses which the universal sovereign would make of his terrestrial omnipotence. It is a field, which, to a certain extent, every one has travelled. It has given a foundation to innumerable air castles. The chapters which M. Geoffroy gives in this section of his work are by no means the least interesting part of it. At some future time, perhaps, we may allude to the volume again.

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.*

The first thing which Bonaparte did on assuming the reins of government as First Consul was to write a letter to the King of England soliciting peace.

*“ French Republic—Sovereignty of the People—Liberty—
Equality.*

*“ Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to His Majesty the
King of Great Britain and Ireland.*

“ Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the First Magistracy of the Republic, I have thought proper, in commencing the discharge of the duties of this office, to communicate the event directly to your Majesty.

“ Must the war, which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation?

“ How can the two most enlightened nations in Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity and domestic happiness to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants, as well as the first of glories?

“ These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your Majesty, who rule over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy.

“ Your Majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification, by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms, which, however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble states, only serve to discover in those that are powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

* From Hazlitt.

"France and England may, by the abuse of their strength, long defer the period of its utter exhaustion, unhappily for all nations. But I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war, the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"BONAPARTE."

This letter was responded to in a note addressed to the Minister of Foreign Relations in Paris, through Lord Grenville. The King of England refused to negotiate for peace until the causes were removed in France that had contributed to disturb the peace of Europe, and declared that the restoration of the Bourbons would at once remove all obstacles to a negotiation.

The answer to this declaration was Marengo. Bonaparte was not the man to be stopped by a specious arrangement of rhetorical commonplaces: he pierced the web of hollow policy attempted to be woven round him with his sword. If not peace, then war. On receiving the account, he said to Talleyrand, "It could not be more favorable." He had not yet struck though he meditated the blow, which made Mr. Pitt, who had advised and reckoned largely on the continuance of the war, exclaim—"Shut up the map of Europe, it will be in vain to open it for twenty years to come!" The battle of Marengo, by which Bonaparte broke the Continental Alliance, and seated himself firmly in power, though perhaps the worst-fought, the most doubtful and casual of all his victories, was at the same time the most daring in its conception and fortunate in its results. A single half-hour's fighting changed the fate of Europe. This was owing to the manner in which the scene of action was laid. It was the most poetical of his battles. If Ariosto, if a magician had planned a campaign, it could hardly have been fuller of the romantic and incredible. He had given wings to war, hovering like Perseus in the air with borrowed speed. He fell upon his adversary from the clouds, from pathless precipices—and at the very moment of being beaten, recalled victory with a word. It might be conceived, that by effecting a junction with Massena at Genoa, and attacking the Austrians in front in the ordinary and obvious course, he would have had a better chance of victory; but then the victory could not have been so complete as by coming upon the enemy's rear and cutting off his retreat, nor would it have had the same effect in taking him by surprise. Bonaparte, situated as he was, had not merely to win a battle, but to charm opinion. The very boldness of the enterprise was

an earnest of its success; the slightest reverse would in such critical circumstances produce a panic; and the First Consul, where another might have given up the day as lost, held out with confidence to the last, prepared to take advantage of every chance. Faith has its miracles in war as well as in religion. Nor is there quackery in this; for it is fair to seize upon the imagination of others and disarm them of their presence of mind as well as of their weapons. The only danger is, if this illusion comes afterwards to be dispelled by a reverse of fortune, both as it emboldens others and disheartens the person himself; but no one ever fought up against adversity better than Bonaparte (if we perhaps except the first stunning effect of the disasters in Russia), or, divorced from fortune, threw himself more manfully and resolutely on the resources of his own genius and energy, doing as much to retrieve his affairs as he had done to advance them.

On the 7th of January, 1800, (three days after the date of the refusal of the British Ministry to treat for peace) a decree of the Consuls directed the formation of an army of reserve. All the veteran soldiers were required to come forward and serve the country under the command of the First Consul. A levy of 30,000 conscripts was ordered to recruit the army.

On the 6th of May the First Consul left Paris for Dijon, and arrived at Geneva on the 8th. He here had an interview with the celebrated Necker, who strove to recommend himself to his favor, but with little success. He praised the military preparations going on much, and himself more. On the 13th of May, Bonaparte reviewed the vanguard of the Army of Reserve at Lausanne, commanded by General Lannes; it consisted of six old regiments of chosen troops, perfectly clothed, equipped, and appointed. It moved immediately forward to St. Pierre; the divisions followed in echelon, amounting in all to 36,000 fighting men, with a park of forty guns, and under the command of Victor, Loison, Vatin, Boudet, Chambarlhac, Murat, and Monnier. There is a road practicable for artillery from Lausanne to St. Pierre, a village at the foot of the St. Bernard, and from St. Remi to Aosta on the other side. The difficulty then lay in the ascent and descent of the Great St. Bernard, a difficulty so great as to appear nearly insurmountable. General Marescot had been sent to reconnoitre; and on his reporting that the passage seemed barely possible, Bonaparte replied, "Let us set forward then." The way over Mount Cenis presented the same obstacles, and the country beyond was more open and exposed to the enemy. There is only a rugged mountain-path over the St. Bernard, which often winds over almost inaccessible precipices. The passage of the

artillery was the most arduous task. The guns had been taken in pieces, and the carriages, the ammunition, together with the cartridges for the infantry and mountain-forges, were transported on the backs of mules. But how get the pieces themselves over? For this purpose, a number of trunks of trees, hollowed out for the reception of the guns, which were fastened into them by their trunnions, had been prepared beforehand; to every piece thus secured a hundred soldiers were attached, who had to drag them up the steep. All this was carried into effect so promptly that the march of the artillery caused no delay. The troops themselves made it a point of honor to be foremost in this new kind of duty; and one entire division chose to bivouac on the summit of the mountain in the midst of snow and excessive cold, rather than leave their artillery behind them. Throughout the whole passage the military bands played, and at the most difficult spots the charge was beaten to give fresh animation to the soldiers; while the cry of the eagle was faintly heard, and the wild goat turned to gaze at so unusual a sight. Field forges were established at the villages of St. Pierre and St. Remi for dismounting and mounting the artillery. The army succeeded in getting a hundred wagons over.

On the 16th of May the First Consul slept at the convent of St. Maurice, and the whole army passed the St. Bernard on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of May. Bonaparte himself crossed on the 20th, either on foot or riding a mule belonging to one of the inhabitants of St. Pierre, which the Prior of the convent had recommended as the most sure-footed in all the country. His guide the whole way was a tall robust youth of twenty-two, who conversed freely with him, answering the questions that were put to him, and confiding all his troubles to the First Consul with the simplicity of his age and situation in life. Napoleon took no notice of his distresses, but on parting with him, gave him a note to the superiors of the convent; and the next day, he was surprised to find himself in possession of a house, a piece of ground, and of all he wanted.—The First Consul rested an hour at the convent of the Hospitallers, at the top of the Great St. Bernard, and performed the descent on a sledge down an almost perpendicular glacier. The horses had more difficulty in descending than in ascending, though a few accidents happened. The monks of the convent were well provided with stores of wine, bread and cheese; and each soldier as he passed received a large ration from the good fathers.

The operations of the French army, after the passage of the mountain was effected, are then described on the entry of the First Consul into Milan, on the 2d June. The Austrian army, under

Melas, now quitted Turin and took a position at Alexandria on the right of the Po. Here it was reinforced.

The French army advanced to the vicinity of the Austrian, and a severe affair between the vanguards of the two armies occurred, which resulted favorably to the French. The First Consul was then joined by Desaix, who had returned from Italy, and with his whole forces marched to St. Julianò in the midst of the plain of Marengo.

Melas hearing of the advance of the French into the plain, recalled a detachment which he had sent against Suchet. The night of the 12th was passed in council. The blame of their situation was thrown upon the Austrian cabinet, who had listened to none but idle rumors; but they determined to fight their way out of it with arms in their hands. The chances were greatly in favor of the Austrians, who were superior in numbers and had three times as many cavalry as the French. The latter amounted to between 28,000 and 30,000 men.

On the 14th at break of day, the Austrians defiled by the bridges of the Bormida and made a furious attack on the village of Marengo, where Victor had established himself the day before. The resistance was obstinate for a long time. Bonaparte at the first sound of the cannon instantly sent orders to General Desaix, who was half a day's march to the left, to return with his troops to San Julianò. The First Consul arrived on the field of battle at ten in the morning, just as the Austrians had carried Marengo and Victor's division, after a gallant defence, was giving way in the utmost disorder, the fugitives covering the plain, and crying out in dismay, "All is lost!" The enemy having taken Marengo advanced against General Lannes who was stationed in the rear of the village, and formed in line opposite the right wing of the French, already extending beyond it. The First Consul immediately ordered 800 grenadiers of the cavalry-guard, the best troops in the army, to station themselves a thousand yards behind Lannes, inclining to the right, in a good position to keep the enemy in check; and directed the division of Cara St. Cyr still farther on to Castel-Ceriolò, so as to flank the entire left of the enemy, while he himself with the 72d demi-brigade hastened to the support of Lannes. In the mean time, the soldiers perceiving the First Consul, in the midst of this immense plain, surrounded by his staff and 200 horse-grenadiers with their fur caps, the sight revived their hopes, and the fugitives of Victor's corps rallied near San Julianò in the rear of General Lannes's left. The latter, though attacked by the main body of the enemy's force, fought with such bravery and coolness that he took three hours to retreat only three quarters of a league,

exposed to the grape shot of eighty pieces of cannon ; at the same time Cara St. Cyr by an inverse movement advanced upon the extreme right, and turned the left of the Austrian line.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the corps of Desaix came up. On seeing the disorder of the troops, he said, " Well, it is a battle lost ! " Bonaparte replied, " I think it is a battle gained. " He made Desaix take a position in front of San Julian. Melas, who believed the victory decided, withdrew to Alexandria, overcome with fatigue, and left General Zach to finish the pursuit of the French army. The latter, thinking that this army was effecting its retreat by the road from Tortona, directed all his efforts to reach that place before them by carrying San Julian at the point of the bayonet ; though, had retreat been necessary, Bonaparte had at the commencement of the action ordered it between Tortona and Salo, and the Tortona road was of no importance. The division of Victor had now rallied, and showed signs of impatience to renew the contest. All the cavalry was collected before San Julian, on Desaix's right and Lannes's left. Balls and shells showered into the place ; and Zach had already gained possession of a part of it with a column of 6,000 grenadiers. The First Consul gave orders to General Desaix to charge this column with his fresh troops. He proceeded to do so accordingly ; but as he advanced at the head of a troop of 200 men, he was shot through the heart by a ball, and fell dead at the instant he had given the word to charge. By his death Napoleon was deprived of the man whom he esteemed most worthy to be his second in the field. He shed tears for his loss, never speaking of him afterward without regret ; and he was one of those who he believed would have remained faithful to him to the last. His death did not disconcert the troops, but inspired them with greater ardor to avenge it. General Boudet led them on. The 9th light demi-brigade did indeed prove itself worthy of the title of *Incomparable*. General Kellermann with 800 heavy horse at the same moment boldly charged the middle of the left flank of the column, cut it in two, and in less than half an hour these 6,000 grenadiers were broken, dispersed, and put to flight. General Zach and all his staff were made prisoners.

Lannes immediately charged forward. Cara St. Cyr, who was to the right and flanked the enemy's left, was nearer the bridges of the Bormida than they were. The Austrian army was thrown into the utmost confusion and only thought of flight. From 8,000 to 10,000 cavalry spread over the field, and fearing St. Cyr's infantry might reach the bridge before them, retreated at full gallop, overturning all in their way. Victor's division made all imaginable speed to resume its former position at the village

of Marengo. The pressure and confusion at the bridges of the Bormida was extreme, and all who could not pass over fell into the power of the victor. It would be difficult to describe the astonishment and dismay of the Austrian army at this sudden change of fortune. General Melas, having no other resource, gave his troops the whole night to rally and take some repose, and the next morning at day-break sent a flag of truce with proposals for an armistice, by which the same day Genoa and all the fortified places in Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations were given up to the French army, and by which the Austrian army obtained leave to retire behind Mantua without being made prisoners of war. Thus was the conquest of all Italy achieved by a single blow.

Melas obtained such favorable terms from an apprehension that in case of a refusal he might still effect his junction with the English Army of 20,000 men who had just arrived off Genoa and the Austrian garrison of 10,000 men at that place, and because the French had no strong places in Italy. General Suchet marched upon Genoa and entered that city on the 24th of June, which was given up to him by Prince Hohenzollern to the great mortification of our troops who had come in sight of the port. The Italian fortresses were successively given up to the French, and Melas passed with his army through Stadella and Placenza and took up a position behind Mantua. Soon after the battle of Marengo, the Italian patriots were released from the Austrian prisons and returned home amidst the congratulations of their countrymen and cries of "*Long live the Liberator of Italy.*"

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The battle of Hohenlinden followed not long after. Moreau pursued his victory, taking possession of Salzburg; Augereau, at the head of the Gallo-Batavian Army, penetrated into Bohemia, and Macdonald passing through the Grison country into the Valteline, formed a communication with Massena. The peace of Luneville was the reluctant consequence, by which Tuscany was ceded to France, and the whole left bank of the Rhine. Each of these conditions was peculiarly galling to the Emperor, because Tuscany belonged to his brother; and as to the provinces on the Rhine, he objected to giving away what was not his to bestow. Had the question been to take what did not belong to him, there would have been less difficulty.

Bonaparte set out for Paris the 24th of June through Turin, crossing Mount Cenis, and stopped at Lyons for some time to gratify the curiosity of the inhabitants and to lay the first stone of the Place Bellecour, which had been pulled down in the beginning of the Revolution. He arrived at Paris on the 2d of

July, unexpectedly and in the middle of the night; but the next day, as soon as the news was spread abroad, every one ran to testify their eagerness and joy; the laboring classes left their occupations, and the whole city thronged round the court and windows of the Tuilleries to see him to whom France owed another respite from bondage with such unlooked-for triumph. At night every house was illuminated, even the poorest inhabitants taking part in the general rejoicing. It was a day, like which few occur in history; yet in this instance how many such were crowded into the life of a single man! The Pillar of Victory still stands in the Place Vendôme; and the French, reduced to their natural dimensions, sometimes stop to wonder at it.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE BOYHOOD OF NAPOLEON III.

WHERE is the man whose heart can remain cold when he remembers the days of his youth, those rosy days full of warm sunshine and bright light, which were only obscured for a moment by dark clouds and rough winds? Who does not remember with sweet melancholy those hopes of ever-enduring happiness, those plans for blessing humanity, whose members are thought equally good, because we apply our own measure to them? How the poor heart contracts when it afterwards learns what life is, and sees the fair dreams of warm youthful hope melt away like foam?

In spite of all these deceptions, however, no one will repent of having dreamed once, at least, of a happiness which we pursue in vain through life. On the other hand, how happy are those who, in their youth, were enabled to regard life as a smiling Eden; and how unhappy those whose hard prosaic life nipped every pleasure and joy in the bud through the poisonous breath of grief and sorrow. Altogether, my own youth was a happy one. There was one good thing about the olden times, that they allowed youth to be youth, and did not expect the fruit to burst at once from the blossom. My stepfather, a worthy man, who loved me like his own son, allowed me during my leisure hours to enjoy myself as I pleased with my playmates. Among these was one who, as people are wont to say, now holds the destinies of the world in his hands—the Emperor Napoleon III., ex-Prince of St. Leu.

After the overthrow of Napoleon I., the ex-Queen of Holland, Hortense Fan-

ny Beauharnois, did not feel quite comfortable in la belle France, and wished to quit it as speedily as possible and retire to Switzerland, where she would devote herself to the education of her two sons, Napoleon and Charles Napoleon. On her request she received a passport from Louis XVIII., with which she left Paris at nine o'clock on the evening of July 17, 1815.

Her journey was agreeable, though at times disagreeable, according as the population of the districts she passed through belonged to one or the other political party. While the resolute conduct of the Austrian escort alone protected her and hers from the insult of the royalist soldiers and inhabitants in Dijon, she had scarce left the fortress when peasants devoted to Napoleon threw bouquets into her carriage, and expressed their regret that the good people were going away, while the bad remained behind. She wished to stop at Geneva, but the authorities refused leave, and requested her to set out again the next morning. She was indebted for a delay of a few days to the earnest representations of Count von Voyna, chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, who had escorted her from Paris.

At Aix, in Savoy, too, where she hired a large farm, she was not able to stay long. The Bourbon reaction in Southern France soon extended widely, and was expressed by the assassination of the Bonapartists, who were accused of conspiring against the new government. The Austrian general, Pochemann, who commanded the allied forces in Lyons and the neighboring provinces, warned the queen, because her own life and that of her sons were menaced. Such news was of a nature to render the most pleasant residence disagreeable; but an event occurred which rendered a change still more desirable. Her husband, Louis Napoleon, demanded his elder son. The mother, who was devotedly attached to her children, yielded with a bleeding heart, because she was alarmed about her son's life. The separation brought on an attack of jaundice for the younger brother, followed by a great weakness, from which he but slowly recovered.

The queen, too, suffered severely from this separation, and began to grow seriously ill. The place was hateful to her.

She, consequently, formed a hasty resolution, and left the town, which constantly reminded her of her great loss, on November 28, 1815. By passing through and remaining a short time in the Genoese territory, she again caused the government a panic terror, and caused them to make the most ludicrous martial preparations. At Murten, in the canton of Freiburg, she also caused the authorities no slight alarm, which even entailed a short arrest. Thence she passed, without further adventure, through Switzerland, and reached its frontier, at Constance, on December 5, 1815. At first she took up her abode at the Black Eagle, in the market-place—the same cozy hostelry whose glass-covered yard will be in pleasant recollection of many of our readers. Hortense at once appealed to her relative, Stephanie Adrienne Beauharnois, Grand-Duchess of Baden, asking her to persuade her consort to allow her to remain in Baden, which, however, was one of the countries closed against the members of the Bonaparte family. The reply was a refusal.

Hortense, however, was weary of this fugitive wandering, and resolved to take no notice of the refusal, but settle the matter by a *fait accompli*, like the great ones of this world, and thus put an end to further discussions on the subject. She therefore ordered her steward to look about for a house containing the requisite rooms, while pleasantly situated. Fortunately, there is close to the city, near the present railway bridge and the Rhine, a large enclosed farm, which afforded space for walks in the grounds, and, at the same time, a certain seclusion from the world, which suited the queen's temperament. The estate was then called after its owner, Zumstein, and is now Vincent.

The queen hired this refuge, entered into occupation on January 4, 1816, and established herself as well as she could. She lived in the three-storied main building, whose rooms all looked westward. On the eastern side, a wooden gallery ran all along the house. The middle floor was occupied by Hortense and her son, while the third was allotted to the ladies, in waiting and principal attendants. The other servants lived in a large factory building to the north, while the

ground floor was the general kitchen. Such was the spot where a fallen potentate, or rather two, if we count the prince, settled upon German ground.

For Constance, the residence of an ex-queen, was a real court, which filled its inhabitants with a certain amount of pride. From a material point of view the little court would offer the impoverished city many hitherto unknown advantages: but the affability of the queen, united to her liberality towards the poor, gained her all hearts, and universal esteem and reverence. Many pleasant stories were told about the queen's good heart, as well as her son's, who was universally called the prince. Hence, when she drove out with him everybody bowed, and the salutes were accepted as cordially as they were offered. Was it surprising that I, an excitable lad of twelve years of age, should be affected by the general enthusiasm for the illustrious exiles, and try to form the acquaintance of the prince? I was one of his nearest neighbors, and could from my house see him running about the park. Moreover, we were nearly of the same age, and hence my wish was not quite so foolish.

But there were many obstacles before the plan could be carried out. So much I saw at once, that I could not point blank force myself on the prince. Some occasion was needed to form his acquaintance. Unfortunately, there was on the post of the wooden gates the following awe-inspiring notice: "Those persons who have no business on this estate, are requested to keep away from the entrance."

For a long time I thought over the way of finding some method of forming the prince's acquaintance on a matter of business. I saw so many persons, and among them very poor ones, go up to the house; but, of course, the latter regarded begging as a business, and hence were justified by the terms of the notice in entering. In vain did I strain all my sharpness to find the "open sesame," which would give me entrance to the paradise of my wishes. But I addled my poor brains to no effect: nothing came of it. At length I hit on the idea of partnership, which at the present day effects such miracles in social life. What one does not know another may, I thought,

and soon acted accordingly. I had a friend about my own age, whom the grass has long since grown over. He lived in Petershausen, even nearer the prince than I did, and felt the same craving to know him. We set to work together, and employed our united imaginations in attaining our object. But, though it rarely failed us in boyish tricks, it now left us in the lurch. We could not discover any way that bore the slightest resemblance with business, and hence we resolved to leave the lawful road, and creep into the promised land like poachers.

It was on a Sunday afternoon in March, 1816, that we set out to execute our design. The blue sky looked down pleasantly on the earth after a long winter, the sun spread a comforting warmth, and drew snow-drops and fragrant violets out of the thawed ground, which at many spots was already beginning to grow green. We advanced from the north side, where the estate was not enclosed. Like cautious hunters, we did not pretend to have any special destination, but ran after the messengers of spring, the gaudily painted butterflies, which the warm beams of the March sun had enticed from their winter quarters.

We gradually steered, as if undesignedly, towards the spot where the queen was also sunning herself with her attendants. This was the lawn between the side building and what was called the drying-house. Some were seated on a bench, others walking up and down, laughing and talking, while the prince was merely running over the lawn and path with the children of the little court.

We cautiously approached the merry circle, always careful, like experienced commanders, to keep a retreat open, and trusting to the speed of our feet. Shy as we were, we tried to attract the attention of the other children, and to join gradually in their games. Our design succeeded, and, contrary to all expectation, remarkably well, for children have no selfish designs, and only find delight in universal pleasure. Ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed, we were all playing together as if we were old friends. We were as happy as boys can be who have attained one of those childish wishes for which their heart has long yearned. But when a man feels the happiest he may be

most certain that fate will soon play him a trick, and hurl him roughly on to the ground out of his fancied heaven. Suddenly M. Zumstein, an old, cross, sickly man, stood in our midst, like a meteor fallen from the heavens, and mercilessly tore us apart. He ordered us off his estate, and we were about to quit Paradise like Adam and Eve, with a melancholy glance at our playmates, when the scene changed to our advantage.

The prince, who had probably seen that an increase in the number of his playmates would cause him much pleasure, which he had hitherto been obliged to do without, asked his mother to allow us to remain. The beautiful lady felt compassion for our sorrow, which she could read in our faces, and after an inquiring glance at us, decided in our favor.

From this time forth we were the daily companions of the prince, of which we were not a little proud. At that time he spoke only a few words of German, but, as we had taken lessons in French, we could understand each other, and when words by chance failed us, pantomime was called on to supply their place. In the course of time, however, the prince learned enough German of us to enable us to put aside the language of signs.

There was plenty of room for boyish games in and out of the house. When the weather was fine, we ran all over the estate; when it rained, we played in the prince's rooms and the passages, and made such an awful noise that, even at that time, I was surprised at it being permitted. The two rooms which the prince occupied had a northern aspect, and were separated from his mother's by a narrow passage.

Of all the games, those pleased the prince most which required a display of strength and had something military about them. Hence we, as millions now do, followed the extremely melodious sounds of the drum, which our exalted comrade himself rapped in a masterly way, while at the same time he commanded his army as officer. With much pride and military order we marched with paper caps, on which a huge cock's feather was displayed, and with vine-props for muskets, after our leader through thick and thin, as becometh honest soldiers. Young Bure, the son of the prince's

nurse, a dame who was universally loved and respected in the house, generally took part in our games. Louis called him his foster-brother, and was greatly attached to him. When I asked him the meaning of this word, which was quite strange to me, both laughed heartily at me, but still explained it to me.

In these martial exercises, which rarely ended without larger or smaller bruises, a slight accident happened, for which I innocently bore the blame. In storming the wooden planks which represented our fortress, I had the misfortune, as I raised my weapon to deal a tremendous blow, to hit the little daughter of Madame Cochelet, who was standing just behind to look on, in the mouth. The child, whose lip bled severely, cried terribly, and her mother, who with the queen was watching our sports, ran at me in a furious passion, uttering the words, "March—be off!" almost the only German she understood. I required no more to understand from her unequivocal gestures that, in spite of the prince's soothing words, "No consequence, no consequence," the best thing I could do was to show a clean pair of heels.

For nearly eight days I kept away from the estate, in spite of all the prince's entreaties to return. At length the appeased mother, who had probably convinced herself of my innocence, caught me, and herself invited me to return. The mischief I had done was not so great as I had imagined; it only consisted of a superficial graze of the skin. Of course, there was some quarrelling and wrangling among us now and then, and the consequence was, that I would not visit my illustrious companion for some days. He was generally the first to offer his hand in reconciliation. I might be certain that, on the second, or the most the third day of my staying away, the steward Rousseau, a worthy man who was devotedly attached to the royal family, and spoke the best broken German, would call at my house and request me in the prince's name to return, which I at once did. On such occasions there were small presents always offered as a bait.

On rainy days we also at times indulged in quieter amusements. The prince had pretty picture books, which we looked over and read through to-

gether. He was at that time above eight years of age, and his schooling had begun some time before. The prince also had several tutors, who lived in the house. For some time an abbé of the name of Bertrand conducted his education. The remarkable liveliness or restlessness of the prince rendered it a hard matter to the good man to teach his pupil anything, although the latter was not deficient in capacity. His sensible mother saw that the abbé was not the man to restrain the fiery lad, and hence she handed him over to a stricter tutor, though without discharging Bertrand. This new tutor was a certain M. Lebas, a man of great merit and considerable learning, who afterwards became professor of Greek at the Paris Athenæum. His father was a zealous republican of Robespierre's school, and shot himself after the execution of the latter, as he considered it a disgrace to survive him.

Very rarely did this M. Lebas, a man of no very great height, with a rather red face, which grew redder in passion, make his appearance; but when he did come, his arrival was the surest sign of a storm, which ended in blows and shedding of tears. We only knew him by the name of abbé. So long as the prince's play hours lasted, he troubled himself slightly about his conduct; but when the school hour approached, and the prince did not at once come, so surely the abbé's flaming red face showed itself, in which two fiery eyes glowed menacingly. The words then passed so rapidly over his lips, that we could only understand the allocution "Monsieur le Prince." If the "most gracious prince" attempted to excuse his absence, the angry man's veins swelled so violently on his forehead, that they threatened to burst, and then boxes of the ear fell even faster than the words just before. Louis ran off yelling to escape the blows; and we also made the best of our way home, fearful lest our turn might arrive presently.

We were not always engaged, however, in military sports; at times we turned our attention to peaceful avocations, such as fishing and catching crayfish. Nearly every day brought us fresh innocent amusements and variety in our games. We were too happy for it to

last. Only too soon we were fated to learn that happiness only visits this earth like a bird of passage.

The queen intended, with her brother Eugene, to purchase the Margravia castle of Petershausen, with the property attached to it. She sent for this purpose an agent to Grand-Duke Louis, at Carlsruhe. As was generally reported, the grand-duke asked 100,000 florins for the property, and the agent would only give 90,000. The grand-duke broke off shortly, and promised his answer for the following day. It really arrived, and was to this effect: the property would not now be sold at any price.

When this news reached the public they were angry with the agent, for the price asked was not considered too high. This anger was augmented, however, when it was reported that the queen, in her annoyance at the failure, intended to leave Constance. Such a resolution was not adapted to console the population, especially in such years as 1816 and 1817, when inundations and the high price of provisions considerably heightened the misery of the far from wealthy townspeople. The liberality of the royal family was well known, and alleviation of the general need was hoped from it; it was also calculated that there would be much money to earn in repairing the castle, and no slight increase of prosperity was anticipated from the splendor of two small courts.

At last, however, the inevitable had to be endured. The queen had selected Augsburg as her place of residence, because the schools of that city were said to be excellent. She left on May 6, 1817. The parting from the prince was the second great sorrow of my life; the first had been the early death of my kind father. I had been on the most friendly terms with the greater part of the little court, because they knew that the prince was attached to me. Thus the queen's valet, Charles Tallé, who afterwards joined the prince in the same capacity, and greatly aided in his escape from Ham, and the coachman Florentin, who died a few years ago at Arenenberg, were very good to me. With the queen herself, as far as I can remember, I never came into immediate contact. What could she have to say to a boy of twelve years of

age? Besides, I was at that time much too bashful to dare to speak to her, even had she desired it. I gazed at her reverently from the distance, and was happy enough if she smiled at me.

I could here close my youthful reminiscences, as they came to an end with the prince's departure. But to round off the whole, I will shortly mention what happened to myself and others, and things which I observed. The prince had not been many months at Augsburg when I had an opportunity of sending him a letter I wrote in French. I described to him in simple open language my longing for him. He did not write to me himself, at least I received no letter from him, but he sent me many kind messages and a pretty present. This consists of a very neat small gold helmet with a winged dragon on the top, and a practicable visor. It could be hung on a watch-chain. I am still in possession of this valuable souvenir.

In the meanwhile the queen had purchased the château of Arenenberg, in Thurgau, about two leagues to the west of Constance, and had it restored. I should not like to say beautified, for the castle, with its battlements and walls surmounted by four circular turrets, pleased me much better than the unmeaning new building. When it was finished, the queen moved in with the prince and her suite. I did not see him, however, for many years, and when I did so I hardly recognized him, for he was so altered. The delicate boy with the pretty mild features had grown a man, who could make no pretence to beauty. It seemed to me as if the change in his appearance, like that in the castle, could not be called an improvement.

University studies, travels, and professional pursuits, separated us. The prince was mixed up in the Italian conspiracies of 1830 and 1831, to which his brother fell victim, while himself escaped his fate with difficulty. From this time he certainly dreamed of his empire, and sought in every way to gain the throne of France, which his uncle had promised him, and to which he fancied he had a perfect right. Hence it is comprehensible that amid such efforts he had but little feeling for the happy days of his childhood, which he had left so far behind

him. I am bound to add, on behalf of truth, that he always treated me most kindly as his playmate whenever we met, which, however, was not often.

When, in 1834, a citizens' club was formed at Constance, he was on my proposition elected an honorary member, for which he returned thanks to the club and to myself in writing. He attended several of the balls, and I was always obliged to sit at his table. His liberality was as of yore, as city and country could testify. He often amused himself by franking crowds of boys, who waited for a long time, to the gallery of the theatre. As he usually arrived after the beginning of the piece, a tremendous shouting and trampling of feet announced his coming.

The future destinies of the prince are known to all the world, but it is not so well known that Rousseau, the steward, a Frenchman of the Napoleonic age from top to toe, died of a broken heart a few days after the arrival of the news that the prince had been taken prisoner in his attempt to land at Boulogne. J. M.

THE LATE MR. WEST AND NAPOLEON.

DURING the short peace of 1802, when Buonaparte was first Consul of the French Republic, the late President of the Royal Academy of England was amongst the crowd whom curiosity prompted to visit the gay metropolis of France. His eminent talents, however, and the distinguished character which they had so deservedly acquired, did not suffer him to remain long amid that crowd unnoticed. He was visited by every man of rank, or literature; and, amongst the rest, by those ministers who were most in the confidence of the first consul. Mr. West had determined before his departure from England, for some private reasons of his own, to de-

cline any presentation at the Court of St. Cloud, to which he was given to understand he would have been a very welcome visitor. Before he was long in Paris, this determination was assailed by an host of polished and flattering remonstrances. The ministers were "sure that such a man as the English artist could not fail to meet from such a patron of the arts as Napoleon, a distinguished reception," and obscure hints, and complimentary insinuations, equally unavailing, were followed by a declaration, that the great Napoleon had condescended to express a wish upon the subject. Mr. West, however, remained inflexible, alleging some slight excuse

for his non-compliance, and evading the request as dexterously as possible. Solicitation at length became weary, and Mr. West appeared relieved from an embarrassment which some personal and prudential considerations had rendered sufficiently perplexing. The affair died away, and in about a week afterwards, he was surprised, while at breakfast, by a visit from one of the directors of the Louvre. After some desultory conversation, he was invited to be present at the gallery of the institution upon that day, to inspect some busts, which were about to be erected, and to favour the directors with his judgment as to their relative positions. There was no possible motive for a refusal, and they proceeded together to the gallery, where Mr. West was soon surrounded by a crowd of artists, all of whom appeared attired in some official costume; which, however, he was induced to attribute to the etiquette of the occasion. In a short time, he was most flatteringly, but most perplexingly undeceived—a bustle in the anti-chamber seemed to announce some unusual occurrence—in a moment, the doors were thrown open, and in walked Napoleon in his little cocked hat and simple uniform, followed by a gorgeous suite of thirteen generals, the future dukes, and viceroys, and monarchs of his creation! “Where is the President of the Arts in England,” was the abrupt and immediate interrogatory of the first Consul. The President more dead than alive, made a most disconsolate appearance, and was instantly saluted with—“Well, Mr. West, you

would not come to visit me, and therefore I have been obliged to come to visit you, as I should regret your return to England, without our being acquainted—there is an acquaintance of yours here already—a great favourite of mine I assure you,” and the first fine spirited sketch of Death on the Pale Horse was forthwith produced to its astonished author. Buonaparte enquired whether that sketch was ever to be completed on the scale it deserved, and for whom it was intended—on being informed it was for the late King,—“Ah, said he, the King of England is a good man—a very religious man.” They then proceeded through the Louvre, and when they arrived at the busts intended to be erected on that day, Buonaparte paused, folded his arms as he is represented in his statues, and after appearing to contemplate one of them with peculiar thoughtfulness, he turned to the English visitor—“Mr. West, if I had my choice, I would sooner be the original of that bust, than any man I ever heard or read of.”—“I was burning (said Mr. West, relating the anecdote to the writer,) to tell him that he had it at that moment in his power by sacrificing his ambition, and establishing the liberties of his country to be the very man,”—*it was the bust of Washington*. Napoleon no doubt did not forget that the English artist was himself an *American*. Such were the arts by which this extraordinary individual drew a circle round him wherever he moved, which none ever entered without being fixed as by fascination.